

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

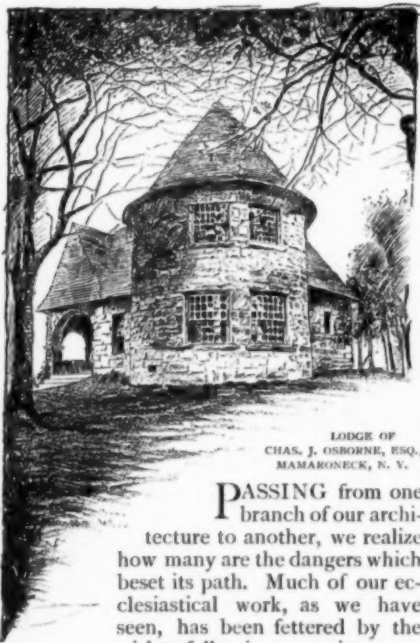
Success.

VOL. XXXII.

MAY, 1886.

NO. 1.

AMERICAN COUNTRY DWELLINGS. I.



LODGE OF
CHAS. J. OSBORNE, ESQ.,
MAMARONECK, N. Y.

PASSING from one branch of our architecture to another, we realize how many are the dangers which beset its path. Much of our ecclesiastical work, as we have seen, has been fettered by the wish to follow inappropriate precedents; very many of our buildings for commercial use have been pauperized by complete indifference; and for long our city dwellings were stereotyped and stunted in dull reiteration of some unintelligent design. And now, in considering the domestic architecture of our smaller towns and our country places, we shall see still another tendency at work for evil—the tendency toward ignorant, reckless “originality.” But the same fundamental sin has underlain all these various superficial sins, and the reformation which now begins to show in each and every

branch is due in each and all to the fact that we are repenting of this fundamental sin—are beginning to feel the necessity for basing all our work on *rational* foundations, for taking as our guide intelligent, cultivated thought, not apathy or impulse, not mere vague artistic aspirations nor a merely formal adherence to the examples of some other age.

It is not strange that in building our country homes we should have shown ourselves more original, more “American” than elsewhere. Here most of all have we been forced to meet—or at least to deal with—new and diverse requirements. Our climate and the habits of life it engenders, our social conditions and the variety of needs they create, our sites and surroundings, as well as our main material, wood—all have been most unlike those of other nations. In no other architectural branch have we been thrown so largely upon our own resources; therefore in none was the development of some kind of originality so probable. And thus that native character which gives more general signs of its existence than are commonly perceived—which somewhat tinges all our work, however featureless or however imitative—nowhere else reveals itself so clearly as in our country homes. Nowhere has its accent been so pronounced, and nowhere has its voice been broken by so few wholly alien notes. An inquiry into its various manifestations must begin with our very earliest products.

Every one knows what were the first of all our country dwellings—those old farm-houses, built by Dutch or English settlers, which still survive in many a quiet spot. Nothing could be more simple, more utilitarian, more without thought of architectural effectiveness. And yet such a farm-house is often extremely good in its own humble way—good in its general proportions, and especially in the agreeable

and sometimes picturesque, yet simple and sensible, outlines of its roof.

More decided in character, of course, are those colonial dwellings which soon were built for a higher than the farming class. Whether of Dutch or of English origin, a family likeness marks them all, for the English model itself had been influenced by Dutch ideas. Everywhere the details are "classic," but in their choice and application many variations showed themselves as the years went on. Sometimes a very plain pattern has been followed, sometimes columns and pilasters give a more ambitious air. The openings are now rectangular and now round-arched, with fan-lights in their heads. The porches, and especially the doorways, are often charmingly designed and delicately carved. But here again, as with the farm-house, the roof is apt to be the best and most attractive feature. Truly good and very charming is the "gambrel roof" with its quaint and useful dor-

mers, and the hipped roof, which does not run to a peak but is stopped at a broad balustraded central platform—as, for example, in the oft-illustrated Longfellow house at Cambridge.

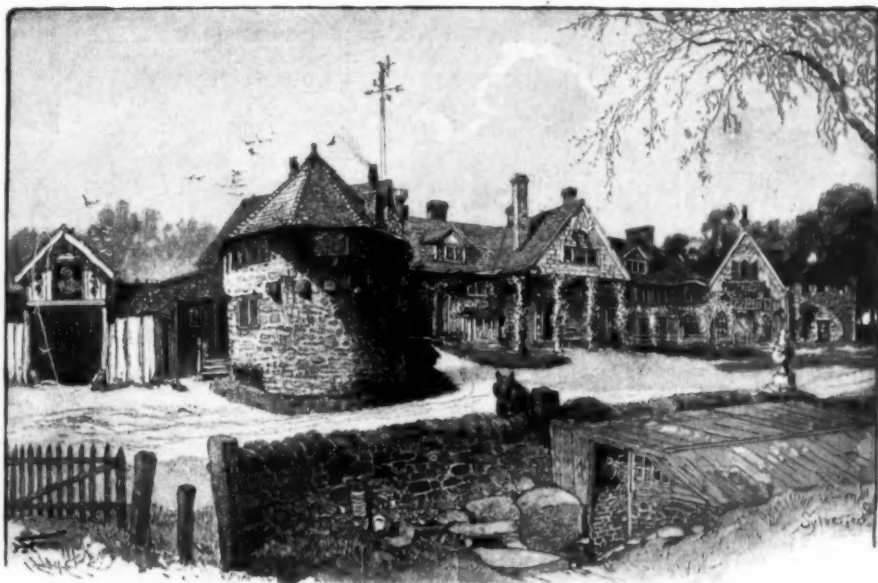
Hundreds of these colonial dwellings still stand all through New England and New York State and all along the Atlantic seaboard; and even when they are built of wood their charm is incontestable. Of course we know that many of their features are not intrinsically appropriate to this material. Yet how much of the original excellence survives the unlawful translation from one material into another—how much solidity and simplicity of effect, how much of the truly architectural merit of good outlines and beautiful proportions, how much of that expression of mingled dignity and refinement, which is surely a pleasant expression for any dwelling to put on. In his sparse but intelligently applied detail, moreover, the colonial architect showed a truly artistic perception of the way in which the ornamenta-



HOUSE OF GEORGE R. FEARING, ESQ., NEWPORT, R. I.

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HOUSE OF MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE, INDIAN HILL, MASS.

tion appropriate to stone should be altered when it came to be wrought in wood. And inside his structures he built such spacious, well-proportioned rooms, such comfortable or such stately stairways, and, once more, such simple yet pure and artistic decoration, that we cannot but respect his memory, cannot but rejoice in the legacy he has left us.

Greek temples copied in wood and put to domestic uses (an innovation which Thomas Jefferson did very much to foster) were of course much less defensible — were wholly indefensible, in fact, since they showed not merely a translation from one material into another, but a radical and foolish transformation of the structure's very purpose. Yet even for these houses one is tempted to say a good word or two — such a word as I have already tried to say for our public buildings and churches of like fashion. At least they are not vulgar, wild, and frivolous in effect, as have been our products so often since their day.

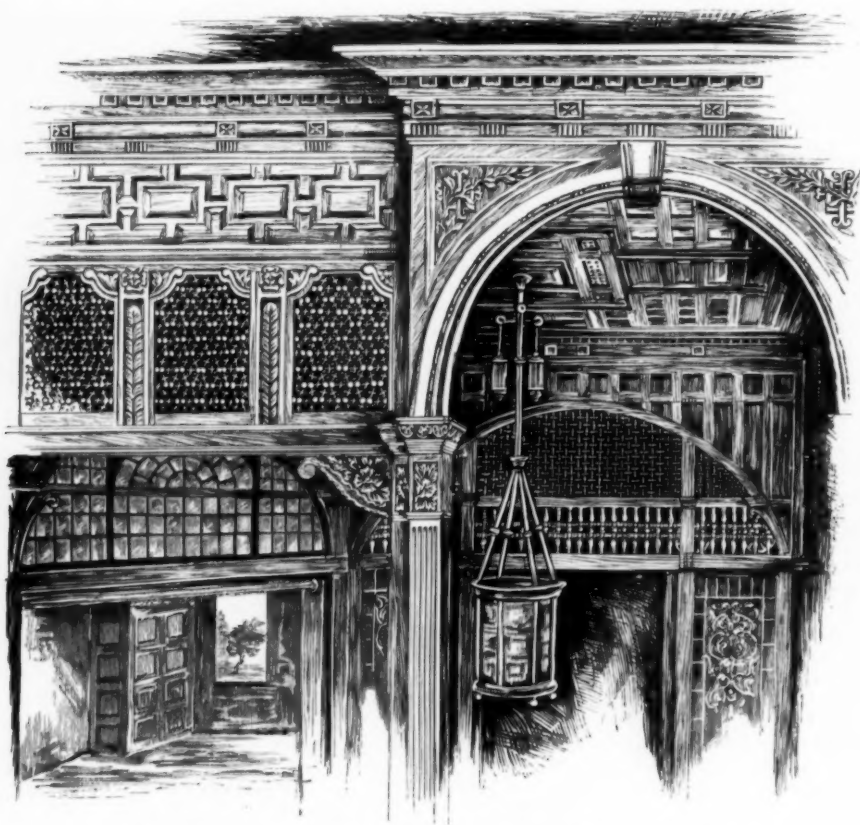
But there came a time when the traditions of classicizing art died out, when our early

forms and ideals were abandoned even by the most conservative, the most provincial. Imitative experiments of various kinds were tried at this time, as they have been tried at all subsequent times; but in general we renounced all outside help, all attempts at "style" of any sort, and fell back upon such native intelligence as we possessed. The resultant product was a mere plain, bald, clap-boarded box, surrounded with a wide piazza and arranged inside in the simplest and most obvious fashion, and, inside and out, wholly lacking decoration. The presence of the piazza, however, and of the "Venetian blinds," and the total absence of anything else that possibly could be called a feature, of themselves sufficed to make these houses distinctively American, thoroughly original in effect.*

Beautiful they certainly were not; and yet when they were built the New England village put on the aspect which made its name proverbial for a neat, cheerful, pretty domesticity. This aspect, in truth, was not primarily architectural, but resulted chiefly from the

* The illegitimate employment of the word *piazza* instead of *veranda* hardly deserves to be called, as it so often is called, an Americanism. According to an English glossary, *piazza* is "very frequently and very ignorantly used to denote a walk under an arcade." But not only the ignorant have thus used it even in England; for I know of treatises on architecture, written nearly a century ago, wherein the cloisters of a convent are called *piazas*. Be its illegitimacy as it may, how-

ever, the term has in its present American sense all the warrant any term need have — that of long, consistent, and exclusive use. The common term in the South is "veranda," which is absolutely correct; and in the West, "porch," which, again, is incorrect. But in the Northern and Eastern States one invariably says "piazza," and therefore I should feel it to be sheer pedantry did I oblige myself to write a different word.



ARCH AND SCREEN ON STAIRWAY IN HOUSE OF HENRY VILLARD, ESQ., DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

lack of all poverty, squalor, and unthrift, and from the wide spacing of the houses, which turned the village into a succession of green lawns, gay garden-plots, and broad grassy streets, over which the thick-set elms and maples arched their vaults of verdure. And yet the houses themselves did contribute something to the pleasant picture. Their universal white paint, unbroken save by green blinds and gray shingled roofs, increased the air of cheerfulness and purity, and was not discordant with the omnipresent foliage and with the bright blue of our sky. Then, although they had no architecture properly to be so called, though they were bald and bare and unsubstantial-looking when winter stripped off nature's beauty, and were marred by the close, rigid lines of their clapboard covering, they gave a negative sort of satisfaction by their utter modesty and frank simplicity. They looked like the work of a people who could not do

anything in the way of art, but who had at least the good sense to recognize the fact and to make no abortive efforts. And finally, the one real feature they did possess—the long and wide piazza—was a most excellent invention, though an invention in a quite rudimentary stage as regarded artistic treatment.

But it was not very long ere we began to be dissatisfied with such negative qualities as these—to ask for something more positive, which, we hoped of course, would be something beautiful to the eye and satisfactory to the mind. And then our “rural vernacular” entered upon its would-be artistic stage.

There have been critics of late years (not only in this country but in England also) to lay all the shortcomings of modern architecture upon the very existence of the “professional architect.” They find the root of all evil in his undisputed supremacy, as having disinherited the “naïf artisan”; in his anti-

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quarian study, as having led to a soulless eclecticism or a dogged attachment to some bygone style; in his self-conscious cultivation, as having killed all native impulse. In the great architectural ages, they say, architecture was a popular art, of which there were no theorizing, dogmatizing, controlling professors, but to which few men were wholly strange. It was merely a part and parcel of the world's general work, practiced spontaneously and developed unconsciously with the general development of the people. And, as the future must always repeat the past — again an assumption which I quote — never, unless the

box, and sprang from a truly popular desire to give this a beauty it too plainly lacked. There is plenty of literature relating to its development, but literature only of a certain kind, in the shape of curiously illiterate hand-books for the use of client and mechanic, filled with ready-made designs which are prolifically varied, and yet are alike from first to last in their general spirit and effect. The great number of such books — "Every Man his Own Architect" may be given as their generic title — goes far to prove the unprofessional, spontaneously popular nature of the movement; and the entire absence of all other



VESTIBULE, ARCH, AND SCREEN IN MR. VILLARD'S HOUSE.

same state of things can be brought about with us, need we hope to see a living, characteristic, national, and therefore worthy architectural movement.

In view of such theories, it may be instructive to call attention to the fact that our country is the only one which in this age has known a development such as they approve. Our "rural vernacular" developed in ignorance, not in knowledge; instinctively, not self-consciously; and it was wrought by the hand of artisans, and not of an educated architectural profession.

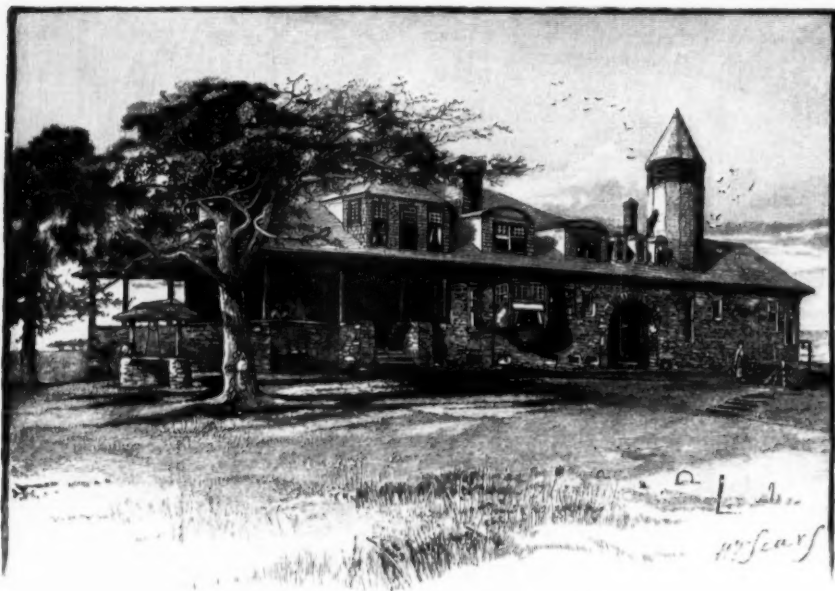
It took nothing from the earlier colonial work; it was based wholly on the wooden

contemporary literature, theoretic or critical, is sufficient to complete the evidence. These copy-books, assisted by the witness of our memory, show how we went to work to give our box "more architecture." Intelligent thought was not the wind that filled our sails, nor was trained skill at the helm. A vague, ignorant wish for something agreeable to the eye, a bold ignorant use of superficial, rapid, showy means toward getting it — these were the moving, guiding powers. Client and mechanic worked harmoniously together, undisturbed by the professional architect with his inherited styles and methods and ideals, and his conscious, definite aims. The "simple artisan,"

whose advent we are told is so desirable, actually had for a time full sway. Nor ought our theorists to cavil at the fact that he was not the master mason but the "boss carpenter"; for should the artisan have been any other than a carpenter when wood was the material we chiefly used?

This carpenter, then, worked as spontaneously, as untheoretically, as entirely after his

Then our customary white paint was deemed too simple or too "unaesthetic," and all the tints of the diligent but tasteless modern manufacturer were essayed, either one by one or a dozen at a time. Scarlet and canary-yellow were not too bright, malarial greens were not too depressing for the experimental energy of the moment. One house would almost imitate a circus-tent, and the next would look like an



FARM-HOUSE OF LYMAN C. JOSEPHS, ESQ., NEWPORT.

own native lights, as carelessly of school traditions, rules, and precedents, as is possible to a modern man. He did not invent all his features, but no man has done this since the very dawning of the art. He invented some, however, and he borrowed just as his untutored taste saw fit, and adapted just as his untutored hand found most convenient. He twisted his square box into odd card-house shapes in a determined desire for "picturesqueness"; or he left it square and, with a peculiarly bold and naïf movement of appropriation, crowned it with that form of covering which Mansard had applied to the palaces of France. None too pleasing, it seems to me, even in its proper size and station, this so-called "French roof" was ludicrous indeed when set on top of our flimsy little wooden walls in a greatly diminished but still all-too-massive form. It was supremely ludicrous and supremely ugly, yet no feature we have ever made our own has been more universally beloved.

emanation from the Dismal Swamp. Nor do I exaggerate when I say "a dozen tints at a time." I have counted often, and once, for example, I counted nine colors in the body of a house, with several more in the "Scotch-plaid" pattern of its roof.

And then we borrowed features here and there and everywhere to give them queer, abortive shapes in our soft pine wood. Cornices, brackets, balustrades, and pediments of Renaissance lineage; turrets, pinnacles, finials, and gables which had once been Gothic — all were now Americanized together, and were adorned with decoration that was chiefly, I should say, American in its first estate. And all the decoration took flat, shallow, mechanical, outline shapes, fitted for execution with the jig-saw and for application with the glue-pot. With these delightful helpers, with the eccentric paint-brush, and with a clumsy turning-lathe and molding-plane — all their colonial skill and grace forgotten — our builder wrought



HOUSE OF MRS. MARY HEMENWAY, MANCHESTER, MASS.

both his borrowed and his invented motives into structures unlike all else on earth besides, but with such a consistent, persistent family likeness among themselves, and such an identity of feeling and effect running through all their varied items, that they reveal indeed a "national style," all the more national since it was accepted with such national satisfaction. The "rural vernacular" was neither local in its birth nor local in the degree of unanimity with which it was adopted. It seems to have developed everywhere almost at once, and for a generation its authority was everywhere supreme. From the tiniest cottage to the most ambitious residence, from the suburban villa to the huge "summer-resort" hotel, from the village street to the Newport avenue, everything for a time spoke the same dialect, though, of course, with diversities in emphasis and elaboration. I do not say there was no dissent. The plain wooden box still survived; occasionally we had a would-be Gothic cottage or a pseudo-Swiss chalet; and when brick or stone was used a simple utilitarian respectability was sometimes preserved, though perhaps the more common tendency was to overlay even these materials with showy decoration wrought in wood. Nor were instances wholly wanting when a much more

positive, a distinctly artistic, excellence revealed itself. One such example we see in our illustration of Mr. Fearing's house at Newport, which was built before the recent rise of our "new school" of domestic architecture, yet is still one of the most attractive among all its varied neighbors. But I am sorry to say that a Swiss and not a native artist must be credited with its virtues. If we count up, however, all the dissentient voices of every kind and value, we still find that they hardly weaken to a perceptible extent the unanimity of the vernacular chorus.

Evidently we failed in this attempt to produce architectural art, but not because we lacked for aspiration. The very extravagance of our misdeeds shows the eagerness of the effort we had been making. Why was it so fruitless an effort? Must we conclude that its outcome proves us wholly and hopelessly, then, now, and forever, without artistic aptitude? Or should we lay the whole blame on mere immaturity? Should we argue that failure in this early stage counts for little as proof or prophecy of any kind, having been but a youthful, temporary stumble on what was none the less the right path to follow? Or ought we to decide, on the other hand, that we failed because the path



HALL IN HOUSE OF SAMUEL TILTON, ESQ., NEWPORT.

we followed was *not* the right one—because the ignorant, naïf, popular way of attempting architecture is intrinsically mistaken, is a way that will kill, not foster, such gifts as we may possess, that will prevent and not insure such progress as we may be capable of making? I think, in spite of the critics I have quoted, that the last explanation is the true one.

Of course there was a period with many nations in the past when their builders were not learned, cultivated, theorizing—when instinctive, untrained effort did such work as was done and conquered such steps as were gained. But these were *primitive* periods, when work of no kind was “professional,” when no knowledge was codified, and no effort was theorizing or self-conscious. Art in its earlier stages was then certainly brought out of ignorance, as were all the other treasures of civilized humanity. But we are not in a time or a condition when such births are

in order. We are not a primitive people, but the heirs of all the ages; for surely the mere fact that we have crossed an ocean does not disinherit us. It is as utterly foolish to talk of throwing away our legacy of art, and of beginning afresh with the intent to develop “something American,” as it would be to hold the same language with regard to science, industry, morals, manners, feelings, tastes—with regard to any other of those civilized necessities or sentiments or requirements which are ours as much as Europe’s. All history proves this fact, if proof is needed. Every page and line of that long record which certain critics have so misread (for the mere delight, it would seem, of championing a paradox) proves, when rightly read, that no people ever deliberately threw away its artistic inheritance; and proves also and as a natural consequence, be it noted, that never, save in really primitive

periods, was architecture pursued in a thoughtless, untrained, “popular” way. There is no presence more clearly and constantly to be recognized all through the varied story, which begins in the gray Egyptian centuries and carries us over so many lands and ages, than the presence of him whom in the strictest sense of the word we must call the “professional architect.” Especially often has it been said that in the middle ages there were “no architects”—nothing but a multitude of artisans who were consummately skilled in practical things, but who applied their skill unreflectingly, instinctively; who labored much as bees labor at their honeycomb; who “built better than they knew”; who built well, in fact, just because they did not know *how* well, did not see distinctly what they were aiming at, but were guided in some occult way by the “spirit of the age.” “Inspired masons” is the queer term that has been invented for them, and that is used as a

counter-term to the "professional architects" of modern days.

How absurd such ideas seem when one knows what the mediæval styles really were—perhaps the very last styles of all that could possibly have been wrought untheoretically by even the most "inspired" of artisans, could possibly have been developed without definite, conscious aim, were a people never

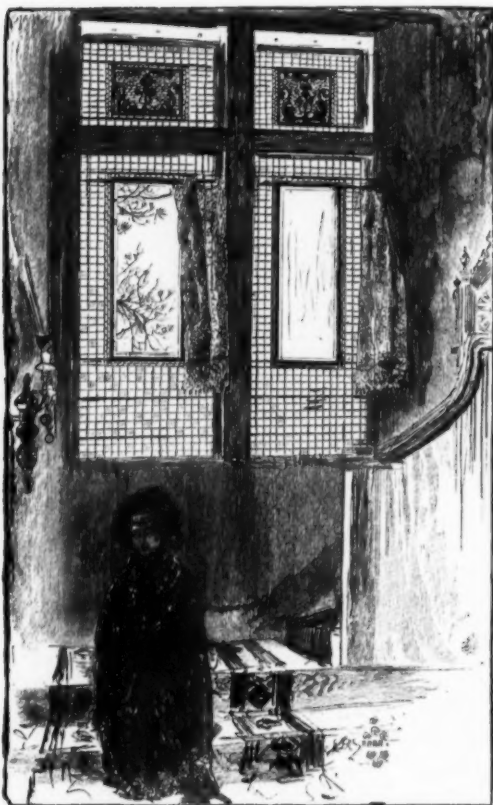
fessional architects, and were never called aught else. And if in other cases the architect *was* something else as well—was prince or monk, bishop, sculptor, master mason—what does it matter? The educated, deliberating, theorizing mind—this is the thing in question. This always directed in all ages, though, of course, with varying degrees of knowledge and of skill, according as the general intel-



DINING-ROOM IN MR. TILTON'S HOUSE.

so "artistic"; how absurd when one knows that their fundamental power and excellence lie, not in that decorative richness which strikes and holds the popular eye (and which was in truth largely the work of the subordinate artisan), but in their incorporation of the profoundest scientific knowledge, their logical following out of the strictest mathematical formulæ, their realization of the highest and the subtlest artistic theories. And how foolish must seem the attempted elimination of the "professional architect" to those who have even a slight acquaintance with contemporary records. Scanty, mutilated, casual, confused, and superficial though those records are, there has been compiled from them an astonishingly long and unbroken list of men who were widely famous just for their theoretic knowledge of their art, men who were recognized as pro-

lectual standard of one age varied from the general intellectual standard of another. This should have the credit of mediæval no less than of classic triumphs—this, and not that mere blind, passive, multiple human tool, wielded by the "spirit of the age," which certain critics have imagined as a fetish for their worship. Perhaps it may seem, as we look back where all things are blurred in a dim far perspective, as though the spirit of the age had done it all; and in truth it is a potent spirit, one upon which the architect is greatly dependent for help or hindrance, nay, for his own birth and nature and impulses; and it is often a naïf, unconscious spirit. But all history shows—and nowhere more plainly than in the very chapter which tells of mediæval architecture—that it can never do great and lasting work save through

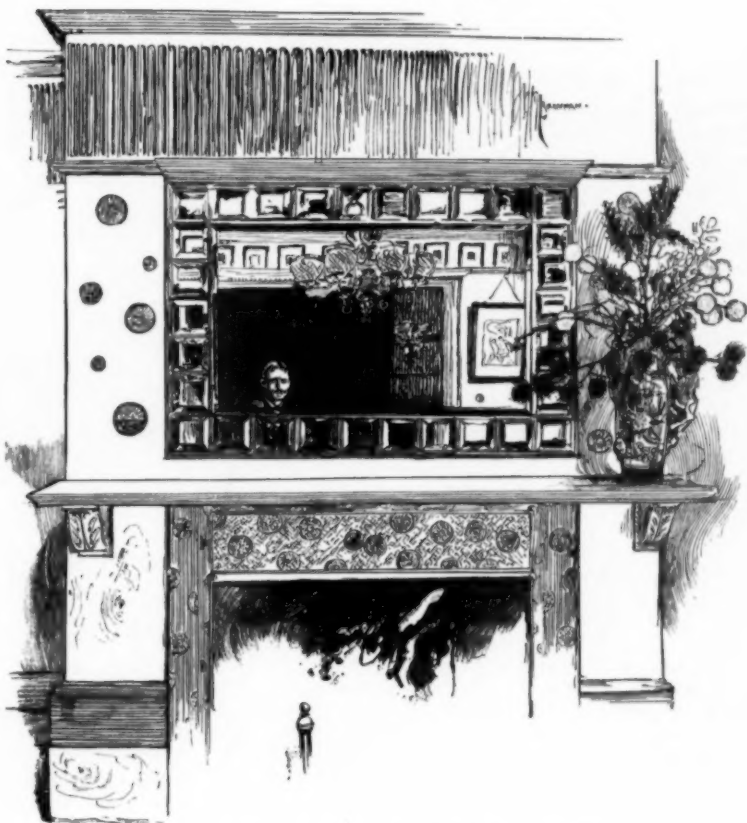


STAIRWAY AND WINDOW IN MR. TILTON'S HOUSE.

the hands of specially qualified instruments, can never fully express its impulses save through the mouth of accredited high priests. And these instruments, these priests, can never themselves individually be blind, naïf, and ignorant in their efforts. They must know very well what they want to do, and must have learned very thoroughly all that their age can teach them with regard to the best way of doing it.

Believe me, to manage rightly our inheritance of art, we must have as our executives those who really know and understand it. And we *must* manage it rightly, for we could not get rid of it if we would. It would not only be a folly to throw it away—it would be an actual impossibility. If it does not remain to help, it will remain to hinder; if not for inspiration, then for contamination. For look once more at our own unfortunate essay in independence. I have said that the artisan who developed our “vernacular” wrought as spontaneously, as instinctively, as *is possible*

to a modern man. But this is just the point: no civilized modern man, however ignorant, however self-reliant, however far removed from the sources of transmitted knowledge and the springs of transmitted influence, can ever hold himself quite outside the current, can ever be in a state even approaching to primitive ignorance, absolute simplicity, aboriginal independence, unsophisticated freshness of memory and thought and eye. Untutored effort meant with our artisan what it must always mean with modern men—merely a crude and insufficient, instead of a wise and successful method of inventing; and a haphazard, stupid, tasteless, instead of a skillful, law-abiding, artistic method of adaptation. Dim and fragmentary as was our builder's knowledge of precedent and architectural theory, it was still great enough to preclude the possibility of his beginning at a really independent starting-point and working out a new salvation for himself. Nor could we, his clients, have suppressed our complex, imperious, practical necessities, our vague but strong and sophisticated expressional and artistic aspirations, and have waited while a slow, century-long development from some primitive starting-point went on. He knew too much, we knew and desired too much, for this. But for the other method—for the sensible, scientific, and artistic use of the inherited materials which forced themselves upon us—both he and we knew far too little. This is the truth—the truth that mere common sense might teach, and that all history but illustrates: our *contented ignorance* is the scapegoat which should bear the burden of our failures. All history teaches this, I repeat once more; for if we are to judge the present by the past at all, we surely must be careful that the terms of the comparison correspond. And then it is not with the primitive communities of old, but with the most highly complex and sophisticated communities that have ever been, that we shall compare our own. For what is the superficial fact that we are a new nation on a new soil to the fundamental fact that we are an old *people* with all the characteristics this term implies? And the history of our prototypes proclaims, I say, that instead of blaming our architecture for being “too professional,” we should blame it for being not by a thousand degrees professional enough—should blame it in that its executives, whatever they have called themselves,



FIREPLACE IN HOUSE OF HORACE WHITE, ESQ., ELBERON, N. J.

have too commonly lacked the knowledge, the training, the cultivated taste, and the educated, refined common sense which in every great building age have been the corner-stones of effort and the inspiration of success.*

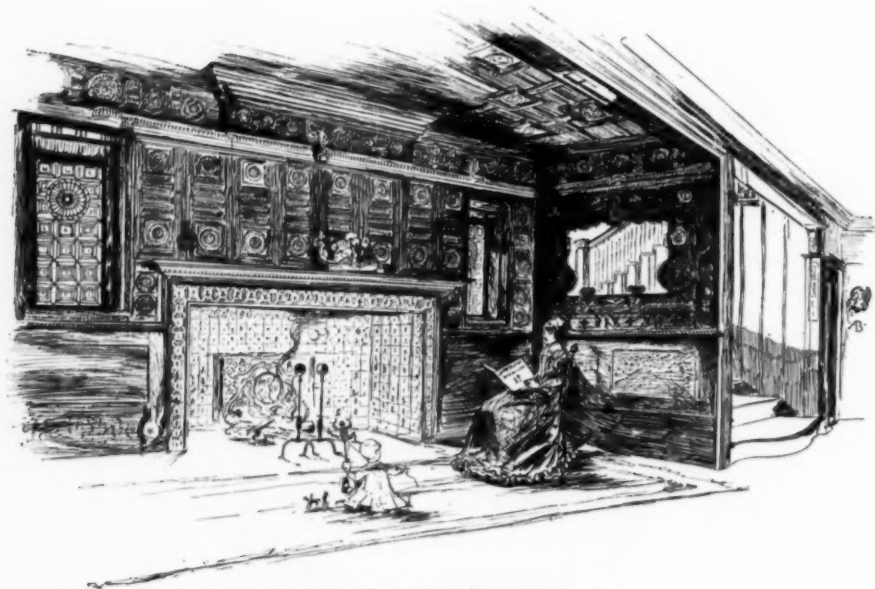
It is possible that, even though we long follow the best path and strive in the best way, we may never have a really great building age in America; for its advent will depend in great part, of course, upon whether or no we are gifted with artistic aptitude. I wish only to insist that our results need not be taken as decisive upon this last point until we *do* follow the best path and strive in the best way; until we go to work, and long persist in working, as we confess we ought to work in every other department of human effort—building intelligently on a wide knowl-

edge of what has been done before, not thinking a bastard modern primitiveness a desirable foundation; systematizing our efforts, not wasting ourselves in crude experiments; keeping definite aims and ideals in view, not waiting lazily for "the spirit of the age" to speak through empty minds and untrained hands. If hitherto we have seemed to show little enough of artistic aptitude, let us take comfort from the confession that we have been very ignorant, and that we have had a very childish trust in the capabilities of ignorance. For, be it noted, not only in the branch which I have dwelt upon as the most conspicuous example, but in every other branch as well, the name of American architecture has been disgraced by a multitude of works in which no architect ever had a hand. What should have been

* The architecture of the rural Swiss is sometimes cited as an example of an appropriate and artistic product which must have been developed "unprofessionally," and, therefore, as an example for our following.

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But there is no real analogy between the two cases—nothing more than the very shadowy analogy which lies in the use of the same materials under totally different social and temporal conditions.



FIREPLACE IN HOUSE OF ISAAC BELL, ESQ., NEWPORT.

his task was confided too often to those who claimed his name without sufficient warrant, and as often to those who did not even dream of claiming it at all. Have we not seen how the "builder" wrought in our city homes when the speculator was his partner? Are we not well aware that he was often joined in a similar partnership with a very different client from the speculator—with the most lavish and ambitious of owners? Do we not all know in our own home neighborhoods the builder's factories and warehouses, his town halls and his public schools, his railway stations, even his churches? And can we say that their species is not still prolific? Now at last it has come into active competition with another and a better species. But that the "fittest" shall survive in this one special struggle for existence, depends almost entirely on you to whom I speak—on the wide general public of future clients, on the patrons who in this art are so immensely potent a power. Certainly, as compared with even a very recent period, this public has to-day a better appreciation of the importance of trained professional skill in building. But such appreciation is still not distinct or strong enough; and it is by no means *thorough* enough. That is looked upon as a luxury for great occasions which is, in truth, a necessity for all occasions great and small, and which, under the right conditions, is an economy instead of an indul-

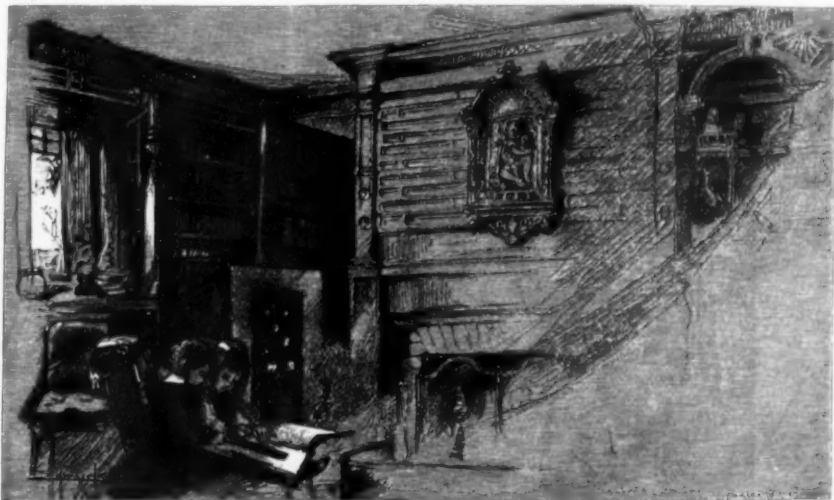
gence. I do not say that we could always have acted up to this belief, even had we held it very firmly. When the local builder bore undisputed sway there certainly was not a trained and skillful architect languishing for want of patronage in every little village. Nor even when, in village or in city, one who believed himself to be such was given the helm, was he always able to steer a triumphant or so much as a safe and sensible course. Nor would I insinuate that builder and architect were always themselves to blame for not better deserving the higher title—except in so far as they were contented with the lower. But I *do* say that their condition and ours was a great misfortune, a hopelessly hampering misfortune; not a necessary stage in progress, nor, still less, a fortunate chance which, had we only been a "more artistic" nation, we should have utilized toward the best possible results. And I do insist that it is the duty of our public as well as of our architects themselves to try to make our art ever more and more "professional."

But enough and more than enough of generalities. It is quite time that I should prove my own arguments by the evidence of our most recent work in the branch with which at the moment we are specially concerned. For such proof can, I think, here be found.

It is certainly not open to question that our best country homes and our average coun-

try homes of to-day are infinitely better than the best and the average of twenty or even of ten years ago. But it is just as little open to question that the "professional architect" now plays a much more important part in their construction; or, again, that this architect is becoming year by year more professional himself—that is, more widely differentiated from the mere artisan in quantity of knowledge, in thoroughness and quality of training, in refinement of intelligence, in width of artistic horizon, in processes and theories and ideals.

future paths, and most especially those which dealt with the new necessities of iron. He was so enthusiastic and versatile that every branch of the art appealed to him—even the then despised branch which includes country homes. All this did good, I repeat, not only as influencing other workers, but as raising the generally received opinion with regard to the utility of an architect in architecture. But in this last respect we are most of all indebted, perhaps, to the force of character and witchingness of tongue that enabled Mr. Hunt to



LIBRARY IN HOUSE OF SAMUEL GRAY WARD, ESQ., LENOX, MASS.

One name, I think, deserves to be mentioned here with especial honor. It would be difficult to overestimate the good influence Mr. Richard Hunt has had both upon the profession itself and upon its status with the public. When he began to practice such an education and equipment as his were almost anomalous with us, while to-day (of course not by any means solely, but yet, I think, partly through his example) they are getting to be thought essential and getting to be not quite exceptional. He was so industrious a worker, moreover, that the sum of his results formed a very large lump of heaven—a remarkably large lump, seeing that they were not all, like the results of too many others, patterned upon one shallow, monotonous scheme. He was so full of ideas that he experimented very widely and diversely. Not all of his experiments, we may grant, were successful. But as they were based on knowledge, not ignorance, all were useful as systematizing future efforts and marking out

lay hold of the stolid, indifferent, obstinate, or timid client, and lead him whither he would have him go. I do not feel that in saying this I overstep the line which divides legitimate impersonal from illegitimate personal commentary; for, let it be in the other arts as it may, in the architect's art personal force and persuasiveness are essentially part and parcel of the required endowment. As I have said so often, this art depends upon direct, special, reiterated acts of patronage to a degree quite peculiar to itself; and as every new commission differs from every other, an artist's past record is not always taken—indeed, cannot always be taken—as a guarantee of future success. Therefore he who has not a modicum of personal persuasive power runs a great risk of being obliged to follow those whom he ought to lead. I do not say how it might be in an ideally artistic community; *there*, perhaps, all excellence would be self-evident to all in anticipation as in fact, and no discussion or persuasion necessary. But as communities



DINING-ROOM IN MR. WARD'S HOUSE.

stand to-day, that architect will be most serviceable to his clients, as well as to his art and to himself, who (other things being equal, I mean, of course) can persuade them most convincingly *that he knows best*. When Mr. Hunt began to practice this seemed a very strange proposition to the ears of the free and independent American citizen—especially when he was intent upon the structure of his own home. The fact that it now carries

with it a sound much less of novelty and offense is largely due just to this one champion.*

Of course Mr. Hunt was not the first to try to improve upon the "vernacular" type of country dwelling—to try to put architectural coherence and something which might truthfully be called design in the place of the fantastic and yet mechanical medley which prevailed. Doubtless he was not even the first to do this with real ability and radically right ideas to

* How often do we still hear some "house-father" of the elder generation proclaim with child-like pride: "I had no architect; the builder and I did it all"—or, more likely, "I and the builder." And how invariably does the fact reveal itself in a very different way from that which he supposes! Perhaps this is as good a time as any to acknowledge the personal debt

of gratitude I feel to Mr. Howells for having set before my readers so delicately trenchant a dramatic picture of the difference between the old *régime* and the new in matters architectural. Silas Lapham and his new house and his architect will, I am very sure, advocate my conclusions far more persuasively than all my own theoretic preachments.



FIREPLACE IN STUDIO OF H. H. RICHARDSON, ESQ., BROOKLINE, MASS.

back the effort. But so far as I know he *was* the first who perceptibly stemmed the popular current, who started any conspicuous and permanent stream of improvement. His work differs in many ways from that which is most characteristic of to-day. And yet he should be ranked as the forerunner—as what the Germans call the “road-breaker”—of the younger band who are doing such good service now. In the matter of interior treatment—both as regards the nice provision for complicated practical needs, and as regards variety and beauty of architectural effect as well—his innovations were especially remarkable and salutary. When speaking in a former chapter of the gradual growth in beauty our domestic interiors have undergone, I remarked that it showed at first in the shape of mere extrinsic charm—of upholsterer’s decoration, so to say—and that we were satisfied for a time with this ere we bethought ourselves that intrinsic architectural charm might be still better worth the having. But Mr. Hunt’s houses should be noted as exceptions. His efforts after architectural beauty began long before the decorative movement declared itself. For a long time the homes he built were much better in their main constructive features than in their decoration or their furniture, though at a much later day the rule was the reverse of this.

Coming now to speak of our current work in this department, I find the task extremely difficult. In no other branch do controlling needs, desires, and opportunities vary so widely and perpetually; nowhere else are possibilities of excellence or failure so manifold in themselves or so dependent upon the differing characters of different sites. And this makes it peculiarly hard, of course, to select examples—these being necessarily few in number—so that they shall be in any sense *typical* examples. That is to say, a town hall which is successful in one small town might have been just as successful in a hundred others; the plan and façade which are good for a narrow city lot might be just as good in Chicago or St. Louis as in New York or Boston; but a country home that is admirable at Newport, for example, could hardly be repeated at Mt. Desert or in the Catskills, not even to meet the same owner’s needs—often could not be repeated on any other Newport site. It is peculiarly difficult, moreover, to describe even the individual excellence of any country home, for this excellence is not only individual to so exceptional a degree, but in this country is also, in the majority of cases, of a comparatively modest, unaccented kind; lies in the harmony of minor, detailed virtues; is not to be explained by the citation of con-

spicuous features, or characterized by reference to anything very pronounced in the way of "style." The architectural virtues of a palace or a mansion are emphatic and describable, but the architectural virtues of a cottage are retiring and elusive—are very apt to evaporate entirely from the words in which one tries to write them down. I must therefore make it my chief aim to point out certain factors which, in spite of the endless diversity of our problems, nevertheless enter into almost all of them; and to note certain tendencies which, in spite of the varied character of our efforts, nevertheless may be said to characterize those efforts as a whole. The examples I shall briefly note in illustration must not be accepted as being better than all others, but merely as being most familiar to my eyes. Indeed, their illustrative value depends to no small degree just upon the fact that I can say they are *not* better than all others.

I have already hinted that when the American architect labors in this branch he can get an unusually small amount of help from his foreign brethren. Continental excellence cannot be very useful to him, for the fundamental ideas which prevail in continental lands with regard to what country homes should be are radically different from those which prevail with us. The fundamental ideas which prevail in England, on the other hand, do strongly resemble ours. But our social conditions are so peculiar to ourselves, and our climate also, and our consequent habits of life, that even English teachings must be vastly modified in the application. Of course I do not mean to contradict everything I have written above—to say that we do not need to use all possible learning, to incorporate many transmitted ideas and many borrowed motives, here as elsewhere in our art. I merely mean that here even more than elsewhere we should not, cannot *copy*—should study the results of other lands and ages "only as one studies literature, not as one studies grammar."

This fact has clearly proved itself within the last few years. An effort has been made to copy the domestic style which now rules in England,—that so-called "Queen Anne," which our grandchildren will call "Queen Victoria,"—and it has proved the impossibility of direct imitation as distinctly as the "vernacular" had already proved the futility of thoughtless, ignorant originality. Fortunately we have not been as long in learning the second lesson as we were in learning the first. It is true that we cannot just yet say that it is thoroughly learned—cannot say that our imitative Queen Anne is yet extinct. But it is dying fast, I think, and to-day it does not include those which we deem our most charac-

teristic, much less those which we deem our most successful efforts.

But why is not the Queen Anne cottage, which in its best state at home has charmed the eye of many an American and thoroughly fulfilled his conception of what a country home should be—why is it notable, if transplanted to our own soil, to meet at least a certain class of needs? Try to live in one, and you will see. In the winter season you will have snow where the Englishman has rain, and will find his picturesquely complex roof a snow-trap, not a snow-shed. You will have far greater cold than he, and will need a plan that does not put too many difficulties in the way of warming from a common center. Winter and summer you will have sunshine of a strength he knows only in his dreams, and his house will very likely give you more windows than you want. And in summer you will have heat of a potency he would hate to know even in his dreams, and his house will most certainly *not* give you the thing you want most of all—a piazza. And, again, you will very often wish to make a much more extensive use of wood than he ever makes in these modern days. Of course you may use your wood in place of his brick; you may modify his roofs, change his plan, alter his openings, and add your own piazza. If, however, you do this with the intent to copy the effect of his house as nearly as you can, you will utterly spoil his creation and produce a bastard thing which will neither satisfy your eye nor wholly meet your needs. And this is just what has been done in a very great many cases. If, on the other hand, you make the necessary changes with intelligent thought and artistic feeling as your helpers, instead of with imitative effort as your fetter, the result will not be the Englishman's house at all, but something essentially different, essentially your own. And this too, let us rejoice to note, is done more often and more successfully year by year.

From current English fashions we have certainly learned a great deal besides the mere fact that we cannot copy them; and we should be peculiarly grateful that our interest in them has led us to take an interest in genuine Queen Anne and Georgian work—that is, in the work so many examples of which are to be found upon our own soil. Our colonial homes have of late been the objects of much earnest attention, and the fact is very fortunate.

It would have been unfortunate, however, had not our architects approached them in a more sensible spirit than that which has swayed some of the critics already quoted. For, after saying much in a vague way with regard to what ought *not* to be done in Amer-

ica, these advisers have given at least one bit of decided counsel with regard to what *ought* to be done—have declared that we ought to look back at our colonial examples and to “reproduce” them as faithfully as we can. These examples, they assert, are the only examples at once “American” and good; and they are so very good—so charming, so characteristic, and so appropriate to our wants—that we need not try to improve on them. If, however, we throw aside a very natural sentimentality which clings about the subject, and if we then compare our colonial homes not merely with their later rivals, the clap-boarded box and the “vernacular” villa, but with a sensible ideal of what the homes of to-day might be and should be—if we do this, we find that our critics’ assertions hardly sustain themselves.

We need not quarrel over the question whether the colonial house is “American” or not. In any strict sense, of course, it does not deserve the name; nothing does save the wigwam of the North and the pueblo of the South. Of course its patterns were all imported, and sometimes their treatment was very strictly imitative—more strictly imitative, I should say, than the treatment of any of our later products whatsoever. But certain frequent features—as, for instance, one or two sensible and charming modes of roofing—may fairly be called original; and when the translation into wood occurred, that was certainly American enough. Then our colonial work has stood longer than any other, and is identified with whatever historic associations we can call our own; and it is all so analogous as to offer an instance of the flourishing on our soil of something that may be called a coherent, comprehensible, all-pervading “style.” All these facts, together with its undeniable charm, certainly give it a strong hold upon our affections, and a priority of claim among the proper objects of our study. But the main question is not as to its Americanism, and is not as to its charm; the main question is, does it indeed wholly meet the needs of to-day, practically, expressionally, and artistically?

Practically it does not. Its air is indeed as of a delightfully complete domesticity, but it by no means fulfills to the modern American mind the promise it holds out to the eye. In relation to the habits we have acquired during more than a century of rapidly changing existence, it is not one-half so “livable” as it looks. It provides only for the simplest, most unvaried and homogeneous domestic and social customs, and only for housekeeping of what now seems a very primitive pattern. Whatever the *paterfamilias* might feel about it, neither the *mater* nor her executives could

live at their ease to-day or work at their best in an unmodified colonial interior. If they happen to dwell in an old one, there are sentimental compensations which perhaps suffice. But when a new home is in question the case seems wholly different. And the alterations in plan and arrangement which are necessary to meet the change in main requirements, and to provide for a hundred subordinate new requirements, must be of such a character that the old exterior pattern cannot often be retained. For this pattern is certainly not flexible, elastic, given to indefinite extension and the indefinite multiplication of minor constructive features. The effect of quiet dignity which is its greatest charm depends very largely just upon its simple, unbroken outlines, and its broad, unbroken masses.

And in thus deciding with regard to its practical sufficiency, have we not also decided with regard to the expressional and artistic sufficiency of the colonial home? Our more freely social, more lavish, more varied and complex ways of living cannot find full and truthful expression in any colonial pattern, nor our growing love of art full and lawful satisfaction. We still want to be dignified in our architectural voice, still to be refined, still to be quiet; but the dignity, the refinement, and the repose must be of a different character from those which appropriately marked the dwellings of our ancestors. The simpler types among these are extremely puritanical; and I do not think the adjective fits ourselves. And the ornatier types, even if they had not also much of the same accent, are the least well fitted for reproduction in our most usual material; for, excusable though the practice was a hundred years ago, it would be inexcusable to-day to build Doric porticoes or to frame Ionic pilasters out of pine boards painted.

In short, we may say of our colonial homes what we may say of the contemporary homes of England: our architects should study them, but cannot copy them. When to a certain degree their features and their general effect have been reproduced, the result seems peculiarly pleasing and most appropriately “American.” (At least this is true of the Eastern States. It would not be so true, I think, of the Western—which may be taken as proof in passing of how desirabilities vary in this department of our art.) But many extraneous features and many variations of old features and old modes of working must be introduced if the result is to be sensible and satisfactory. And for some of these the point of departure must be found in the “vernacular.” Incapable of self-development into anything good, it yet cannot be cut down root and branch; it must



LODGE OF FREDERICK L. AMES, ESQ., NORTH EASTON, MASS.

yield us certain buds of excellence for development along with other grafts. Its piazza, for example, absolutely imposes itself upon the conscience of every American architect. To develop it into a beautiful and constructive instead of an ugly, make-shift, superadded feature, and to bring it into perfect harmony with all his other features, many of which will have come from very different sources—this is one of the most vital problems with which he has to deal; and also one of the most difficult, and the one of all others which most emphatically forbids him to imitate any previous product, most emphatically prescribes that if he builds good country houses for the Americans of to-day, they will be essentially unlike all others.

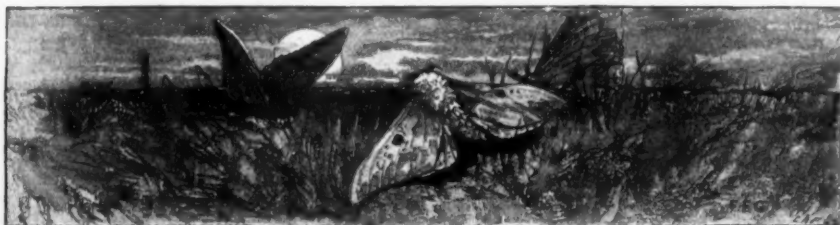
But I have come to the utmost limits of a

long chapter, and must postpone all further comment to another. The illustrations herewith given reveal something in the mean while with regard to our current efforts. I would only say once more that the revelation is of necessity imperfect; that no such illustrations can tell the whole truth as to form and proportion, much truth as to detail, or any truth as to color; and, especially, cannot speak distinctly as to that perfect adaptation of a house to its surroundings which is one of the most vital of all virtues. As our conditions run, it is sometimes a virtue very difficult of attainment. Nevertheless it is one which we are earnestly striving to attain, and already with a degree of success that goes far to prove there lie within us some latent sparks of true artistic aptitude.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

The lodge on Mr. Osborne's place at Mamaroneck, Major Poore's house, and all the interiors except the studio were designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead &

White; the studio and the lodge at North Easton by Mr. Richardson; Mrs. Hemenway's house by Mr. Emerson, and the Newport farm-house by Mr. C. S. Luce.



THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life" "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XI.

"WHAT makes Lemuel such a gift," said Miss Vane, in a talk which she had with Sewell a month later, "is that he is so supplementary."

"Do you mean just in the supplementary sense of the term?"

"Well, not in the fifth-wheel sense. I mean that he supplements us, all and singular—if you will excuse the legal exactness."

"Oh, certainly," said Sewell; "I should like even more exactness."

"Yes; but before I particularize I must express my general satisfaction in him as a man-body. I had no idea that man-bodies in a house were so perfectly admirable."

"I've sometimes feared that we were not fully appreciated," said Sewell. "Well?"

"The house is another thing with a man-body in it. I've often gone without little things I wanted, simply because I hated to make Sarah bring them, and because I hated still worse to go after them, knowing we were both weakly and tired. Now I deny myself nothing. I make Lemuel fetch and carry without remorse, from morning till night. I never knew it before, but the man-body seems never to be tired, or ill, or sleepy."

"Yes," said Sewell, "that is often the idea of the woman-body. I'm not sure that it's correct."

"Oh, *don't* attack it!" implored Miss Vane. "You don't *know* what a blessing it is. Then, the man-body never complains, and I can't see that he expects anything more in an order than the clear understanding of it. He doesn't expect it to be accounted for in any way; the fact that you say you want a thing is enough. It is very strange. Then the moral support of the presence of a man-body is enormous. I now know that I have never slept soundly since I have kept house alone—that I have never passed a night without hearing burglars or smelling fire."

"And now?"

"And now I shouldn't mind a legion of burglars in the house; I shouldn't mind being burned in my bed every night. I feel that

Lemuel is in charge, and that nothing can happen."

"Is he really so satisfactory?" asked Sewell, exhaling a deep relief.

"He is, indeed," said Miss Vane. "I couldn't exaggerate it."

"Well, well! Don't try. We are finite, after all, you know. Do you think it can last?"

"I have thought of that," answered Miss Vane. "I don't see why it shouldn't last. I have tried to believe that I did a foolish thing in coming to your rescue, but I can't see that I did. I don't see why it shouldn't last as long as Lemuel chooses. And he seems perfectly contented with his lot. He doesn't seem to regard it as domestic service, but as domestication, and he patronizes our inefficiency while he spares it. His common sense is extraordinary—it's exemplary; it almost makes one wish to have common sense one's self." They had now got pretty far from the original proposition, and Sewell returned to it with the question, "Well, and how does he supplement you singularly?"

"Oh! oh, yes!" said Miss Vane. "I could hardly tell you without going into too deep a study of character."

"I'm rather fond of that," suggested the minister.

"Yes, and I've no doubt we should all work very nicely into a sermon as illustrations; but I can't more than indicate the different cases. In the first place, Jane's forgetfulness seems to be growing upon her, and since Lemuel came she's abandoned herself to ecstasies of oblivion."

"Yes?"

"Yes. She's quite given over remembering *anything*, because she knows that he will remember *everything*."

"I see. And you?"

"Well, you have sometimes thought I was a little rash."

"A little? Did I think it was a little?"

"Well, a good deal. But it was all nothing to what I've been since Lemuel came. I used to keep some slight check upon myself for Sibyl's sake; but I don't now. I know that Lemuel is there to temper, to delay, to modify

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the effect of every impulse, and so I am all impulse now. And I've quite ceased to rule my temper. I know that Lemuel has self-control enough for all the tempers in the house, and so I feel perfectly calm in my wildest transports of fury."

"I understand," said Sewell. "And does Sibyl permit herself a similar excess in her fancies and ambitions?"

"Quite," said Miss Vane. "I don't know that she consciously relies upon Lemuel to supplement her, any more than Jane does; but she must be unconsciously aware that no extravagance of hers can be dangerous while Lemuel is in the house."

"Unconsciously aware is good. She hasn't got tired of reforming him yet?"

"I don't know. I sometimes think she wishes he had gone a little farther in crime. Then his reformation would be more obvious."

"Yes; I can appreciate that. Does she still look after his art and literature?"

"That phase has changed a little. She thinks now that he ought to be stimulated, if anything—that he ought to read George Eliot. She's put 'Middlemarch' and 'Romola' on his shelf. She says that he looks like Tito Malema."

Sewell rose. "Well, I don't see but what your supplement is a very demoralizing element. I shall never dare to tell Mrs. Sewell what you've said."

"Oh, she knows it," cried Miss Vane. "We've agreed that you will counteract any temptation that Lemuel may feel to abuse his advantages by the ferociously self-denying sermons you preach at him every Sunday."

"Do I preach at him? Do you notice it?" asked Sewell nervelessly.

"Notice it?" laughed Miss Vane. "I should think your whole congregation would notice it. You seem to look at nobody else."

"I know it! Since he began to come, I can't keep my eyes off him. I do deliver my sermons at him. I believe I write them at him! He has an eye of terrible and exacting truth. I feel myself on trial before him. He holds me up to a standard of sincerity that is killing me. Mrs. Sewell was bad enough; I was reasonably bad myself; but this! Couldn't you keep him away? Do you think it's exactly decorous to let your man-servant occupy a seat in your family pew? How do you suppose it looks to the Supreme Being?"

Miss Vane was convulsed. "I had precisely those misgivings! But Lemuel hadn't. He asked me what the number of our pew was, and I hadn't the heart—or else I hadn't the face—to tell him he mustn't sit in it. How could I? Do you think it's so very scandalous?"

"I don't know," said Sewell. "It may lead

to great abuses. If we tacitly confess ourselves equal in the sight of God, how much better are we than the Roman Catholics?"

Miss Vane could not suffer these ironies to go on.

"He approves of your preaching. He has talked your sermons over with me. You oughtn't to complain."

"Oh, I don't! Do you think he's really softening a little toward me?"

"Not personally, that I know," said Miss Vane. "But he seems to regard you as a channel of the truth."

"I ought to be glad of so much," said Sewell. "I confess that I hadn't supposed he was at all of our way of thinking. They preached a very appreciable orthodoxy at Willoughby Pastures."

"I don't know about that," said Miss Vane. "I only know that he approves your theology, or your ethics."

"Ethics, I hope. I'm sure *they're* right." After a thoughtful moment the minister asked, "Have you observed that they have softened him socially at all—broken up that terrible rigidity of attitude, that dismaying retentiveness of speech?"

"I know what you mean!" cried Miss Vane, delightedly. "I believe Lemuel *is* a little more supple, a little *less* like a granite boulder in one of his meadows. But I can't say that he's glib yet. He isn't apparently going to say more than he thinks."

"I hope he thinks more than he says," sighed the minister. "My interviews with Lemuel have left me not only exhausted but bruised, as if I had been hurling myself against a dead wall. Yes, I manage him better from the pulpit, and I certainly oughtn't to complain. I don't expect him to make any response, and I perceive that I am not *quite* so sore as after meeting him in private life."

THAT evening Lemuel was helping to throng the platform of an overcrowded horse-car. It was Saturday night, and he was going to the provision man up toward the South End, whom Miss Vane was dealing with for the time being, in an economical recoil from her expensive Back Bay provision man, to order a forgotten essential of the Sunday's supplies. He had already been at the grocer's, and was carrying home three or four packages to save the cart from going a third time that day to Bolingbroke street, and he stepped down into the road, when two girls came squeezing their way out of the car.

"Well, I'm glad," said one of them in a voice Lemuel knew at once, "'t there's one man's got the politeness to make a *little* grain o' room for you. Thank you, sir!" she added,

with more scorn for the others than gratitude for Lemuel. "*You're a gentleman, anyway.*"

The hardened offenders on the platform laughed, but Lemuel said simply, "You're quite welcome."

"Why, land's sakes!" shouted the girl. "Well, if 'tain't you. S'tira!" she exclaimed to her companion in utter admiration. Then she added to Lemuel, "Why, I didn't s'pose but what you'd 'a' be'n back home long ago. Well, I *am* glad. Be'n in Boston ever since? Well, I want to know!"

The conductor had halted his car for the girls to get off, but, as he remarked with a vicious jerk at his bell-strap, he could not keep his car standing there while a woman was asking about the folks, and the horses started up and left Lemuel behind. "Well, there!" said 'Manda Grier. "'F I hain't made you lose your car! I never see folks like some them conductors."

"Oh, I guess I can walk the rest of the way," said Lemuel, his face bright with a pleasure visible in the light of the lamp that brought out Statira Dudley's smiles and the forward thrust of 'Manda Grier's whopper-jaw as they turned toward the pavement together.

"Well, I guess 'f I've spoke about you once, I have a hundred times, in the last six weeks. I always told S'tira you'd be'n sure to turn up b'fore this 'f you'd be'n in Boston all the time; 'n' 't I guessed you'd got a disgust for the place, 'n' 't you wouldn't want to see it again for *one* while."

Statira did not say anything. She walked on the other side of 'Manda Grier, who thrust her in the side from time to time with a lift of her elbow, in demand of sympathy and corroboration; but though she only spoke to answer yes or no, Lemuel could see that she was always smiling or else biting her lip to keep herself from it. He thought she looked about as pretty as anybody could, and that she was again very fashionably dressed. She had on a short dolman, and a pretty hat that shaded her forehead but fitted close round, and she wore long gloves that came up on her sleeves. She had a book from the library; she walked with a little bridling movement that he found very ladylike. 'Manda Grier tilted along between them and her tongue ran and ran, so that Lemuel, when they came to Miss Vane's provision man's, could hardly get in a word to say that he guessed he must stop there.

Statira drifted on a few paces, but 'Manda Grier halted abruptly with him. "Well, 'f you're ever up our way we sh'd be much pleased to have you call, Mr. Barker," she said formally.

"I should be much pleased to do so," said Lemuel with equal state.

"'Tain't but just a little ways round here on the Avenue," she added.

Lemuel answered, "I guess I know where it is." He did not mean it for anything of a joke, but both the girls laughed, and though she had been so silent before, Statira laughed the most.

He could not help laughing either when 'Manda Grier said, "I guess if you was likely to forget the number you could go round to the station and inquire. They got your address too."

"'Manda Grier, you be still!" said Statira.

"S'tira said that's the way she knew you was from Willoughby Pastures. Her folks is from up that way, themselves. She says the minute she heard the name she knew it couldn't 'a' be'n you, whoever it was done it."

"'Manda Grier!" cried Statira again.

"I tell her she don't believe 't any harm can come out the town o' Willoughby, anywheres."

"'Manda!" cried Statira.

Lemuel was pleased, but he could not say a word. He could not look at Statira.

"Well, good-evening," said Amanda Grier.

"Well, good-evening," said Lemuel.

"Well, good-evening," said Statira.

"Well, good-evening," said Lemuel again.

The next moment they were gone round the corner, and he was left standing before the provision man's, with his packages in his hand. It did not come to him till he had transacted his business within, and was on his way home, that he had been very impolite not to ask if he might not see them home. He did not know but he ought to go back and try to find them, and apologize for his rudeness, and yet he did not see how he could do that, either; he had no excuse for it; he was afraid it would seem queer, and make them laugh. Besides, he had those things for Miss Vane, and the cook wanted some of them at once.

He could hardly get to sleep that night for thinking of his blunder, and at times he cowered under the bedclothes for shame. He decided that the only way for him to do was to keep out of their way after this, and if he ever met them anywhere, to pretend not to see them.

The next morning he went to hear Mr. Sewell preach, as usual, but he found himself wandering far from the sermon, and asking or answering this or that in a talk with those girls that kept going on in his mind. The minister himself seemed to wander, and at times, when Lemuel forced a return to him, he thought he was boggling strangely. For the first time Mr. Sewell's sermon, in his opinion, did not come to much.

While his place in Miss Vane's household was

still indefinitely ascertained, he had the whole of Sunday, and he always wrote home in the afternoon, or brought up the arrears of the journal he had begun keeping; but the Sunday afternoon that followed, he was too excited to stay in and write. He thought he would go and take a walk, and get away from the things that pestered him. He did not watch where he was going, and after awhile he turned a corner, and suddenly found himself in a long street, planted with shade-trees, and looking old-fashioned and fallen from a former dignity. He perceived that it could never have been fashionable, like Bolingbroke street or Beacon; the houses were narrow and their doors opened from little, cavernous arches let into the brick fronts, and they stood flush upon the pavement. The sidewalks were full of people, mostly girls walking up and down; at the corners young fellows lounged, and there were groups before the cigar stores and the fruit stalls, which were open. It was not very cold yet, and the children who swarmed upon the low door-steps were bareheaded and often summer-clad. The street was not nearly so well kept as the streets on the Back Bay that Lemuel was more used to, but he could see that it was not a rowdy street either. He looked up at a lamp on the first corner he came to, and read Pleasant Avenue on it; then he said that the witch was in it. He dramatized a scene of meeting those girls, and was very glib in it, and they were rather shy, and Miss Dudley kept behind Amanda Grier, who nudged her with her elbow when Lemuel said he had come round to see if anybody had robbed them of their books on the way home after he left them last night.

But all the time, as he hurried along to the next corner, he looked fearfully to the right and left. Presently he began to steal guilty glances at the numbers of the houses. He said to himself that he would see what kind of a looking house they did live in, any way. It was only No. 900 odd when he began, and he could turn off if he wished long before he reached 1334. As he drew nearer he said he would just give a look at it, and then rush by. But 1334 was a house so much larger and nicer than he had expected that he stopped to collect his slow rustic thoughts, and decide whether she really lived there, or whether she had just given that number for a blind. He did not know why he should think that, though; she was dressed well enough to come out of any house.

While he lingered before the house an old man with a cane in his hand and his mouth hanging open stopped and peered through his spectacles, whose glare he fixed upon Lemuel, till he began to feel himself a suspicious char-

acter. The old man did not say anything, but stood faltering upon his stick and now and then gathering up his lower lip as if he were going to speak, but not speaking.

Lemuel cleared his throat. "Hmnm! Is this a boarding-house?"

"I don't know," crowed the old man, in a high senile note. "You want table-board or rooms?"

"I don't want board at all," began Lemuel again.

"What?" crowed the old man; and he put up his hand to his ear.

People were beginning to put their heads out of the neighboring windows, and to walk slowly as they went by, so as to hear what he and the old man were saying. He could not run away now, and he went boldly up to the door of the large house and rang.

A girl came, and he asked her, with a flushed face, if Miss Amanda Grier boarded there; somehow he could not bear to ask for Miss Dudley.

"Well," the girl said, "she *rooms* here," as if that might be a different thing to Lemuel altogether.

"Oh!" he said. "Is she in?"

"Well, you can walk in," said the girl, "and I'll see." She came back to ask, "Who shall I say called?"

"Mr. Barker," said Lemuel, and then glowed with shame because he had called himself Mister. The girl did not come back, but she hardly seemed gone before 'Manda Grier came into the room. He did not know whether she would speak to him, but she was as pleasant as could be, and said he must come right up to her and S'tira's room. It was pretty high up, but he did not notice the stairs, 'Manda Grier kept talking so; and when he got to it, and 'Manda Grier dashed the door open, and told him to walk right in, he would not have known but he was in somebody's sitting-room. A curtained alcove hid the bed, and the room was heated by a cheerful little kerosene stove; there were bright folding carpet-chairs, and the lid of the wash-stand had a cloth on it that came down to the floor, and there were plants in the window. There was a mirror on the wall, framed in black walnut with gilt molding inside, and a family-group photograph in the same kind of frame, and two chromos, and a clock on a bracket.

Statira seemed surprised to see him; the room was pretty warm, and her face was flushed. He said it was quite mild out, and she said, "Was it?" Then she ran and flung up the window, and said, "Why, so it was," and that she had been in the house all day, and had not noticed the weather.

She excused herself and the room for being

in such a state; she said she was ashamed to be caught in such a looking dress, but they were not expecting company, and she did suppose 'Manda Grier would have given her time to put the room to rights a little. He could not understand why she said all this, for the whole room was clean, and Statira herself was beautifully dressed in the same dress that she had worn the night before, or one just like it; and after she had put up the window, 'Manda Grier said, "S'tira Dudley, do you want to kill yourself?" and ran and pulled aside the curtain in the corner, and took down the dolman from among other clothes that hung there, and threw it on Statira's shoulders, who looked as pretty as a pink in it. But she pretended to be too hot, and wanted to shrug it off, and 'Manda Grier called out, "Mr. Barker! will you make her keep it on?" and Lemuel sat dumb and motionless, but filled through with a sweet pleasure.

He tried several times to ask them if they had been robbed on the way home last night, as he had done in the scene he had dramatized; but he could not get out a word, except that it had been pretty warm all day.

Statira said, "I think it's been a very warm fall," and 'Manda Grier said, "I think the summer's goin' to spend the winter with us," and they all three laughed.

"What speeches you do make, 'Manda Grier!" said Statira.

"Well, anything better than Quaker meet-in', I say," retorted 'Manda Grier; and then they were all three silent, and Lemuel thought of his clothes, and how fashionably both of the girls were dressed.

"I guess," said Statira, "it'll be a pretty sickly winter, if it keeps along this way. They say a green Christmas makes a fat grave-yard."

"I guess you'll see the snow fly long before Christmas," said 'Manda Grier, "or Thanksgiving either."

"I guess so, too," said Lemuel, though he did not like to seem to take sides against Statira.

She laughed as if it were a good joke, and said, "'Tain't but about a fortnight now till Thanksgiving, anyway."

"If it comes a good fall of snow before Thanksgiving, won't you come round and give us a sleigh-ride, Mr. Barker?" asked Manda Grier.

They all laughed at her audacity, and Lemuel said, Yes, he would; and she said, "We'll give you a piece of real Willoughby Center mince-pie, if you will."

They all laughed again.

"'Manda Grier!" said Statira, in protest.

"Her folks sent her half a dozen last Thanksgiving," persisted 'Manda Grier.

"'Manda!" pleaded Statira.

'Manda Grier sprang up and got Lemuel a folding-chair. "You ain't a bit comfortable in that stiff old thing, Mr. Barker."

Lemuel declared that he was perfectly comfortable, but she would not be contented till he had changed, and then she said, "Why don't you look after your company, S'tira Dudley? I should think you'd be ashamed."

Lemuel's face burned with happy shame, and Statira, who was as red as he was, stole a look at him, that seemed to say that there was no use trying to stop 'Manda Grier. But when she went on, "I don't know but it's the fashion to Willoughby Center," they both gave way again, and laughed more than ever, and Statira said, "Well, 'Manda Grier, what do you s'pose Mr. Barker'll think?"

She tried to be sober, but the wild girl set her and Lemuel off laughing when she retorted, "Guess he'll think what he did when he was brought up in court for highway robbery."

'Manda Grier sat upright in her chair, and acted as if she had merely spoken about the weather. He knew that she was talking that way just to break the ice, and though he would have given anything to be able to second her, he could not.

"How you do carry on, 'Manda Grier," said Statira, as helpless as he was.

"Guess I got a pretty good load to carry!" said 'Manda Grier.

They all now began to find their tongues a little, and Statira told how one season when her mother took boarders she had gone over to the Pastures with a party of summer-folks on a straw-ride and picked blueberries. She said she never saw the berries as thick as they were there.

Lemuel said he guessed he knew where the place was; but the fire had got into it last year, and there had not been a berry there this summer.

Statira said, "What a shame!" She said there were some Barkers over East Willoughby way; and she confessed that when he said his name was Barker, and he was from Willoughby Pastures, that night in the station, she thought she should have gone through the floor.

Then they talked a little about how they had both felt, but not very much, and they each took all the blame, and would not allow that the other was the least to blame. Statira said she had behaved like a perfect coot all the way through, and Lemuel said that he guessed he had been the coot, if there was any.

"I guess there was a pair of you," said 'Manda Grier; and at this association of them in 'Manda Grier's condemnation, he could see that Statira was blushing, though she hid her face in her hands, for her ears were all red.

He now rose and said he guessed he would

have to be going; but when 'Manda Grier interposed and asked, "Why, what's your hurry?" he said he guessed he had not had any, and Statira laughed at the wit of this till it seemed to him she would perish.

"Well, then, you set right straight down again," said 'Manda Grier, with mock severity, as if he were an obstinate little boy; and he obeyed, though he wished that Statira had asked him to stay too.

"Why, the land sakes!" exclaimed 'Manda Grier, "have you been lettin' him keep his hat all this while, S'tira Dudley? You take it right away from him!" And Statira rose, all smiling and blushing, and said:

"Will you let me take your hat, Mr. Barker?" as if he had just come in, and made him feel as if she had pressed him to stay. She took it and went and laid it on a stand across the room, and Lemuel thought he had never seen a much more graceful person. She wore a full Breton skirt, which was gathered thickly at the hips, and swung loose and free as she stepped. When she came back and sat down, letting the back of one pretty hand fall into the palm of the other in her lap, it seemed to him impossible that such an elegant young lady should be tolerating a person dressed as he was.

"There!" began 'Manda Grier. "I guess Mr. Barker won't object a great deal to our going on, if it *is* Sunday. 'S kind of a Sunday game, anyways. You 'posed to games on Sunday?"

"I don't know as I am," said Lemuel.

"Now, 'Manda Grier, don't you!" pleaded Statira.

"Shall, too!" persisted 'Manda. "I guess if there's any harm in the key, there ain't any harm in the Bible, and so it comes out even. D'you ever try your fate with a key and a Bible?" she asked Lemuel.

"I don't know as I did," he answered.

"Well, it's *real* fun, 'n' it's curious how it comes out, oftentimes. Well, I don't s'pose there's anything *in* it, but it *is* curious."

"I guess we hadn't better," said Statira. "I don't believe Mr. Barker'll care for it."

Lemuel said he would like to see how it was done, anyway.

'Manda Grier took the key out of the door, and looked at it. "That key'll cut the leaves all to pieces."

"Can't you find some other?" suggested Statira.

"I don't know but maybe I could," said 'Manda Grier. "You just wait a half a second."

Before Lemuel knew what she was doing, she flew out of the door, and he could hear her flying down the stairs.

"Well, I *must* say!" said Statira, and then neither she nor Lemuel said anything for a

little while. At last she asked, "That window trouble you any?"

Lemuel said, "Not at all," and he added, "Perhaps it's too cold for you?"

"Oh, no," said the girl, "I can't seem to get anything too cold for me! I'm the greatest person for cold weather! I'm *real* glad it's comin' winter. We had the greatest *time*, last winter," continued Statira, "with those English sparrows. Used to feed 'em crumbs, there on the window-sill, and it seemed as if they got to know we girls, and they'd hop right inside, if you'd let 'em. Used to make me feel kind of creepy to have 'em. They say it's a sign of death to have a bird come into your room, and I was always for drivin' 'em out, but 'Manda, she said she guessed the Lord didn't take the trouble to send birds round to every one, and if the rule didn't work one way it didn't work the other. You believe in signs?"

"I don't know as I do, much. Mother likes to see the new moon over her right shoulder, pretty well," said Lemuel.

"Well, I declare," said Statira, "that's just the way with *my* aunt. Now you're up here," she said, springing suddenly to her feet, "I want you should see what a nice view we got from our window."

Lemuel had it on his tongue to say that he hoped it was not going to be his last chance; he believed he would have said it if 'Manda Grier had been there; but now he only joined Statira at the window, and looked out. They had to stoop over, and get pretty close together, to see the things she wished to show him, and she kept shrugging her sack on, and once she touched him with her shoulder. He said yes to everything she asked him about the view, but he saw very little of it. He saw that her hair had a shade of gold in its brown, and that it curled in tight little rings where it was cut on her neck, and that her skin was very white under it. When she touched him, that time, it made him feel very strange; and when she glanced at him out of her blue eyes, he did not know what he was doing. He did not laugh as he did when 'Manda Grier was there.

Statira said, "Oh, excuse me!" when she touched him, and he answered, "Perfectly excusable," but he said hardly anything else. He liked to hear her talk, and he watched the play of her lips as she spoke. Once her breath came across his cheek, when she turned quickly to see if he was looking where she was pointing.

They sat down and talked, and all at once Statira exclaimed, "*Well!* I should think 'Manda Grier was *makin'* that key!"

Now, whatever happened, Lemuel was bound to say, "I don't think she's been gone very long."

"Well, you're pretty patient, I *must* say,"

said Statira, and he did not know whether she was making fun of him or not. He tried to think of something to say, but could not. "I hope she'll fetch a lamp, too, when she comes," Statira went on, and now he saw that it was beginning to be a little darker. Perhaps that about the lamp was a hint for him to go; but he did not see exactly how he could go till 'Manda Grier came back; he felt that it would not be polite.

"Well, there!" said Statira, as if she divined his feeling. "I shall give 'Manda Grier a good talking-to. I'm awfully afraid we're keeping you, Mr. Barker."

"Not at all," said Lemuel; "I'm afraid I'm keeping you."

"Oh, not at all," said Statira. She became rather quieter, till 'Manda Grier came back.

'Manda Grier burst into the room, with a key in one hand and a lamp in the other. "Well, I knew you two'd be holdin' Quaker's meetin'."

"We hain't at all! How d'you know we have? Have we, Mr. Barker?" returned Statira, in simultaneous admission and denial.

"Well, if you want to know, I listened outside the door," said 'Manda Grier, "and you wa'n't sayin' a word, either of you. I guess I got a key now that'll do," she added, setting down her lamp, "and I borrowed an old Bible 't I guess 'tain't go'n to hurt a great deal."

"I don't know as I want to play it much," said Statira.

"Well, I guess you got to, now," said 'Manda Grier, "after all my trouble. Hain't she, Mr. Barker?"

It flattered Lemuel through and through to be appealed to, but he could not say anything.

"Well," said Statira, "if I got to, I got to. But you got to hold the Bible."

"You got to put the key in!" cried 'Manda Grier. She sat holding the Bible open toward Statira.

She offered to put the key in, and then she stopped. "Well! I'm great! Who are we going to find it for first?"

"Oh, company first," said 'Manda Grier.

"You company, Mr. Barker?" asked Statira, looking at Lemuel over her shoulder.

"I hope not," said Lemuel, gallantly, at last.

"Well, I declare!" said Statira.

"Quite one the family," said 'Manda Grier, and that made Statira say, "'Manda!" and Lemuel blush to his hair. "Well, anyway," continued 'Manda Grier, "you're company enough to have your fate found first. Put in the key, S'tira."

"No, I sha'n't do it."

"Well, I shall, then!" She took the key from Statira, and shut the book upon it at the Song of Solomon, and bound it tightly in with a ribbon. Lemuel watched breathlessly; he was not sure that he knew what kind of fate she meant, but he thought he knew, and it made his heart beat quick. 'Manda Grier had passed the ribbon through the ring of the key, which was left outside of the leaves, and now she took hold of the key with her two fore-fingers. "You got to be careful not to touch the Bible with your fingers," she explained, "or the charm won't work. Now I'll say over two verses, 't where the key's put in, and Mr. Barker, you got to repeat the alphabet at the same time; and when it comes to the first letter of the right name, the Bible will drop out of my fingers, all I can do. Now, then! *Set me as a seal on thine heart*—"

"A, B, C, D," began Lemuel.

"Pshaw, now, 'Manda Grier, you stop!" pleaded Statira.

"You be still! Go on, Mr. Barker!—*As a seal upon thine arm; for love is as strong as death*—don't say the letters so fast—*jealousy as cruel as the grave*—don't look at S'tira; look at me!—*the coals thereof are coals of fire*—you're sayin' it too slow now—*which hath a most vehement flame*. I declare, S'tira Dudley, if you joggle me!—*Many waters cannot quench love; neither can the floods drown it*—you must put just so much time between every letter; if you stop on every particular one, it ain't fair—if a man would give all the substance of his house for love—you stop laughin', you two!—it would be utterly consumed. Well, there! Now we got to go it all over again, and my arm's most broke now."

"I don't believe Mr. Barker wants to do it again," said Statira, looking demurely at him; but Lemuel protested that he did, and the game began again. This time the Bible began to shake at the letter D, and Statira cried out, "Now, 'Manda Grier, you're making it," and 'Manda Grier laughed so that she could scarcely hold the book. Lemuel laughed too; but he kept on repeating the letters. At S the book fell to the floor, and Statira caught it up, and softly beat 'Manda Grier on the back with it. "Oh, you mean thing!" she cried out. "You did it on purpose."

'Manda Grier was almost choked with laughing.

"Do you know anybody of the name of Sarah, Mr. Barker?" she gasped, and then they all laughed together till Statira said, "Well, I shall surely die! Now, 'Manda Grier, it's your turn. And you see if I don't pay you up."

"I guess I ain't afraid any," retorted 'Manda Grier. "The book'll do what it pleases, in spite of you."

They began again, Statira holding the book this time, and Lemuel repeating as before, and he went quite through the alphabet without anything happening. "Well, I declare!" said Statira, looking grave. "Let's try it over again."

"You may try, and you may try, and you may try," said 'Manda Grier. "It won't do you any good. I hain't got any fate in that line."

"Well, that's what we're goin' to find out," said Statira; but again the verses and alphabet were repeated without effect.

"Now you satisfied?" asked 'Manda Grier.

"No, not yet. Begin again, Mr. Barker!"

He did so, and at the second letter the book dropped. Statira jumped up, and 'Manda Grier began to chase her round the room, to box her ears for her, she said. Lemuel sat looking on. He did not feel at all severe toward them, as he usually did toward girls that cut up; he did not feel that this was cutting up, in fact.

"Stop, stop!" implored Statira, "and I'll let you try it over again."

"No, it's your turn now!"

"No, I ain't going to have any," said Statira, folding her arms.

"You got to," said 'Manda Grier. "The rest of us has, and now you've got to. Hain't she got to, Mr. Barker?"

"Yes," said Lemuel, delightedly; "you've got to, Miss Dudley."

"Miss Dudley!" repeated 'Manda Grier. "How that *does* sound."

"I don't know as it sounds any worse than Mr. Barker," said Lemuel.

"Well," said 'Manda Grier, judiciously, "I sh'd think it was 'bout time they was both of 'em dropped. 'T any rate, I don't want you should call me Miss Grier — Lemuel."

"Oh!" cried S'tira. "Well, you *are* getting along, 'Manda Grier!"

"Well, don't you let yourself be outdone, then, S'tira."

"I guess Mr. Barker's good enough for me awhile yet," said Statira, and she hastened to add, "The name, I mean," and at this they all laughed till Statira said, "I shall *certainly* die!" She suddenly recovered herself — those girls seemed to do everything like lightning, Lemuel observed — and said, "No, I ain't goin' to have mine told at all. I don't like it. Seems kind of wicked. I ruther talk. I never *could* make it just right to act so with the Bible."

Lemuel was pleased at that. Statira seemed prettier than ever in this mood of reverence.

"Well, don't talk too much when I'm gone," said 'Manda Grier, and before anybody could stop her, she ran out of the room. But she put her head in again to say, "I'll be back as soon's I can take this key home."

Lemuel did not know what to do. The thought of being alone with Statira again was full of rapture and terror. He was glad when she seized the door, and tried to keep 'Manda Grier.

"I — I — guess I better be going," he said.

"You sha'n't go till I get back, anyway," said 'Manda Grier hospitably. "You keep him, S'tira!"

She gave Statira a little push, and ran down the stairs.

Statira tottered against Lemuel, with that round, soft shoulder which had touched him before. He put out his arms to save her from falling, and they seemed to close round her of themselves. She threw up her face, and in a moment he had kissed her. He released her and fell back from her aghast.

She looked at him.

"I — I didn't mean to," he panted. His heart was thundering in his ears.

She put up her hands to her face, and began to cry.

"Oh, my goodness!" he gasped. He wavered a moment, then he ran out of the room.

On the stairs he met 'Manda Grier coming up. "Now, Mr. Barker, you're real mean to go!" she pouted.

"I guess I better be going," Lemuel called back, in a voice so husky that he hardly knew it for his own.

XII.

LEMUEL let himself into Miss Vane's house with his key to the back gate, and sat down, still throbbing, in his room over the L, and tried to get the nature of his deed, or misdeed, before his mind. He had grown up to manhood in an austere reverence for himself as regarded the other sex, and in a secret fear, as exacting for them as it was worshipful, of women. His mother had held all show of love-sickness between young people in scorn; she said they were silly things, when she saw them soft upon one another; and Lemuel had imbibed from her a sense of unlawfulness, of shame, in the love-making he had seen around him all his life. These things are very open in the country. Even in large villages they have kissing-games at the children's parties, in the church vestries and refectories; and as a little boy Lemuel had taken part in such games. But as he grew older, his reverence and his fear would not let him touch a girl. Once a big girl, much older than he, came up behind him in the play-ground and kissed him; he rubbed the kiss off with his hand, and scoured the place with sand and gravel. One winter all the big boys and girls at school began courting whenever the teacher was out of sight a moment; at the noon-spell, some

of them sat with their arms round one another. Lemuel wandered off by himself in the snows of the deep woods; the sight of such things, the thought of them, put him to shame for those fools, as he tacitly called them; and now what had he done himself? He could not tell. At times he was even proud and glad of it; and then he did not know what would become of him. But mostly it seemed to him that he had been guilty of an enormity that nothing could ever excuse. He must have been crazy to do such a thing to a young lady like that; her tear-stained face looked her wonder at him still.

By this time she had told 'Manda Grier all about it; and he dared not think what their thoughts of him must be. It seemed to him that he ought to put such a monster as he was out of the world. But all the time there was a sweetness, a joy in his heart, that made him half frantic with fear of himself.

"Lemuel!"

He started up at the sound of Sibyl Vane's voice calling to him from the dining-room which opened into the L.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered tremulously, going to his door. Miss Vane had been obliged to instruct him to say ma'am to her niece, whom he had at first spoken of by her Christian name.

"Was that you came in a little while ago?"

"Yes, ma'am, I came in."

"Oh! And have you had your supper?"

"I—I guess I don't want any supper."

"Don't want any supper? You will be ill. Why don't you?"

"I don't know as I feel just like eating anything."

"Well, it won't do. Will you see, please, if Jane is in the kitchen?"

Lemuel came forward, full of his unfitness for the sight of men, but gathering a little courage when he found the dining-room so dark. He descended to the basement and opened the door of the kitchen, looked in, and shut it again. "Yes, ma'am, she's there."

"Oh!" Sibyl seemed to hesitate. Then she said: "Light the gas down there, hadn't you better?"

"I don't know but I had," Lemuel assented.

But before he could obey, "And Lemuel!" she called down again, "come and light it up here too, please."

"I will, as soon as I've lit it here," said Lemuel.

An imperious order came back. "You will light it here *now*, please."

"All right," assented Lemuel. When he appeared in the upper entry and flashed the gas up, he saw Sibyl standing at the reception-room door, with her finger closed into a book which she had been reading.

"You're not to say that you will do one thing when you're told to do another."

Lemuel whitened a little round the lips. "I'm not to do two things at once, either, I suppose."

Sibyl ignored this reply. "Please go and get your supper, and when you've had it come up here again. I've some things for you to do."

"I'll do them now," said Lemuel fiercely. "I don't want any supper, and I sha'n't eat any."

"Why, Lemuel, what is the matter with you?" asked the girl, in the sudden effect of motherly solicitude. "You look very strange, you seem so excited."

"I'm not hungry, that's all," said the boy doggedly. "What is it you want done?"

"Won't you please go up to the third floor," said Sibyl, in a phase of timorous dependence, "and see if everything is right there? I thought I heard a noise. See if the windows are fast, won't you?"

Lemuel turned, and she followed with her finger in her book, and her book pressed to her heart, talking. "It seemed to me that I heard steps and voices. It's very mysterious. I suppose any one could plant a ladder on the roof of the L part, and get into the windows if they were not fastened."

"Have to be a pretty long ladder," grumbled Lemuel.

"Yes," Sibyl assented, "it would. And it didn't sound exactly like burglars."

She followed him half-way up the second flight of stairs, and stood there while he explored the third story throughout.

"There ain't anything there," he reported without looking at her, and was about to pass her on the stairs in going down.

"Oh, thank you very much, Lemuel," she said, with fervent gratitude in her voice. She fetched a tremulous sigh. "I suppose it was nothing. Yes," she added hoarsely, "it must have been nothing. Oh, let *me* go down first!" she cried, putting out her hand to stop him from passing her. She resumed when they reached the ground floor again. "Aunty has gone out, and Jane was in the kitchen, and it began to grow dark while I sat reading in the drawing-room, and all at once I heard the strangest *noise*." Her voice dropped deeply on the last word. "Yes, it was very strange, indeed! Thank you, Lemuel," she concluded.

"Quite welcome," said Lemuel dryly, pushing on towards the basement stairs.

"Oh! And Lemuel! will you let Jane give you your supper in the dining-room, so that you could be here if I heard anything else?"

"I don't want any supper," said Lemuel.

The girl scrutinized him with an expression of misgiving. Then, with a little sigh, as of

one who will not explore a painful mystery, she asked: "Would you mind sitting in the dining-room, then, till aunty gets back?"

"I'd just as lives sit there," said Lemuel, walking into the dark dining-room and sitting down.

"Oh, thank you very much. Aunty will be back very soon, I suppose. She's just gone to the Sewells' to tea."

She followed him to the threshold. "You must—I must—light the gas in here, for you."

"Guess I can light the gas," said Lemuel, getting up to intercept her in this service. She had run into the reception-room for a match, and she would not suffer him to prevent her.

"No, no! I insist! And Lemuel," she said, turning upon him, "I must ask you to excuse my speaking harshly to you. I was—agitated."

"Perfectly excusable," said Lemuel.

"I am afraid," said the girl, fixing him with her eyes, "that you are not well."

"Oh, yes, I'm well. I'm—pretty tired; that's all."

"Have you been walking far?"

"Yes—no very."

"The walking ought to do you good," said Sibyl with serious thoughtfulness. "I think," she continued, "you had better have some bryonia. Don't you think you had?"

"No, no! I don't want anything," protested Lemuel.

She looked at him with a feeling of baffled anxiety painted on her face; and as she turned away, she beamed with a fresh inspiration. "I will get you a book." She flew into the reception-room and back again, but she only had the book that she had herself been reading.

"Perhaps you would like to read this? I've finished it. I was just looking back through it."

"Thank you; I guess I don't want to read any, just now."

She leaned against the side of the dining-table, beyond which Lemuel sat, and searched his fallen countenance with a glance contrived to be at once piercing and reproachful. "I see," she said, "you have not forgiven me."

"Forgiven you?" repeated Lemuel blankly.

"Yes—for giving way to my agitation in speaking to you."

"I don't know," said Lemuel, with a sigh of deep inward trouble, "as I noticed anything."

"I told you to light the gas in the basement," suggested Sibyl, "and then I told you to light it up here, and then—I scolded you."

"Oh, yes," admitted Lemuel: "that." He dropped his head again.

Sibyl sank upon the edge of a chair. "Lemuel! you have something on your mind!"

The boy looked up with a startled face.

"Yes! I can see that you have," pursued

Sibyl. "What have you been doing?" she demanded sternly.

Lemuel was so full of the truth that it came first to his lips in all cases. He could scarcely force it aside now with the evasion that availed him nothing. "I don't know as I've been doing anything in particular."

"I see that you don't wish to tell me!" cried the girl. "But you might have trusted me. I would have defended you, no matter what you had done—the worse the better."

Lemuel hung his head without answering.

After a while she continued: "If I had been that girl who had you arrested, and I had been the cause of so much suffering to an innocent person, I should never have forgiven myself. I should have devoted my life to expiation. I should have spent my life in going about the prisons, and finding out persons who were unjustly accused. I should have done it as a penance. Yes! even if he had been guilty!"

Lemuel remained insensible to this extreme of self-sacrifice, and she went on: "This book—it is a story—is all one picture of such a nature. There is a girl who's been brought up as the ward of a young man. He educates her, and she expects to be his wife, and he turns out to be perfectly false and unworthy in every way; but she marries him all the same, although she likes some one else, because she feels that she ought to punish herself for thinking of another, and because she hopes that she will die soon, and when her guardian finds out what she's done for him, it will reform him. It's perfectly sublime. It's—ennobling! If every one could read this book, they would be very different."

"I don't see much sense in it," said Lemuel, goaded to this comment.

"You would if you read it. When she dies—she is killed by a fall from her horse in hunting, and has just time to join the hands of her husband and the man she liked first, and tell them everything—it is wrought up so that you hold your breath. I suppose it was reading that that made me think there were burglars getting in. But perhaps you're right not to read it now, if you're excited already. I'll get you something cheerful." She whirled out of the room and back in a series of those swift, nervous movements peculiar to her. "There! that will amuse you, I know." She put the book down on the table before Lemuel, who silently submitted to have it left there. "It will distract your thoughts, if anything will. And I shall ask you to let me sit just here in the reception-room, so that I can call you if I feel alarmed."

"All right," said Lemuel, lapsing absently to his own troubled thoughts.

"Thank you very much," said Sibyl. She went away, and came back directly. "Don't you think," she asked, "that it's very strange you should never have seen or heard anything of her?"

"Heard of who?" he asked, dragging himself painfully up from the depths of his thoughts.

"That heartless girl who had you arrested."

"She *wasn't* heartless!" retorted Lemuel indignantly.

"You think so because you are generous, and can't imagine such heartlessness. Perhaps," added Sibyl, with the air of being illumined by a happy thought, "she is dead. That would account for everything. She may have died of remorse. It probably preyed upon her till she couldn't bear it any longer, and then she killed herself."

Lemuel began to grow red at the first apprehension of her meaning. As she went on, he changed color more and more.

"She is alive!" cried Sibyl. "She's alive, and you have seen her! You needn't deny it! You've seen her to-day!"

Lemuel rose in clumsy indignation. "I don't know as anybody's got any right to say what I've done, or haven't done."

"Oh, Lemuel!" cried Sibyl. "Do you think any one in this house would intrude in your affairs? But if you need a friend—a sister——"

"I don't need any sister. I want you should let me alone."

At these words, so little appreciative of her condescension, her romantic beneficence, her unselfish interest, Sibyl suddenly rebounded to her former level, which she was sensible was far above that of this unworthy object of her kindness. She rose from her chair, and pursued:

"If you need a friend—a sister—I'm sure that you can safely confide in—the cook." She looked at him a moment, and broke into a malicious laugh very unlike that of a social reformer, which rang shriller at the bovine fury which mounted to Lemuel's eyes. The rattle of a night-latch made itself heard in the outer door. Sibyl's voice began to break, as it rose: "I never expected to be treated in my own aunt's house with such perfect ingratitude and impudence—yes, impudence!—by one of her servants!"

She swept out of the room, and her aunt, who entered it, after calling to her in vain, stood with Lemuel, and heard her mount the stairs, sobbing, to her own room, and lock herself in.

"What is the matter, Lemuel?" asked Miss Vane, breathing quickly. She looked at him with the air of a judge who would not condemn him unheard, but would certainly do so after hearing him. Whether it was Lemuel's perception of this that kept him silent, or his con-

fusion of spirit from all the late rapidly successive events, or a wish not to inculpate the girl who had insulted him, he remained silent.

"Answer me!" said Miss Vane sharply.

Lemuel cleared his throat. "I don't know as I've got anything to say," he answered finally.

"But I *insist* upon your saying something," said Miss Vane. "What is this *impudence*?"

"There hasn't been any impudence," replied Lemuel, hanging his head.

"Very well, then, you can tell me what Sibyl means," persisted Miss Vane.

Lemuel seemed to reflect upon it. "No, I can't tell you," he said at last, slowly and gently.

"You refuse to make any explanation whatever?"

"Yes."

Miss Vane rose from the chair which she had mechanically sunk into while waiting for him to speak, and ceased to be the kindly, generous soul she was, in asserting herself as a gentlewoman who had a contumacious servant to treat with. "You will wait here a moment, please."

"All right," said Lemuel. She had asked him not to receive instructions from her with that particular answer, but he could not always remember.

She went upstairs, and returned with some bank-notes that rustled in her trembling hand. "It is two months since you came, and I've paid you one month," she said, and she set her lips, and tried to govern her head, which nevertheless shook with the vehemence she was struggling to repress. She laid two ten-dollar notes upon the table, and then added a five, a little apart. "This second month was to be twenty instead of ten. I shall not want you any longer, and should be glad to have you go now—at once—to-night! But I had intended to offer you a little present at Christmas, and I will give it you now."

Lemuel took up the two ten-dollar notes without saying anything, and then after a moment laid one of them down. "It's only half a month," he said. "I don't want to be paid for any more than I've done."

"Lemuel!" cried Miss Vane. "I insist upon your taking it. I employed you by the month."

"It don't make any difference about that; I've only been here a month and a half."

He folded the notes, and turned to go out of the room. Miss Vane caught the five-dollar note from the table and intercepted him with it. "Well, then, you shall take it as a present."

"I don't want any present," said Lemuel, patiently waiting her pleasure to release him, but keeping his hands in his pockets.

"You would have taken it at Christmas," said Miss Vane. "You shall take it now."

"I shouldn't take a present any time," returned Lemuel steadily.

"You are a foolish boy!" cried Miss Vane. "You need it, and I tell you to take it."

He made no reply whatever.

"You are behaving very stubbornly — ungratefully," said Miss Vane.

Lemuel lifted his head; his lip quivered a little. "I don't think you've got any right to say I'm ungrateful."

"I don't mean ungrateful," said Miss Vane. "I mean unkind — very silly, indeed. And I wish you to take this money. You are behaving resentfully — wickedly. I am much older than you, and I tell you that you are not behaving rightly. Why don't you do what I wish?"

"I don't want any money I haven't earned."

"I don't mean the money. Why don't you tell me the meaning of what I heard? My niece said you had been impudent to her. Perhaps she didn't understand."

She looked wistfully into the boy's face.

After a long time he said, "I don't know as I've got anything to say about it."

"Very well, then, you may go," said Miss Vane, with all her hauteur.

"Well, good-evening," said Lemuel passively, but the eyes that he looked at her with were moist, and conveyed a pathetic reproach. To her unmeasured astonishment, he offered her his hand; her amazement was even greater — *more* infinite, as she afterwards told Sewell — when she found herself shaking it.

He went out of the room, and she heard him walking about in his room in the L, putting together his few belongings. Then she heard him go down and open the furnace-door, and she knew he was giving a final conscientious look at the fire. He closed it, and she heard him close the basement door behind him, and knew that he was gone.

She explored the L, and then she descended to the basement and mechanically looked it over. Everything that could be counted hers by the most fastidious sense of property had been left behind him in the utmost neatness. On their accustomed nail, just inside the furnace-room, hung the blue overalls. They looked like a suicidal Lemuel hanging there.

Miss Vane went upstairs slowly, with a heavy heart. Under the hall light stood Sibyl, picturesque in the deep shadow it flung upon her face.

"Aunt Hope," she began in a tragic voice.

"Don't *speak* to me, you wicked girl!" cried her aunt, venting her self-reproach upon this victim. "It is *your* doing."

Sibyl turned with the meekness of an ostentatious scape-goat unjustly bearing the sins of her tribe, and went upstairs into the wilderness of her own thoughts again.

THE sense of outrage with which Lemuel was boiling when Miss Vane came in upon Sibyl and himself had wholly passed away, and he now saw his dismissal, unjust as between that girl and him, unimpeachably righteous as between him and the moral frame of things. If he had been punished for being ready to take advantage of that fellow's necessity, and charge him fifty cents for changing ten dollars, he must now be no less obviously suffering for having abused that young lady's trust and defenselessness; only he was not suffering one-tenth as much. When he recurred to that wrong, in fact, and tried to feel sorry for it and ashamed, his heart thrilled in a curious way; he found himself smiling and exulting, and Miss Vane and her niece went out of his mind, and he could not think of anything but of being with that girl, of hearing her talk and laugh, of touching her. He sighed; he did not know what his mother would say if she knew; he did not know where he was going; it seemed a hundred years since the beginning of the afternoon.

A horse-car came by, and Lemuel stopped it. He set his bag down on the platform, and stood there near the conductor, without trying to go inside, for the bag was pretty large, and he did not believe the conductor would let him take it in.

The conductor said politely after a while, "See, 'd I get your fare?"

"No," said Lemuel. He paid, and the conductor went inside and collected the other fares.

When he came back he took advantage of Lemuel's continued presence to have a little chat. He was a short, plump, stubby-mustached man, and he looked strong and well, but he said, with an introductory sigh, "Well, sir, I get sore all over at this business. There ain't a bone in me that hain't got an ache in it. Sometimes I can't tell but what it's the ache got a bone in it, ache seems the biggest."

"Why, what makes it?" asked Lemuel, absently.

"Oh, it's this standin'; it's the hours, and changin' the hours so much. You hain't got a chance to get used to one set o' hours before they get 'em all shifted round again. Last week I was on from eight to eight; this week it's from twelve to twelve. Lord knows what it's going to be next week. And this is one o' the best lines in town, too."

"I presume they pay you pretty well," said Lemuel, with awakening interest.

"Well, they pay a dollar 'n' half a day," said the conductor.

"Why, it's more than forty dollars a month," said Lemuel.

"Well, it is," said the conductor scornfully, "if you work every day in the week. But I can't stand it more than six days out o' seven; and if you miss a day, or if you miss a trip, they dock you. No, sir. It's about the meanest business I ever struck. If I wa'n't a married man, 'n' if I didn't like to be regular about my meals and get 'em at home 'th my wife, I wouldn't stand it a minute. But that's where it is. It's regular."

A lady from within signaled the conductor. He stopped the car, and the lady, who had risen with her escort, remained chatting with a friend before she got out. The conductor snapped his bell for starting, with a look of patient sarcasm. "See that?" he asked Lemuel. "Some these women act as if the cars was their private carriage; and *you* got to act so *too*, or the lady complains of you, and the company bounces you in a minute. Stock's owned along the line, and they think they own *you* too. You can't get 'em to set more than ten on a side; they'll leave the car first. I'd like to catch 'em on some the South End or Cambridge cars; I'd show 'em how to pack live stock once, anyway. Yes, sir, these ladies that ride on this line think they can keep the carstandin' while they talk about the opera. But you'd ought to see how they all look if a *poor* woman tries their little game. Oh, I tell you, rich people are hard."

Lemuel reflected upon the generalization. He regarded Miss Vane as a rich person; but though she had blamed him unjustly, and had used him impatiently, even cruelly, in this last affair, he remembered other things, and he said:

"Well, I don't know as I should say all of them were hard."

"Well, maybe not," admitted the conductor. "But I don't envy 'em. The way I look at it, and the way I tell my wife, I wouldn't want their money 'f I had to have the rest of it. Ain't any of 'em happy. I saw that when I lived out. No, sir; what me and my wife want to do is to find us a nice little place in the country."

At the words a vision of Willoughby Pastures rose upon Lemuel, and a lump of homesickness came into his throat. He saw the old wood-colored house, crouching black within its walls under the cold November stars. If his mother had not gone to bed yet, she was sitting beside the cooking-stove in the kitchen, and perhaps his sister was brewing something on it, potion or lotion, for her husband's rheumatism. Miss Vane had talked to him about his mother; she had said he might have her down to visit him, if everything went

on right; but of course he knew that Miss Vane did not understand that his mother wore bloomers, and he made up his mind that her invitation was never to be accepted. At the same time he had determined to ask Miss Vane to let him go up and see his mother some Sunday.

"S fur's we go," said the conductor. "'F you're goin' on, you want to take another car here."

"I guess I'll go back with you a little ways," said Lemuel. "I want to ask you —"

"Guess we'll have to take a back seat, then," said the conductor, leading the way through the car to the other platform; "or a standee," he added, snapping the bell. "What is it you want to ask?"

"Oh, nothing. How do you fellows learn to be conductors? How long does it take you?"

Till other passengers should come the conductor lounged against the guard of the platform in a conversational posture.

"Well, generally it takes you four or five days. You got to learn all the cross streets, and the principal places on all the lines."

"Yes?"

"It didn't take me more'n two. Boston boy."

"Yes," said Lemuel, with a fine discouragement. "I presume the conductors are mostly from Boston."

"They're from everywhere. And some of 'em are pretty streaked, I can tell you; and then the rest of us has got to suffer; throws suspicion on all of us. One fellow gets to stealin' fares, and then everybody's got to wear a bell-punch. I never hear mine go without thinkin' it says, 'Stop thief!' Makes me sick, I can tell you."

After a while Lemuel asked, "How do you get such a position?"

The conductor seemed to be thinking about something else. "It's a pretty queer kind of a world, anyway, the way everybody's mixed up with everybody else. What's the reason, if a man wants to steal, he can't steal and suffer for it himself, without throwin' the shame and the blame on a lot more people that never thought o' stealin'? I don't notice much when a fellow sets out to do right that folks think everybody else is on the square. No, sir, they don't seem to consider that kind of complaint so catching. Now, you take another thing: A woman goes round with the scarlet fever in her clothes, and a whole carful of people take it home to their children; but let a nice young girl get in, fresh as an apple, and a perfect daisy for wholesomeness every way, and she don't give it to a single soul on board. No, sir; it's a world I can't see through, nor begin to."

"I never thought of it that way," said Lemuel, darkened by this black pessimism of the conductor. He had not, practically, found the world so unjust as the conductor implied, but he could not controvert his argument. He only said, "Maybe the right thing makes us feel good in some way we don't know of."

"Well, I don't want to feel good in some way I don't know of, myself," said the conductor very scornfully.

"No, that's so," Lemuel admitted. He remained silent, with a vague wonder flitting through his mind whether Mr. Sewell could make anything better of the case, and then settled back to his thoughts of Statira, pierced and confused as they were now with his pain from that trouble with Miss Vane.

"What was that you asked me just now?" said the conductor.

"That I asked you?" Lemuel echoed. "Oh, yes! I asked you how you got your place on the cars."

"Well, sir, you have to have recommendations — they won't touch you without 'em; and then you have to have about seventy-five dollars capital to start with. You got to get your coat, and your cap, and your badge, and you got to have about twenty dollars of your own to make change with, first off; company don't start you with a cent."

Lemuel made no reply. After a while he asked, "Do you know any good hotel, around here, where I could go for the night?"

"Well, there's the Brunswick, and there's the Van-dome," said the conductor. "They're both pretty fair houses." Lemuel looked round at the mention of the aristocratic hosteleries to see if the conductor was joking. He owned to something of the kind by adding, "There's a little hotel, if you want something quieter, that ain't a great ways from here." He gave the name of the hotel, and told Lemuel how to find it.

"Thank you," said Lemuel. "I guess I'll get off here, then. Well, good-evening."

"Guess I'll have to get another nickel from you," said the conductor, snapping his bell. "New trip," he explained.

"Oh," said Lemuel, paying. It seemed to him a short ride for five cents.

He got off, and as the conductor started up the car, he called forward through it to the driver, "Wanted to try for conductor, I guess. But I guess the seventy-five dollars capital settled that little point for him."

Lemuel heard the voice but not the words. He felt his bag heavy in his hand as he walked away in the direction the conductor had given him, and he did not set it down when he stood hesitating in front of the hotel; it looked like

too expensive a place for him, with its stained-glass door, and its bulk hoisted high into the air. He walked by the hotel, and then he came back to it, and mustered courage to go in. His bag, if not superb, looked a great deal more like baggage than the lank sack which he had come to Boston with; he had bought it only a few days before, in hopes of going home before long; he set it down with some confidence on the tessellated floor of cheap marble, and when a shirt-sleeved, drowsy-eyed, young man came out of a little room or booth near the door, where there was a desk, and a row of bells, and a board with keys, hanging from the wall above it, Lemuel said quite boldly that he would like a room. The man said, well, they did not much expect transients; it was more of a family-hotel, like; but he guessed they had a vacancy, and they could put him up. He brushed his shirt-sleeves down with his hands, and looked apologetically at some ashes on his trousers, and said, well, it was not much use trying to put on style, anyway, when you were taking care of a furnace and had to run the elevator yourself, and look after the whole concern. His said his aunt mostly looked after letting the rooms, but she was at church, and he guessed he should have to see about it himself. He bade Lemuel just get right into the elevator, and he put his bag into a cage that hung in one corner of the hallway, and pulled at the wire rope, and they mounted together. On the way up he had time to explain that the clerk, who usually ran the elevator when they had no elevator-boy, had kicked, and they were just between hay and grass, as you might say. He showed Lemuel into a grandiose parlor or drawing-room, enormously draped and upholstered, and furnished in a composite application of yellow jute and red plush to the ashen easy-chairs and sofa. A folding-bed in the figure of a chiffonier attempted to occupy the whole side of the wall and failed.

"I'm afraid it's more than I can pay," said Lemuel. "I guess I better see some other room." But the man said the room belonged to a boarder that had just gone, and he guessed they would not charge him very much for it; he guessed Lemuel had better stay. He pulled the bed down, and showed him how it worked, and he lighted two bulbous gas-burners, contrived to burn the gas at such a low pressure that they were like two unsnuffed candles for brilliancy. He backed round over the spacious floor and looked about him with an unfamiliar, marauding air, which had a certain boldness, but failed to impart courage to Lemuel, who trembled for fear of the unknown expense. But he was ashamed to go away, and when the man left him he went to bed, after some

suspicious investigation of the machine he was to sleep in. He found its comfort unmistakable. He was tired out with what had been happening, and the events of the day recurred in a turmoil that helped rather than hindered slumber; none evolved itself distinctly enough from the mass to pursue him; what he was mainly aware of was the daring question whether he could not get the place of that clerk who had kicked.

In the morning he saw the landlady, who was called Mrs. Harmon, and who took the pay for his lodging, and said he might leave his bag awhile there in the office. She was a large, smooth, tranquil person, who seemed ready for any sort of consent; she entered into an easy conversation with Lemuel, and was so sympathetic in regard to the difficulties of getting along in the city, that he had proposed himself as clerk and been accepted almost before he believed the thing had happened. He was getting a little used to the rapidity of urban transactions, but his mind had still a rustic difficulty in keeping up with his experiences.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Harmon, "it ain't very usual to take anybody without a reference; I never do it; but so long as you haven't been a great while in the city—You ever had a place in Boston before?"

"Well, not exactly what you may call a place," said Lemuel, with a conscience against describing in that way his position at Miss Vane's. "It was only part work." He added, "I wasn't there but a little while."

"Know anybody in the city?"

"Yes," said Lemuel, reluctantly; "I know Rev. David L. Sewell, some."

"Oh, all right," said Mrs. Harmon, with eager satisfaction. "I have to be pretty particular who I have in the house. The boarders are all high-class, and I have to have all the departments accordingly. I'll see Mr. Sewell about you as soon as I get time, and I guess you can take hold right now, if you want to."

Mrs. Harmon showed him in half a minute how to manage the elevator, and then left him with general instructions to tell everybody who came upon any errand he did not understand, that she would be back in a very short time. He found pen and paper in the office, and she said he might write the letter that he asked leave to send his mother; when he mentioned his mother, she said, yes, indeed, with a burst of maternal sympathy which was imagined in her case, for she had already told Lemuel that if she had ever had any children she would not have gone into the hotel business, which she believed unfriendly to their right nurture; she said she never liked to take ladies with children.

He inclosed some money to his mother which he had intended to send, but which,

before the occurrence of the good fortune that now seemed opening upon him, he thought he must withhold. He made as little as he could of his parting with Miss Vane, whom he had celebrated in earlier letters to his mother; he did not wish to afflict her on his own account, or incense her against Miss Vane, who, he felt, could not help her part in it; but his heart burned anew against Miss Sibyl while he wrote. He dwelt upon his good luck in getting this new position at once, and he let his mother see that he considered it a rise in life. He said he was going to try to get Mrs. Harmon to let him go home for Thanksgiving, though he presumed he might have to come back the same night.

His letter was short, but he was several times interrupted by the lady boarders, many of whom stopped to ask Mrs. Harmon something on their way to their rooms from breakfast. They did not really want anything, in most cases; but they were strict with Lemuel in wanting to know just when they could see Mrs. Harmon; and they delayed somewhat to satisfy a natural curiosity in regard to him. They made talk with him as he took them up in the elevator, and did what they could to find out about him. Most of them had their door-keys in their hands, and dangled them by the triangular pieces of brass which the keys were chained to; they affected some sort of *négligée* breakfast costume, and Lemuel thought them very fashionable. They nearly all snuffled and whined as they spoke; some had a soft, lazy nasal; others broke abruptly from silence to silence in voices of nervous sharpness, like the cry or the bleat of an animal; one young girl, who was quite pretty, had a high, hoarse voice, like a gander.

Lemuel did not mind all this; he talked through his nose too; and he accepted Mrs. Harmon's smooth characterization of her guests, as she called them, which she delivered in a slow, unimpassioned voice. "I never have any but the highest class people in my house—the very nicest; and I never have any jangling going on. In the first place, I never allow anybody to have anything to complain of, and then if they do complain, I'm right up and down with them; I tell them their rooms are wanted, and they understand what I mean. And I never allow any trouble among the servants; I tell them, if they are not suited, that I don't want them to stay; and if they get to quarreling among themselves, I send them all away, and get a new lot; I pay the highest wages, and I can always do it. If you want to keep up with the times at all, you have got to set a good table, and I mean to set just as good a table as any in Boston; I don't intend to let any one com-

plain of my house on that score. Well, it's as broad as it's long: if you set a good table, you can ask a good price; and if you don't, you can't, that's all. Pay as you go, is my motto."

Mrs. Harmon sat talking in the little den beside the door which she called the office, when she returned from that absence which she had asked him to say would not be more than fifteen minutes at the outside. It had been something more than two hours, and it had ended almost clandestinely; but knowledge of her return had somehow spread through the house, and several ladies came in while she was talking, to ask when their window-shades were to be put up, or to say that they knew their gas-fixtures must be out of order; or that there were mice in their closets, for they had heard them gnawing; or that they were sure their set-bowls smelt, and that the traps were not working. Mrs. Harmon was prompt in every exigency. She showed the greatest surprise that those shades had not gone up yet; she said she was going to send round for the gas-fitter to look at the fixtures all over the house; and that she would get some potash to pour down the bowls, for she knew the drainage was perfect—it was just the pipes down to the traps that smelt; she advised a cat for the mice, and said she would get one. She used the greatest sympathy with the ladies, recognizing a real sufferer in each, and not attempting to deny anything. From the dining-room came at times the sound of voices, which blended in a discord loud above the clatter of crockery, but Mrs. Harmon seemed not to hear them. An excited foreigner of some sort finally rushed from this quarter, and thrust his head into the booth where Lemuel and Mrs. Harmon sat, long enough to explode some formula of renunciation upon her, which left her serenity unruffled. She received with the same patience the sarcasm of a boarder who appeared at the office-door with a bag in his hand, and said he would send an expressman for his trunk. He threw down the money for his receipted bill; and when she said she was sorry he was going, he replied that he could not stand the table any longer, and that he believed that French cook of hers had died on the way over; he was tired of the Nova Scotia temporary, who had become permanent.

A gentleman waited for the parting guest to be gone, and then said to the tranquil Mrs. Harmon: "So Mellen has kicked, has he?"

"Yes, Mr. Evans," said Mrs. Harmon; "Mr. Mellen has kicked."

"And don't you want to abuse him a little? You can to me, you know," suggested the gentleman.

He had a full beard, parted at the chin; it was almost white, and looked older than the rest of his face; his eyes were at once sad and whimsical. Lemuel tried to think where he had seen him before.

"Thank you; I don't know as it would do any good, Mr. Evans. But if he could have waited one week longer, I should have had that cook."

"Yes, that is what I firmly believe. Do you feel too much broken up to accept a ticket to the Wednesday matinee at the Museum?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Harmon. "But I shouldn't want to deprive Mrs. Evans of it."

"Oh, she wouldn't go," said Mr. Evans, with a slight sigh. "You had better take it. Jefferson's going to do *Bob Acres*."

"Is that so?" asked Mrs. Harmon placidly, taking the ticket. "Well, I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Evans. Mr. Evans, Mr. Barker—our new clerk," she said, introducing them.

Lemuel rose with rustic awkwardness, and shook hands with Mr. Evans, who looked at him with a friendly smile, but said nothing.

"Now Mr. Barker is here, I guess I can get the time," Mr. Evans said, well, he was glad she could, and went out of the street-door. "He's just one of the nicest gentlemen I've got," continued Mrs. Harmon, following him with her eye as far as she conveniently could without turning her head, "him and his wife both. Ever heard of the 'Saturday Afternoon'?"

"I don't know as I have," said Lemuel.

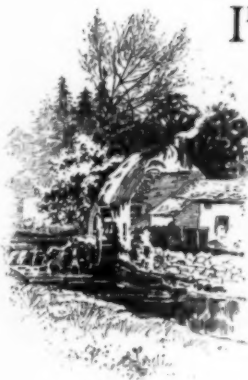
"Well, he's one of the editors. It's a kind of a Sunday paper, I guess, for all it don't come out that day. I presume he could go every night in the week to every theater in town, if he wanted to. I don't know how many tickets he's give me. Some of the ladies seem to think he's alway's makin' fun of them; but I can't ever feel that way. He used to board with a great friend of mine, him and his wife. They've been with me now ever since Mrs. Hewitt died; she was the one they boarded with before. They say he used to be dreadful easy-going, 'n' 't his wife was all't saved him. But I guess he's different now. Well, I must go out and see after the lunch. You watch the office and say just what I told you before."

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.



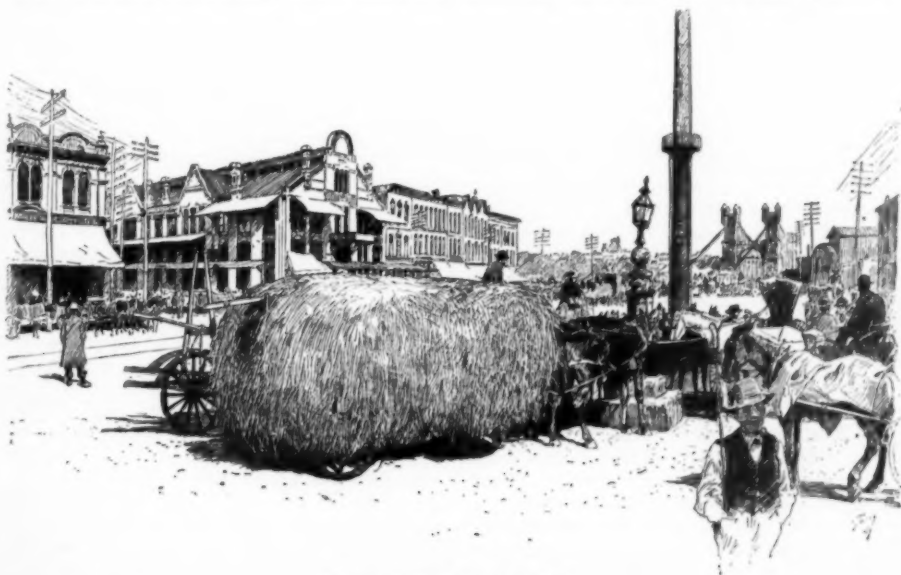
THE FLOUR-MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS.



IN this age of shams, adulterations, and frauds, it is a pleasure to become acquainted with a city that owes its growth and prosperity to the manufacture of a good, honest article, and to earnest efforts to improve the quality of that article so as to make it the best of its kind to be found in the markets of the world. Such

a city is Minneapolis, in the State of Minnesota. Its remarkable development in recent years from an obscure village to a handsome, busy, energetic town of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants is due partly to its saw-mills but chiefly to its flour-mills. The latter have multiplied in number and grown in dimensions and spread their names wherever commerce carries the breadstuffs of the West, because they make a grade of flour nowhere surpassed. The word

Minneapolis on the head of a flour-barrel has become a guaranty of the excellence of its contents. The millers of Minneapolis have sought out the best inventions, avoided cheap processes, stopped at no expense to get the best results, and trusted consumers to know a good thing and to buy it at a fair price. They have made a great deal of money; other industries have gathered around their own, and in a remarkably short space of time a great community has assembled at the Falls of St. Anthony, exemplifying to a high degree the best characteristics of Western urban life—indomitable enterprise in business, joined to a love for the refinements and graces of a high civilization. Rapid as has been the growth of the place, there is nothing crude in its appearance. The business thoroughfares are better built than those of many Eastern towns of double its population; the residence-streets are broad shady avenues, bordered by pretty houses, each standing alone in the midst of flowers and foliage, and each having an agreeable individuality; the public schools take rank with those of the New England cities; the numerous church edifices bespeak liberality and taste, and exhibit the large assortment of sects which seem to be essential, in new as well as old regions, to the expression



MARKET-HOUSE AND BRIDGE PLACE.



OLD SAW-MILL AT THE FALLS.



THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, 1842. (FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY COLONEL WILLIAM S. KING, MINNEAPOLIS.)

Minneapolis, and the corporate bounds of the two municipalities touch. St. Paul is the capital of the State, and stands at the head of navigation on the Mississippi. Where the steamboat stopped, the town naturally grew up. The trade of the surrounding newly settled country centered there, and it became the terminal point for the railroads building into the North-west from Chicago and Milwaukee, and the starting-point of the railroads leading to still newer regions in northern and western Minnesota and Dakota. Any plan for developing a second city on a site just around the bend of the river and almost within view from St. Paul might well have seemed chimerical forty years ago. The census of June, 1860, gave St. Paul 10,600 inhabitants, and Minneapolis 5809; that of 1870 showed St. Paul to have 20,300, and Minneapolis 13,066. By 1880 Minneapolis had passed its rival in the race, having 46,867 inhabitants to St. Paul's 41,498. According to the State census of 1885, Minneapolis had 129,200 people, and St. Paul 111,397.

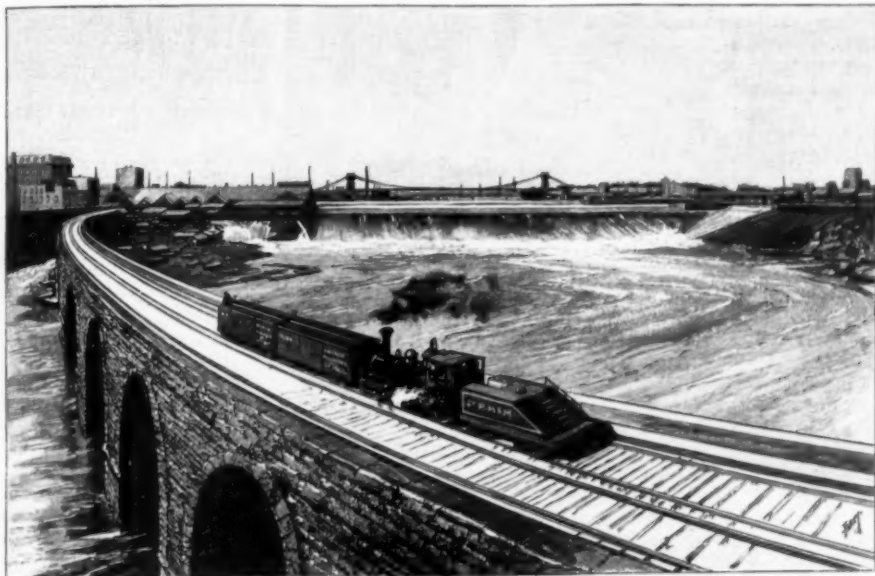
The first and enduring impetus to the growth of Minneapolis was the superb water-power furnished by the Mississippi River at the Falls of St. Anthony. The great river leaps over the soft limestone rocks in a sheer plunge of about twenty-five feet, which with the descent of the rapids above makes eighty-two feet fall within the limits of the city. Level banks on each side of the stream afforded ample opportunities for mill-sites, and the volume of water was so great that there was no fear of its failing in summer droughts. The pictures of the Falls of St.

of the religious life of the United States; there is a good street-cars system, a steam rapid-transit line, and, what is of more importance, the beginnings of a good sewerage system; and the shops are spacious and full of attractive wares. Indeed, one can live on as easy terms with modern culture and comfort in this new town on the Upper Mississippi as in Hartford, or Providence, or Albany, or any other of the second-rate cities of the Eastern States, and enjoy besides all the peculiar movement and stimulus of Western life.

All this has been achieved in the face of an obstacle such as no other among the new cities of the West has been compelled to encounter—the existence, close at hand, of an older town of considerable prestige, possessed of rail and water communications and of an established trade. The business center of St. Paul is only seven miles distant from that of

Anthony which most of us remember to have admired in the school geographies bear no sort of resemblance to the real falls of to-day. There are no forests now, no island, and no rocks, and in place of the wild fall there is only a planked water-slide that looks like a mill-dam—an enormous and magnificent mill-dam, truly, but nevertheless a mill-dam. The whole sweep of the fall has been covered with an “apron” of planks to prevent the rocks from being worn away, and to save the cataract from being converted into a rapid. The real dam, a short distance above the falls, affords power to numerous saw-mills, and

gress did not ostensibly build the Minneapolis dam as a dam, however, but as a work to preserve the navigation of the Mississippi above the falls. If the falls should give way, the water in the upper river would be lowered to such an extent that navigation would be impossible. True, there are no boats running above the falls, and there have been none since the railroads were built, but this fact made no difference in the argument. Somebody might want to run a steamboat at some time in the future. So Congress preserved the falls from destruction by preventing the wearing away of the rock, and in doing so the



THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, 1885.

within it there is a boom to catch logs. In the winter and spring the falls, thus tamed and fettered, are still very beautiful, the rush of waters over the symmetrical curve of the dam affording a striking spectacle; but in summer, when most of the volume of the current is taken out to feed the mill-races, there is little to be seen but an imposing structure of dry planks.

The United States Government built the plank covering to the falls and the dam above, and maintains them. This statement struck me as a joke when I first heard it. The functions of government as construed by Congress in appropriation bills are very elastic, but I had never imagined that they could be stretched to apply to the building of mill-dams. Con-

gress did not ostensibly build the Minneapolis dam as a dam, however, but as a work to preserve the navigation of the Mississippi above the falls. If the falls should give way, the water in the upper river would be lowered to such an extent that navigation would be impossible. True, there are no boats running above the falls, and there have been none since the railroads were built, but this fact made no difference in the argument. Somebody might want to run a steamboat at some time in the future. So Congress preserved the falls from destruction by preventing the wearing away of the rock, and in doing so the

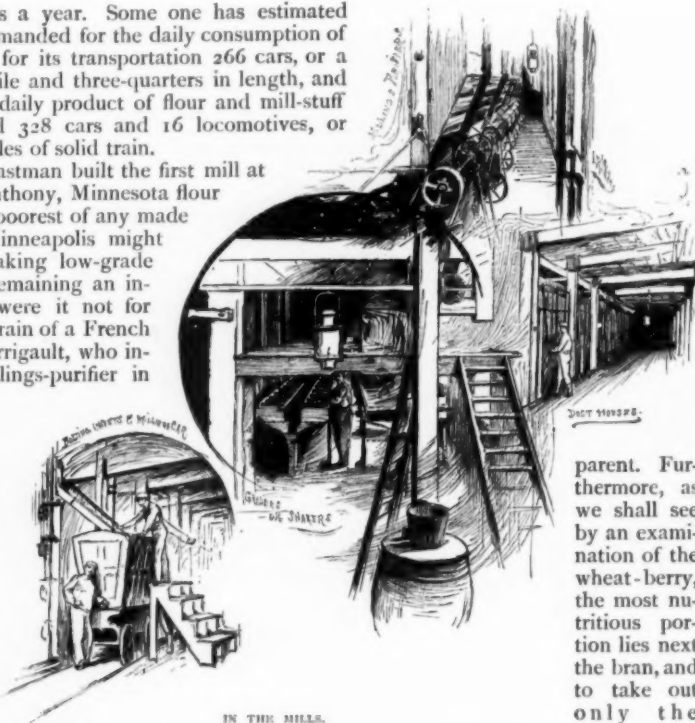
government engineers incidentally built a fine mill-dam. The dam is not for the public benefit, however, for the companies owning the water-power rights collect the tolls for the use of the water, and none of the revenue goes either to the government or the city treasury. The twenty-six great flouring-mills stand in single and double rows on both sides of the river below the falls. They consumed last year about 24,000,000 bushels of wheat and made 5,450,163 barrels of flour—an amount more than sufficient to supply with bread the entire population of the city of New York. The aggregate daily capacity of the Minneapolis flour-manufacturing concerns is 33,973 barrels, and their wheat-consuming capacity is

THE FLOUR-MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS.

35,000,000 bushels a year. Some one has estimated that the wheat demanded for the daily consumption of the mills requires for its transportation 266 cars, or a solid train of a mile and three-quarters in length, and that to move the daily product of flour and mill-stuff there are required 328 cars and 16 locomotives, or more than two miles of solid train.

When W. W. Eastman built the first mill at the Falls of St. Anthony, Minnesota flour was ranked as the poorest of any made in the West. Minneapolis might have kept on making low-grade flour to this day, remaining an insignificant town, were it not for the investigating brain of a French *savant*, Joseph Perrigault, who invented the middlings-purifier in 1860. The invention was brought to this country by ex-Governor C. C. Washburn of Wisconsin in 1871, and put into one of his mills at Minneapolis. It was soon improved by Nathan La Croix and George T. Smith, practical millers, and in a little while sur-

prising results were developed. The middlings-purifying machine, and the process of gradual-reduction milling of which it forms a part, have built up the beautiful city of Minneapolis, and sent a million of people out on the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota. What a wonderful result from a Frenchman's studies of dust particles floating in the atmosphere and settling in the pigeon-holes of a writing-desk! The statement sounds extravagant, but it is within the bounds of fact. Before Perrigault's invention was adopted at Minneapolis, the spring wheat of the North-west was worth on an average thirty cents a bushel less than the winter wheat of Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas. Why? Because the berry of the spring wheat is small, dark-colored, and hard, and its husk clings tightly. The old process of milling, while it answered well enough for the white, soft-berried winter wheat, did not thoroughly remove the bran from the spring wheat, and left the flour dark in color and of inferior quality. Besides, the relative percentage of flour obtained was small. It did not matter much if a little of the light-colored bran on the winter wheat was left in the flour, but any mixture of the dark bran of the spring wheat was at once ap-



parent. Furthermore, as we shall see by an examination of the wheat-berry, the most nutritious portion lies next the bran, and to take out only the white center

of the kernel was to produce necessarily an inferior flour.

With the enormous difference of thirty cents a bushel against them, farmers in Minnesota were at a serious disadvantage in comparison with those of the winter-wheat belt. The settlement of the fertile prairies of northern and western Minnesota progressed very slowly. Nobody tried to raise wheat in the rich valley of the Red River of the North. Immigration poured into Kansas, but could not be coaxed into Dakota. All this was changed by the middlings-purifier and the new process of gradual-reduction milling. The spring wheat known as "number one hard" became the most valuable of any for the making of flour. The conditions of farming in the North-west were immediately changed. The great natural product of the region came into brisk demand. From the hard wheat of the north-western prairies a flour was made by the mills of Minneapolis which commanded a higher price in New York than St. Louis winter-wheat flour, until then the favorite among Western brands. Population poured into Minnesota and Dakota, railroads were built, towns sprang up as if by magic, and the

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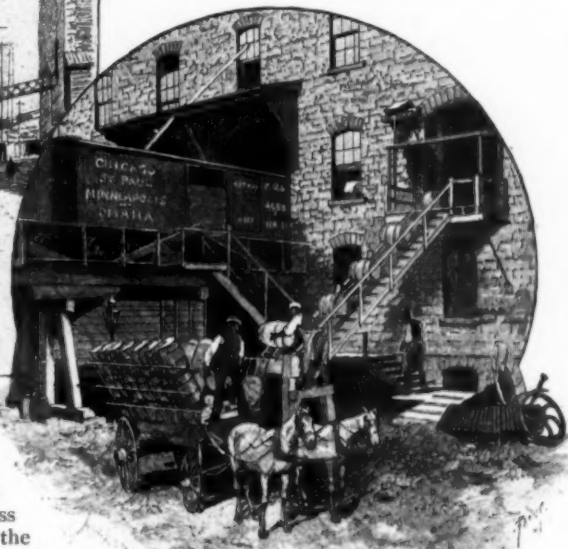
BETWEEN THE MILLS.

bare plains were turned into wheat-fields.

In order to understand what is accomplished by new-process milling, one must first study the wheat-berry. Examined under a microscope, the husk or bran is found to consist of five coats. These are, first, the epicarp, or outer coat of longitudinal cells; second, the mesocarp, or inner coat of longitudinal cells; third, the endocarp, of transverse cells which look like cigars placed side by side, an appearance which has given to this envelope the name of the cigar-coat; fourth, the episperm, or outer seed-coat; and fifth, the tegmen, or inner seed-coat. All these coverings are of woody fiber. The three outer ones have no value whatever as nutriment. The two inner coverings contain a substance called cerealine, for which some nutritious quality is claimed, but not admitted by all millers. Next we come to the perisperm, a layer of gluten-cells containing chiefly albuminoids or nitrogenous matter, and finally to the endosperm, which forms much the greater part of the bulk of the berry, and is composed of

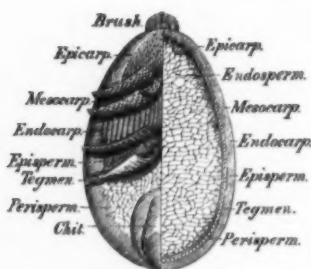
starch-grains mingled with minute albuminoid cells. At one end of the berry is a tuft of fine vegetable hairs, called the brush, and at the other is the chit, or germ, which contains the germinal principle.

The Connecticut vegetarian Sylvester Graham, whose name is everywhere in the United States applied to bread made from unbolted flour, was right in his day in saying that much of the most valuable nutritious property of the wheat was taken out with the bran and never got into the white bread-loaf. The perisperm, which contains a large proportion of nitrogenous or muscle-building material, is closely attached to the inner husk, and was in great part carried off with the



BARREL-HOIST AND TUNNEL THROUGH THE WASHBURN MILL.

bran in the old process of milling, leaving the bolted flour somewhat impoverished by its loss. The new or gradual-reduction process, however, saves nearly all of this layer of the wheat-berry. It is a mistake to suppose that the bran itself is of any value as nourishment. The fibers of wood which compose it are of no more use as food than chips or shavings. They produce a mechanical, irritating effect on the digestive apparatus, but that is all. The devotees of Graham bread, who imagine that they are benefiting their stomachs and bracing up their bodies by eating a quantity of bran every day, are radically wrong. Perhaps they get some gain from taking less fine concentrated food, but vegetables or fruit would serve



THE WHEAT BERRY.

the purpose better than the husks of wheat. The white loaf made from new-process flour contains a much larger proportion of food-substance than the Graham loaf of unbolted flour, the percentage of phosphates and gluten being greater in the white flour than in the wheat itself.

Credit is universally given in Minneapolis to the late Ex-Governor Cadwalader C. Washburn of Wisconsin for the introduction of new-process milling, both as concerns the French middlings-purifier and the Hungarian roller system. This honor is freely awarded by millers who were Washburn's rivals in his lifetime, as well as by those who were his business associates, and by the citizens of the town generally. He is always spoken of as the father of modern milling in America. A man of strong will, sturdy integrity, kind heart, and great enterprise and courage in business affairs, he impressed himself strongly on his time, in the North-west, and has left a record which two States cherish with equal pride. His home was at Madison, Wisconsin, and his public career as a general officer in the Union army during the rebellion, as a member of Congress both before and after the war, and as Governor, was identified with that State; but his business interests lay in his later years chiefly in Minnesota. He belonged to the famous Maine family of Washburns, and was one of seven brothers, five of whom distinguished themselves in public life. Four occupied seats in Congress from four different States—Israel from Maine, Elihu B. from Illinois, Cadwalader C. from Wisconsin, and William D. from Minnesota. Israel and Cadwalader C. became Governors of their respective States, and Elihu B. and Charles A. represented the nation at foreign courts. Cadwalader C. was also a Major-General of Volunteers. He was born at Livermore, Maine, in 1818, and died at the Hot Springs of Arkansas in 1882. During the later years of his life he built the great mills at Minneapolis which bear his name and which were his special pride.

The strength of Governor Washburn's character was strikingly shown by his behavior in the face of the terrible calamity which destroyed his mills in 1878. One evening in May of that year, just after the day force had left the big Washburn Mill and before the night force had all come, the flour-dust that filled the air and covered the walls, floors, and machinery took fire and exploded with a destructive force as tremendous as that of dynamite. In an instant the towering structure of solid stone was changed to a heap of ruins. The fire was blown into four other mills near by, and one after another blew up and crumbled into confused heaps of stones and machinery. The explosions succeeded each other at intervals as regular as if a battery of siege-guns had been fired in order. Eighteen men were killed. Half the milling industry of Minneapolis was obliterated, and the whole city was appalled at the terrific effects of a destroying agency the existence of which had hardly been suspected. News of the tragedy came to Governor Washburn at his home in Madison. He had an appointment for the next morning with the Regents of the University of Wisconsin to determine upon a site for an astronomical observatory, the money for building which he had presented to the institution. The Regents met, supposing that the Governor had left for Minneapolis as soon as the news of the destruction of his mills had reached him. To their surprise he walked into the room promptly at nine o'clock, as calm as though nothing had happened, and insisted on dispatching the business before the Board instead of talking about the disaster. Next day he stood by the smoking ruins of his great mills. Friends gathered around to condole with him on the destruction of a million of dollars' worth of property. To them he said, "The money loss is not to be considered; I think only of the poor victims and of their families. The mills shall be rebuilt at once." And they were rebuilt as rapidly as the courageous and energetic old Governor could push on their construction.

There have been no more mill explosions at Minneapolis. Science and invention went to work upon the problem of their cause and cure. The deadly dust is now drawn from millstones and purifying machines by air-currents; it is thus captured and confined, and made to yield a tribute of good flour. "The spirit of murder," which, to borrow a line from Tennyson, "lurked in the very means of life," has been exorcised.

A great flouring-mill is a wonderful aggregation of delicate and ingenious mechanical processes. The manner in which the wheat, middlings, and flour circulate through the eight or nine stories, from side to side, from

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floor to floor, from machine to machine, nowhere needing the help of human hands, makes it seem like one vast living organism. A comparison with the circulation of the blood in a vital frame readily comes to mind. From the time the grain comes into the mill in cars to the packing up of the fine flour in barrels, through all the processes of sifting, cleaning, grinding, purifying, separating, etc., everything is automatic. No workman touches the product save in the way of supervision. Indeed, the

night. There is no racket or clatter amid these serried rows of apparatus. The whole great building hums and pulsates with a dull, buzzing noise, but no particular piece of enginery seems to give out a special note. As the sounds of a great city mingle in a subdued roar, so do the thousand voices of the mill unite to produce a single continuous effect upon the ear.

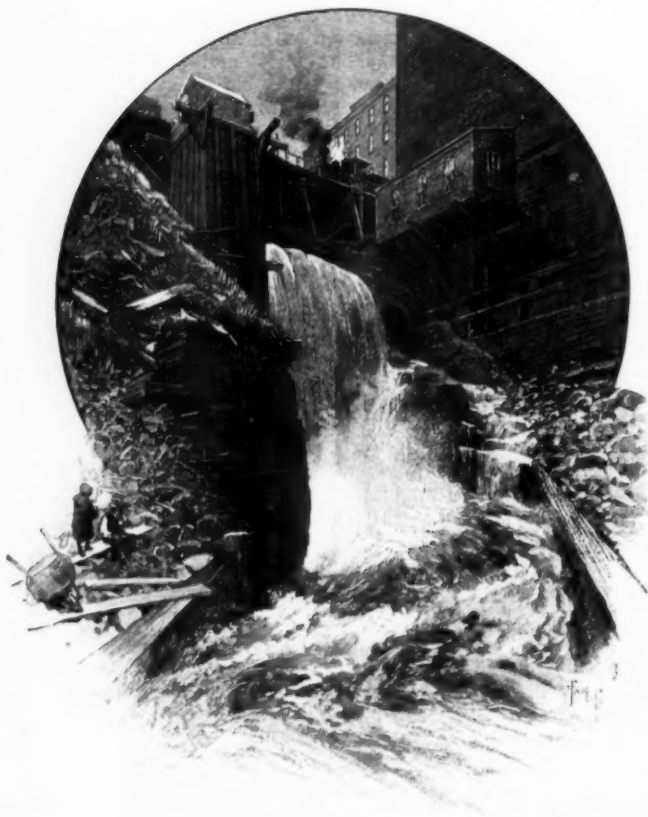
Let us follow the wheat in its journeys through the mill. Descriptions of machinery



PACKING.

laborers stand related to the machines about as the policemen do to the moving crowd in Broadway. They see that order is preserved and the movement is not clogged. The wide apartments of the mill, crowded with machines ranged in regular lines, seem deserted as the visitor roams through them. Perhaps in a distant corner a man may be perceived, slowly moving about, looking phantom-like in his white garments, seen through a mist of flour-dust. He is an assistant miller, who perhaps has a hundred roller mills in his charge, all briskly grinding away from morning to

are dull reading at best, and we may agree at the start to look at the various processes only long enough to get a reasonably clear notion of their nature and effects. Our description applies to the Washburn A Mill. The wheat is first received in a hopper holding eight hundred bushels, for weighing; then it goes into a bin and is elevated by buckets on endless bands to another bin in the fifth story. From this bin "conveyers" — long wooden boxes in which revolve large iron screws — carry it along to the cleaning-house, where it goes through machines that take out the sticks,



SLUICE-GATE.

straws, and other coarse impurities. This is only a sort of rudimentary cleansing. The grain is now elevated to the top of the cleaning-house attached to the mill, and deposited in large bins. There are eight of these bins, and their aggregate capacity is eighty thousand bushels. Next it is drawn to the "mill-separators" — machines which by a series of sieves, combined with a powerful suction of air, take out the oats, corn, pieces of earth, and other small impurities. All the refuse is sold for chicken-feed. There still remains an objectionable element in the grain which must be gotten rid of — the seeds of cockle and other weeds, which from their resemblance in weight and size to the wheat-berries have escaped the sifting and blowing process. A long cylinder covered with indentations and called the "cockle-separator" captures these seeds as they roll along, leaving the good grain to pass by. There is still another process before the wheat is ready for milling. Into a big circular iron box, within which are a multitude

of revolving brushes, it goes, and every individual grain gets thoroughly dusted before it leaves.

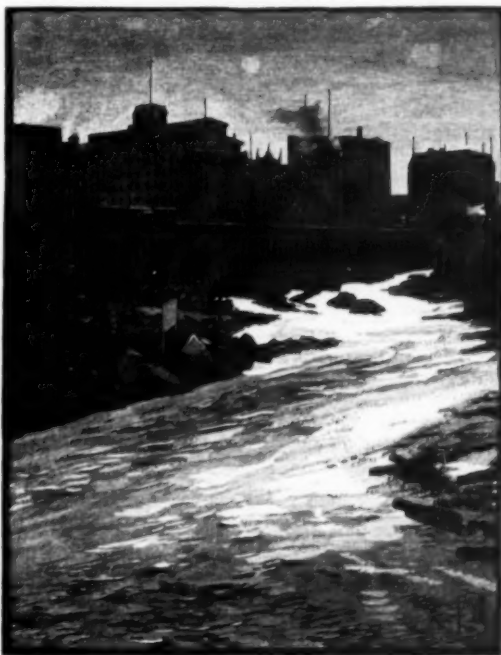
Thus cleaned and brushed and separated from bad company, the wheat is carried into subterranean bins below the mill, which, like those in the elevator, hold the enormous quantity of eighty thousand bushels. These vast reservoirs of good, clean grain are drawn upon for the grinding machinery. The grain on leaving them is carried to the top of the mill, where it descends to the rolls. Crushing the kernels between chilled-iron rollers, instead of by millstones in the old way, is a part of what is called new-process milling. This system was first introduced in Hungary, and when brought to this country in 1876 was speedily taken up by American inventors and improved upon by many devices concerning the number, size, and speed of the chilled-iron cylinders, the shape and position of the grooves cut in them, and other matters. The principle remains the same, however, and we must give foreigners the credit for it. This principle is the gradual reduction of the berries by successive grindings between grooved rollers revolving at unequal rates of speed, which exercise the double effect of crushing and cutting. The roller-mills are small, compact little machines, not as large as a farmer's fanning-mill, and the grain at its first reduction process passes through six of them. After each grinding, or reduction, as it is called, the product goes up several floors above to the separating-reels — long round or octagonal cylinders, covered with bolting cloth. The scalping-reel with its coarse wire cloth lets the middlings and flour through and throws off the broken wheat for the next reduction. The product which passes through the cloth goes to other reels covered with silk cloth of different grades of fineness, which evolve from fifteen to twenty per cent. of a medium-grade flour, separate the loose bran,

and send the middlings along for the next process. In some mills a machine called a "dismembrator" is used, and comes next in order. It has two steel disks, one stationary and one revolving, each carrying a multitude of needles, which work like the pins on a threshing-machine. The effect is to knock off pieces of flour and middlings attached to bran. Next come the sorting-reels, acting on the same principle as the separating-reels, and dividing the middlings, now clean pieces of wheat nearly free from loose bran and flour, into several different grades of fineness.

The middlings-purifiers now receive the sorted products of the reels. In spite of all the sifting and shifting which the crushed grains have been subjected to, there are still specks of bran and considerable dust adhering to the middlings, which if not taken out would make the flour dark in color and otherwise inferior in quality. The purifier was the great invention which revolutionized milling, by making the prime purpose of the grading processes to get as little flour and as much middlings as possible, instead of as much flour and as little middlings, and further, in its results, by adding eight per cent. to the yield of flour per bushel, and by making spring wheat, once despised by millers, yield the best quality of flour. Described in the simplest terms, it is a big box containing sloping frames covered with silk cloth and shaken by an eccentric. Underneath the frames brushes work back and forth to keep the meshes of the cloth from getting clogged by the flour passing through. On the top of the box is a fan-exhaust which keeps up a suction of air through the cloth screens. The essential feature of the operation is a nice adjustment between the pneumatic lifting force of the air-current taking up the fine bran and dust, and the force of gravity carrying the cleansed middlings through the cloth. In this and in the dust-collecting apparatus lies the great value of the invention.

Perrigault, the French *savant*, who died in 1881 at the age of seventy-one, some twenty years ago began investigating the movements of atoms floating in the air of a room. He observed that these molecules described light curves of a nearly horizontal figure; that when they came within one or two centimeters of a table they appeared to be attracted little by little. To quote his own language, "They slowly sank, but they sank; and when they ar-

rived at one or two millimeters only, I saw them throw themselves on the surface of the table, obeying, evidently, a law of attraction, the causes of which have never been explained." Here was the reason why all the shelves of the library or the pigeon-holes of a secretary are found to be charged with an equal cloud of dust. The atoms, moving horizontally, do not fall until they are close to the surface of a solid body. It makes no difference how high the shelf is, or how small the pigeon-hole, the exposed surface collects a quantity of dust proportionate to the quantity of atoms which come within the sphere of its attraction. From this M. Perrigault concluded that by causing the dust-laden air from the middlings-purifier to circulate in passages of great horizontal dimensions and small vertical elevation, he would succeed in securing the deposit of nearly all the dust. He soon invented an apparatus which was successful beyond his hopes. This apparatus, a good deal modified and improved by American inventors, is called the "dust-collector," and is a big wooden box divided into many compartments, in each of which is a blanket-covered frame of zigzag shape. The dust-laden air is drawn successively into these compartments. When the blanket is loaded a valve is closed, and another opened into the next compart-



A GROUP OF MILLS AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER.

ment; the dust is shaken down into a conveyor which takes it to a bolting-reel, and from it is obtained considerable low-grade flour.

The middlings are not yet ready for the final reduction into flour. There still remains an element to be extracted and cast out—the germ, which, being of about the same size and shape as the middlings themselves, has accompanied them in all their progress. The germ is of a yellow color and a rather oily nature. If retained it makes the flour yellow and sticky. It is nutritious, however, and in England a food for infants is prepared from it. To get rid of this element, the middlings are put through roller-mills having smooth rolls of iron or porcelain, which flatten the germs so they can be sifted out by bolting-reels. The extracted germs are added to bran to make feed for animals. Now, at last, thoroughly purified, the middlings are raised to the eighth floor of the building and deposited in seven large bins according to fineness.

The purified middlings freed from germs go through from one to six additional reduction processes by rollers before the final grinding, in each of which some flour is taken away. In the Washburn Mills the last grinding of the middlings is done by stones. Some mills use no stones at all. There is a difference of opinion as to whether stones can wisely be abandoned altogether. The gradual-reduction process in connection with the middlings-purifier can be wholly performed by stones, and was thus carried on at Minneapolis until the introduction of rolls. Of late the tendency in all mills in this country and in Europe is towards the entire abandonment of stones, but many of the best millers claim that this tendency has gone too far, and that the old-fashioned upper and nether millstones, which date back to prehistoric times, will in future have a place in all large mills which seek to produce the highest grades of flour.

We have not yet followed the flour to the last process—that of packing into barrels. This is performed by a rising platform pushing the barrel up around a sheet-iron cylinder communicating with the flour-bins on an upper floor, and covering it as it is filled. In the mouth of the cylinder is a revolving wheel with blades which cut the flour out of the cylinder and pack it in the barrel. A scale contrivance stops the machine when the exact number of pounds have been packed. The barrel is then headed by hand—the only manual-labor process from first to last in the whole progress of the wheat-berry to the flour-barrel.

The best grade of flour is that ground from the purified middlings, because it contains the largest percentage of gluten; the second best

is obtained from the wheat during the processes of crushing; the lowest grade comes from the tailings of the middlings-purifying machines. The product no longer valuable for flour reductions is called shorts, and is sold for feed. If this contained only pure bran, it would be of no value as food for animals, for the husk of the wheat-berry, as we have seen, is not at all nutritious; but in spite of all the crushing and grinding and sifting, some starch and gluten adheres to the particles of bran.

The two chief milling firms of Minneapolis are Washburn, Crosby & Co., at the head of which is John Crosby, an associate of the late Governor, and Pillsbury & Co. The Pillsburys have also an ex-governor in their firm, John S., who was Governor of Minnesota between 1876 and 1882. There are four of them, two brothers and the two sons of one of the brothers—New Hampshire men by birth. Their A Mill is said to be the largest in the world, its capacity being 5200 barrels a day. Their two other mills can turn out 2500 barrels. Their total investment in mills and elevators is two million dollars, and is believed to be the heaviest single investment in the world in a milling-plant. The manager of the firm's affairs is one of the younger members, Charles A. Pillsbury. When he began milling in a small way at the Falls of St. Anthony, Minneapolis flour rated very low, and the peculiar notion concerning it was that the wheat of the neighborhood from which it was ground was of a poor quality. At Hastings, Minnesota, was a mill of pretty good reputation supposed to be grinding a better wheat. Mr. Pillsbury went to see it, and as he walked through the mills he took some wheat from the hoppers to chew, as millers are in the habit of doing, and managed to put a few handfuls in his pockets. When he got home he compared the kernels carefully with those his own mill was grinding, and found there was no difference. He then made up his mind that it was better milling and not better wheat he needed, and for years he bent his energies and resources to improving his machinery and processes. Next to Governor Washburn, he was the first to adopt the middlings-purifier.

While special honor is due to the Pillsburys and the Washburns for the development of milling at Minneapolis, the smaller millers should come in for a fair share of praise. They have participated in the spirit of the great firms, and like them have labored to produce the best results. The ambition of all has been to produce the best flour that could possibly be made. How profitable their business has been may be gathered from two facts. For three years the patent flour, as it was called, sold at the uniform price of ten

dollars a barrel at the mill, although the price of wheat fluctuated between sixty cents and a dollar and a quarter a bushel. A member of one of the great firms drew out in the course of a few years a million of dollars on an original investment of one thousand. Competition has of late so reduced the profit on Minneapolis flour that the saving effected by putting ten hoops on a barrel instead of twelve is thought important at some of the mills. The palmy days when the margin between cost of production and market price at the mills was two dollars a barrel are gone forever.

For the twenty-four millions of bushels of wheat ground at her mills last year Minneapolis drew upon Minnesota and Dakota, and to some extent upon Iowa, Wisconsin, and Nebraska. Next year she may want thirty millions of bushels, but so rapidly are the prairies of Dakota turned into wheat farms that she will soon not be obliged to seek new sources of supply. During the crop year ending September 1, 1885, she received 32,112,840 bushels, a larger aggregate than even Chicago could show.

With the great Dakota and Manitoba wheat-fields, adding from ten to twenty per cent. to their average with every successive year's immigration, lying close at hand, and with the remarkably productive new grain-belt of the Pacific slope as a reserve accessible by a direct line of railroad, the Minneapolis millers need fear no check to their vast industry for want of an adequate supply of the raw material to manufacture into flour. Indeed, there seems to be nothing to prevent the further growth of the industry. True, it may be

argued that the wheat-belt has constantly shifted its location in the past, moving in this century from central New York to Ohio; then to Indiana and Michigan; then to northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, and Iowa; and later to Minnesota, Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska. The answer is that it can go no farther west; that somewhere on the continent there must be an ultimate wheat-growing region or regions, just as in Europe there are found such regions in southern Russia and in the plains of Hungary, where wheat has been the staple crop since the days when they were the granaries of the Roman legions; and, further, that experience shows that the prairies of Dakota and Manitoba, and the hilly bunch-grass plains of eastern Washington and Oregon, are peculiarly adapted for the constant production of the king of cereals. And for favorable conditions for grinding wheat no place in the world can compare with Minneapolis, if success is the measure of natural advantages. It is on the highways of rail transportation which lead from the grain-fields of the North-west to the great cities and sea-ports of the East. Nature turns its hundreds of wheels with an unfailing water-power, the climate is healthful and invigorating, and finally, it possesses an enterprising, intelligent, inventive population, made up of excellent elements drawn from the Eastern States, and broadened and energized by the opportunities and the liberalism of Western business life. Its people believe enthusiastically in their city, and work together heartily to further its interests.

Eugene V. Smalley.



TO THE MEMORY OF H. H.

O SOUL of fire within a woman's clay!
 Lifting with slender hands a race's wrong,
 Whose mute appeal hushed all thine early song,
 And taught thy passionate heart the loftier way;
 What shall thy place be, in the realms of day?
 What disembodied world can hold thee long,
 Binding that turbulent pulse with spell more strong?
 Dwell'st thou, with wit and jest, where poets may?
 Or with ethereal women (born of air
 And poets' dreams) dost live in ecstasy,
 Teach new love-thoughts to Shakspeare's Juliet fair,
 New moods to Cleopatra? Then, may be,
 The woes of Shelley's Helen thou dost share,
 Or weep with poor Rossetti's Rose Mary.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

IDUNA.

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IDUNA.

I HAD just passed through that first really passionate part of a man's life which generally comes somewhere in his third decade, and had entered upon the brief period which invariably follows, when, in our comparative inexperience, we think that we have so felt all that the world gives of enjoyment or sorrow, that, if not incapable of new or strong emotion, we are at least quite beyond the possibility of surprise. I was more than startled, however, when, in the first complacency of this latter time, I received a request which I could not, and which indeed I had no desire to disregard. In his will my father had enjoined upon me that whenever and whithersoever a lifelong friend should summon me, I should immediately and literally obey the call. I was then to learn something of great importance to myself. As may well be imagined, I had at one time and another thought much of the probable nature of the communication thus to be made; but as the years passed and the summons did not come, I had gradually ceased to think of the matter. But now I had received it, and without an hour's delay I started in obedience to it.

Mr. Dacre — I will so call him, for if it so happens that you have never heard of him it will be as well as if I used his real name, and if, as is more than probable, you have known him by reputation, I can thus present him to you without encountering the impediment of a preconception or any possible prejudice arising from association — Mr. Dacre, my father's friend, was hardly known to me. I did not remember that I had seen him even when a child, and I had only heard of him in later years in the vague, fitful way in which travelers hear so much from home. I knew that he had once been very prominent politically, and that he had held high office. I had always understood that he was a man of great wealth, and lately I had heard him described as a man of strange character — a misanthrope, a pagan. At the most successful moment of his career he had been stricken down by the death of his young wife. He had never fully recovered from the blow. Renouncing power and ambition, he had withdrawn wholly from the world, of which he had been so important a part, and had retired to a great estate in a secluded and beautiful part of a country distant from the scene of his former life. There he lived in splendid solitude.

It was near sunset when I arrived, after a

long journey, at my destination. Looking about me in some perplexity as to what was to become of me, I saw a servant in quiet livery, who immediately approached me and informed me that the carriage was waiting. I entered it at once and was driven rapidly away. I had not gone far when I felt a cool breeze, and soon I caught glimpses of the sea, which in the low light of the hour seemed, in the distance, but a dull, slaty expanse. It was a beautiful evening, and as the carriage rolled along the smooth, hard road I fell into a reverie in which memories and expectations strangely mingled. I felt that my life had indeed held its way only over the barrens of existence, when such a scene of peaceful beauty brought to me no blossom or blade of tender memory; I wondered if aught awaited me in these new surroundings that could give me the full, healthy interest I so lately had known. I wondered in a vague, listless fashion if it might be so. That was all. I could not believe such a thing probable or possible.

The lights shone in the windows of a cottage by the roadside as I passed, and when I reached the stately pile which was Mr. Dacre's home, it was too dark to distinguish anything in detail. I could only see the heavy mass of a huge building against a dusky sky. Evidently I was not taken to the great entrance, but to a private doorway. A curiously shaped scone, which seemed almost heavy with a crushed-down throng of lights striving towards uprising, gave forth a subdued glow in the hall through which I was conducted by a servant who, it was plain, had awaited my arrival; but even by this slight illumination I saw something of the internal splendor of the house. The man led me up a flight of stairs, and, after conducting me through a long corridor, ushered me into a suite of spacious rooms looking on the sea. He informed me that dinner would be served in an hour, but that Mr. Dacre desired to see me in the library as soon as I should be ready.

I dressed hastily, for I was very eager to meet my host — very anxious to learn as soon as possible what I could not doubt was very important to myself.

I passed down the main stairway into the central hall and was shown the way to the library. The serried volumes, almost murmurous with accumulated meaning, thronged along the high walls. As I entered, the only occupant of the immense room came forward to

meet me. I knew at once this was Mr. Dacre. I had seen many a man who might well awaken reverence or awe, many who held by inheritance or who had won proud position or wide authority, many surrounded by the aureola of rank or crowned by the nimbus of fame, but I had never seen any more striking personage than my father's friend. I had never seen any man of such personal significance, of such grand physical aspect, of such apparent power and knowledge blended in such harmonious air, and all borne with the habitual grace of one long accustomed to life's best associations.

"You are my friend's son," he said in strong, resonant voice, adding, as he grasped my hand with the assuring warmth of welcome, "You have lost no time in coming. I like that."

I told him I could but obey my father's command so solemnly expressed.

"Many would have found cause for delay," he said, half to himself.

The announcement of dinner interrupted our conversation, but Mr. Dacre lingered as if expecting some one.

"My daughter Alda is late," he said. "She is with her sister."

I heard this announcement with great surprise, for I did not know that Mr. Dacre had any children. In a moment the door was opened and a young girl entered. Light and frail was the form that met my sight—so slight, so fine, that it seemed, in her, human clay had found a hitherto unknown purity. As light through delicate porcelain, so some unearthly radiance shone through the diaphanous face. She moved as if imponderable, and as she came towards us I saw in her cheek the fair, false glow that tells so surely of approaching death.

At dinner we talked only of indifferent things. I never would have imagined that Mr. Dacre's life was one of isolation and monotony. He might still have been the active director of great affairs. Every subject upon which we touched, even such as had only recently caught the attention of the world, seemed entirely familiar to him.

Alda spoke little, but in all she said she showed wide knowledge and infinite refinement. After she had mentioned her sister, whose name I now first heard was Iduna, I became more than curious to know why she too did not dine with us, but was held from inquiry by some inexplicable feeling. There was no need, however, for inquiry, as Alda almost immediately said:

"My sister is very young, and has seen hardly any one. She has lived so quiet a life that any change might excite her too much."

Instead of producing the calming effect of

an explanation, what she said only excited my interest the more. I was not satisfied. I could not understand why I felt as I did, but I was sure something was held from me, that some mystery was here.

Dinner came to an end, and Alda rose and left me alone with Mr. Dacre.

Though my life had been such as to give me a certain amount of self-confidence, and though contact with the world had long ago brushed away the delicate bloom of youthful shyness, I felt an unaccountable restraint in his presence.

"It was hardly light enough when I came," I said, at last freeing myself from the momentary constraint, "to see the beauty of your place."

"You will like it," he said, and he spoke with an overmastering sadness that now, since I had seen Alda, I thought I could understand, but which I was yet to learn I had little fathomed. "It is a fine place, and I would be glad if people of my race had always lived in it. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, it takes certainly as many to make a home."

"It has not always been yours?"

"No. It came to me as you see it, rich in so much that arises from the picturesquely blent life of other days."

"The present," I said, hardly understanding exactly what I meant, "often has unworn attractions for me, sometimes more subtle and even more striking than those of the past."

"It is true," he answered quickly. "Our time has its own charm. The humblest life has a meaning that formerly could hardly have belonged to the highest. When our knowledge is so great, when our interests are so complex, when our relations are so broad, when all the world is our home and every man our neighbor, who would wish for the narrow circumstances of an earlier age?"

He had forgotten himself, and the sentences came with a vigor I had not expected.

He continued for some time to talk with the same animation and directness. I hoped that he might make some allusion to the cause of my summons, but he did not. Before I was aware of it I found that without questioning me he had led me to speak of my life, to disclose almost my inner self. Startled into sudden consciousness, I felt very much as might an intelligent animalcule aware that he was in the focus of a solar microscope. I knew that my moral and mental fabric was as evident to him as might be the structure of the creature beneath the lenses, and I felt myself powerless to escape. Why he wished so closely to learn the strength, the weakness, the very texture of my character—all, in short, that I was—I did not discover.

"You have," he said finally, "led the life of many rich and fairly educated young men of the day—not doing anything particularly foolish or singularly wise. However, it is more important not to do foolish things in this world than to do wise ones."

I replied that although I had no particular ambition, still I did not despair of leading a life which would prove satisfactory to myself, even if it might not be one which would be generally called successful.

"The truly successful man," he replied, "as has already been said of the greatest rogue, is never found out. Success is a bitterness, something depending on the power to use men and amuse women. Success," he spoke with a strange intensity, "success,—a moment of satiety after years of want; for success is always intrenched behind a failure, won through and beyond the fosse of defeat. Success," he continued bitterly, "when a man must so often be a charlatan to succeed in the world, a fool to enjoy it, and yet—strange paradox—a hypocrite to seem satisfied to leave it."

We sat at the table a short time, and then went out on the terrace, from which we could look on the sea, now lit by the rising moon. Mr. Dacre told me that Alda could not bear the night air, and added that she always spent the evening with her sister. But little more was said, as he soon left me, telling me that he should not see me at breakfast, but that he hoped to meet me in the library at eleven o'clock in the morning.

As I sat smoking late into the night, I pondered deeply on what I had heard and seen, seeking a solution of the multiplying questions which arose. I thought of the probable nature of the communication which I could not doubt was to be made to me in the morning; but gradually—perhaps because I had long ago exhausted all power of conjecture in that direction—my thoughts wandered. Why had I not seen Iduna? What could be the reason for her seclusion? I hoped that the morrow might bring also an answer to these questions.

I arose early, after a night of fitful sleep, and, breakfasting alone, I spent the time before the appointed hour in exploring some part of the extensive grounds. The place was more splendid even than I had thought it.

It was exactly eleven when I entered the library and found Mr. Dacre seated where I had first seen him. He seemed wearied, or he was really more worn and older than I had thought him. He did not rise, but, glancing at me, pointed to a chair near his own.

"I suppose," he began, "that you have no idea why I have sent for you?"

I said that I had not.

"You have never thought of marriage?" he asked abruptly.

I replied, in great amazement, that I never had in any personal sense.

"Your father and I," he continued, with the same directness and gazing steadfastly at me, "as you well know, were dear friends,—friends in that rare, long friendship which no doubt dare ever assail,—a friendship stronger than life. When my daughter Iduna was born, ten years after yourself, your father and I agreed—we but ratified an agreement our life-long friendship seemed to have made for us—that you should marry."

I was utterly astounded. Although my conjectures had taken, as I supposed, all possible and impossible directions, I had never thought of anything of the nature of this announcement. I did not, or rather I could not reply.

"It was the wish of your father's latter life—of his death-bed. I sat by that death-bed; I saw the gathering darkness of the great calamity close around him." He was for the moment too much moved for further speech, but he soon controlled himself and went on. "I had before seen those I loved pass away, and from my earliest years I had been awed by the consciousness of death's fearful presence, but not till then did I fully learn life's lesson."

I did not understand him, but I did not even think of asking what he meant.

"His wish has long been mine, and now, when we first meet in your maturer years, I find it stronger than ever before."

He paused for a moment.

"I promised your father when he died that when Iduna grew older I would inform you of our agreement. In the mean time you were to know nothing of this, you were to be free; for I would have no inexperienced, domesticated, home-taught being, led only by the lines of our compact. I wanted a man, vivid, schooled by events, strong in complete manhood, to win my child, appreciating how much he won."

I was so busied with my crowding thoughts that I still sat silent.

"And now," he continued somewhat hesitatingly, "I have to disclose something,—something which may make all impossible,—something which places my child apart from all the world,—something which makes her higher than any living being,—something so strange, so exceptional, that you will not at first fully realize the meaning of what I say."

I looked at him in wonder.

"What I am about to reveal to you," he went on, "has arisen from the conditions of

my own life. I have never known that full, whole happiness which some contend is possible. I have never even known the light heedlessness which passes with the world for happiness. I have never been happy either in the true or the accepted meaning of the word. One by one I have seen those die to whom my heart was bound by every ligament of love. From my young years the world has seemed to me but an endless vault, where the footsteps brought no progress, the voice awoke no echo, where the eye dwelt on no color, and the ear listened to tidings from no real land, through which life struggled to its end, borne down with its one whole truth, the dread truth that all is nothing. Why are the words of the wise man all that there is of wisdom—"all is vanity?" At the time when men should be exultant in their life, their strength, my friend, my true friend, was hurried from me." He hesitated, but almost immediately continued. "What I then thought a culmination was after all only a degree of grief. I loved her mother," the strong voice shook. "I was doomed to watch her slowly failing strength, to see the beginning, the progress of that insidious disease by which death most stealthily approaches its victims. The children lived,—Alda, who I feared might soon follow her mother; Iduna, younger, and strong with the principle of life. I had suffered, and I wished to spare them. Could I not, throughout this life, cheat death himself—death, the true source of all our woe, the destroyer of every hope? All life must end, and the bitter knowledge taints its every moment. Faiths to me—remember, I speak only of myself—seem but the inventions of men, subterfuges, evasions of the truth that there is nothing beyond the grave, evasions that promise much but allay nothing. I would give all I possess for the faith of the humblest, the faith that beyond this life we may be what this magnificent human nature, freed from hindering passion, stripped of encumbering flesh, immeasurable in all it is, should be,—I would give all for the sweet, the abiding, the all-sustaining faith of the humblest who believes. I was determined that Iduna—for Alda already knew the truth—should live a life happier than any ever before led by human being. She should know nothing of the taint, the terror of existence. She does not. She does not know that there is such a thing as death."

He fell back in his chair exhausted.

"Through her whole life," he soon continued more calmly, "Iduna has been guarded, kept from the terrible knowledge. She was too young to know of her mother's death. Alda believed that she had inherited the fatal disease, but has always kept such

knowledge from her sister. Only thus could Iduna have led the happy life she has. In almost entire renunciation of individual existence, Alda has lived for her sister—has given her life, that must at best be short, to make her sister happy. And Iduna has lived as no one has ever lived before,—happier than any human being,—for of all animate things, boasted, boastful man is the poorest. Look at the lowlier dwellers on the earth—the denizens of the air and of the sea. Through their lives they seem filled with the gladness of immortality. The meanest thing that crawls basks in the sunlight of its existence, unchilled by the thought of death.

"But," he continued, "the time has now come for her to learn the truth,—for learn it some day, sooner or later, she must. Alda will follow her mother,—not soon, I think, for I have done what I could,—and then Iduna must know. I have sent for you that you may tell her all. I have sent for you in fulfillment of my agreement with your father. My hope, my whole hope, is now in you. Win her, and under the dominion of strong and revealing love she can best hear the truth."

"But," I said, "I—"

"You will find her young and fair," he interrupted. "Win her, and you will be the happiest among men."

"But," I continued, "I have not the vanity to think I might succeed."

"She is hardly more than a child. She has seen no one, and if she had, you are not one to fail in finding favor in a young girl's eyes."

He placed his hand on my shoulder as he spoke, with the greatest kindness he had yet shown me, and, seeming to loose the tension in which he had held himself, he almost smiled.

"You shall see Iduna at luncheon," he continued. "But remember, what you undertake will not be easy. You must not let fall a word which could awaken even an inquiry as to what she does not know."

Mr. Dacre arose and silently left me.

I did not stir. The wonderful, and even the strange, had always held a charm for me. It seemed that through them I could often best catch glimpses of that underlying principle, that intellectual picturesqueness, that essential of clear, high pleasure, which we, half sneeringly, call romance,—that romance which, often hidden, lies in the life of every one, and which, once discovered, explains much and glorifies all. Already, and with strange forerunning feeling, I was half in love with this young girl, so singularly blessed—or cursed.

I was so busy with my thoughts that the time passed quickly, and the hour for my presentation to Iduna came before I realized it.

Mr. Dacre met me, and led me through a

long gallery, where, in the pictures on the wall, I recognized the color or the manner of many a great painter, to a part of the house where I had not yet been. He paused before a heavily curtained door, and said to me in a low tone:

"Be on your guard."

The room into which he led me was singularly different from the others I had seen. I felt as if I had passed out of some dark cavern into the clear noontide. Here all was graceful, fanciful, bright. The broad day fell on light tones and delicate textures. Flowers were everywhere, and through the large, low windows I could see what I can best call a garden,—a garden in the meaning of the word in the time of Cowley and Evelyn,—with carefully kept walks and trim beds, gay with the blooms of midsummer.

Alda was seated at a piano, on which, I noticed, lay a violin, but she rose as we entered. I gazed upon her delicate face, where still deepened the expression of calm resignation, with a new interest now that I had been told about her life.

"Iduna will be here in a moment," she said.

Almost as she spoke, a *portière* was lifted and a young girl entered the room.

She was not only the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, she seemed a being such as vagrant fancy or imagination's self may only show for a moment—a realization of the vision of some rapt, rare hour, lovelier than I might ever hope to see in life. I would not attempt to describe her had I never seen her again, for I was more than dazzled. Even now I can say little more than that her hair was dark, and that she had dark eyes,—eyes that looked steadily at you, trusting, unhesitating, questioning, as the grave eyes of children, appealing to you for revelation of strange things, wonderful, but by no possibility untrue. She seemed the embodiment of youth; of air from out some fresh break in the sky; of sunlight, the only thing in all this material world ever unquestionably new; of all that is healthful and joyous in nature.

"Good-morning, papa; you are late," she said. "I thought you were not coming."

I can hear her voice now, so clear and yet so full of meaning—vibrant, it almost seemed, with harmonies of far association.

"Yes," answered Mr. Dacre, "but I have brought one who will help me bear any reproach."

"I am very glad you have come," she said, looking at me gravely. "Papa, I fear sometimes, is very lonely."

I had been greatly perplexed when I thought what might be the difficulty of avoiding allusion to all that I had been told to

avoid. But now, when I was in her presence, I felt at once that this would be more than easy. Had I not been told all that I had, I would not have thought that her life had been in any way unusual; she appeared so perfectly natural, and so like any other very intelligent and well-brought-up young girl.

"He hardly need be so," I said thoughtlessly, in my new confidence. "One might be utterly happy here without seeing a soul."

She looked up at me quickly in a startled way.

"A soul," she said, and then, pausing a moment, added, "I wonder what you mean."

"Anybody," I replied confusedly, as Alda glanced at me warningly.

"A soul," she repeated musingly. "It must be some new word."

"We will go to luncheon," said Mr. Dacre, almost sternly.

I saw Iduna look at him in surprise as if such tone were new to her, and then follow Alda into the next room.

A maid served the dainty luncheon, for Iduna had an independent establishment, and none of the servants were men.

"I have not seen this part of the grounds," I said, looking out of the window.

"It is my own garden. Not even Alda touches a leaf in it. There I gather my own roses," she said, "and am wounded by my own thorns."

"It must give you a charming occupation," I replied, resolved to be as safely commonplace as possible; and then, remembering the piano and violin I had seen, I added, "But you have others; you are fond of music."

"Above all else," she answered enthusiastically, "but I like my violin better than my piano,—it is a very wonderful one. I will show it to you after luncheon,—no,—I will get it now," and she impulsively rose.

"Music is the only thing that is quite safe," said Mr. Dacre after she had left the room.

"See," she said as she returned with the violin, "it was made more than two hundred years ago by a man of the name of Stradivarius. I am going to ask papa to have him make another for me."

She spoke with such simple belief, such confidence in what she said, that I did not for the moment appreciate its remarkable nature. It seemed for the instant that the master still lived—still wrought at Cremona.

Alda seldom spoke, and I could see that her eyes followed every motion of her sister with tender interest. She seemed utterly lost in Iduna and to have no thought for herself. It was startling in its strangeness and pathos, the relation existing between these two young girls, so far apart in thought, so close in love,—

so different, and yet made so alike by the serenity and isolation of their lives.

Iduna spoke of herself with the utter unreserve of a child.

"I am a little sad sometimes," she said, "but papa tells me I live very much as other girls do, only that I am happier than they, and of course he knows. Alda knows much more than I do, and she says as he does; but if I knew as much, I am sure I would not be satisfied to live as she does. Sometimes I think I would like something else,—what, I do not know. Alda tells me that the world is very large, and I know there is much in it I would like to see. I go to the big globe, and I find a little dot called London, which Alda tells me is a great city where there are millions of people, and then I find another little dot called Paris, which is another great place, where she says that they would understand me if I spoke French; but when I ask papa about them he says they are wicked and ugly. But still I should like to see them—once."

"I have seen them," I answered, "and I am sure that they would only make you unhappy."

"But," continued Iduna, "there are other things. I know about the opera,—for Alda has told me,—where there is a crowd of people and wonderful music; and then there are balls where everything is beautiful and you dance. Oh, I sometimes want it all to begin."

She paused, and as she gazed afar off, her eyes caught luster from the lights of the vague and brilliant scenes that arose before her.

After luncheon, while Mr. Dacre and Alda sat under the shadow of a huge awning, for the noonday heat was great, I walked with Iduna in her garden,—

"The fairest garden in her looks,

"And in her mind"

something infinitely beyond the wisdom of

"The wisest books."

"But does this really interest you?" she asked.

"Why should it not?" I replied.

"I should think," she said, "that a man who can go everywhere would not care for such things. I am sure I should not. But"—and she stopped suddenly—"I must not say this. You saw how grieved papa looked at luncheon."

Soon we reached a weather-stained stone seat that had been placed at a commanding point, and sat down.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed involuntarily, looking out on a wonderful expanse of verdant land and glistening sea.

"Is it?" asked Iduna. "I have never seen anything else."

We looked for a moment in silence on the scene.

"Tell me about it," she said with a pretty air of command.

"What?" I asked.

"The great, big world. I am never tired of hearing about it. There must be other beautiful places, and it must be full of lovely things and charming people."

"And of great wrongs and forbiddingsights," I added.

"That is what papa says," she replied sorrowfully.

"What a fine dog," I exclaimed, wishing to turn her thoughts in another direction, as a large mastiff took his slow, lounging way down the walk.

"Is he not handsome?" she said. "And I have others, and I have birds. Do you know," she continued after an instant's hesitation, "something so strange happened to one of my birds."

"What?" I asked.

"About a week ago," she said, speaking with an air of mystery, "I found it lying in its cage quite cold and stiff. They said that it was not well, as they say I am ill when my head aches after I have been in the sun, but this was not like that. It lay very still. I do not think that it could move at all." She looked up at me inquiringly. "They took it away, and it only came back yesterday."

"And is that strange?"

"No," and her pure, clear eyes met mine in actual demand. "But I do not believe that it is the same bird."

"Are you not mistaken?"

"No; I am quite sure," she replied. "But why did they not bring back my bird?"

I could make no answer.

Mr. Dacre and Alda soon joined us. I saw that he thought I had remained long enough, and therefore, though I would have given much to have seen Iduna longer, I accompanied him on his almost immediate return to the house.

Alda did not leave her sister.

"The coming of a stranger is a great event in her life," said Mr. Dacre as we walked along, "and her excitement, I feared, would be great."

He looked at me with his peculiarly piercing glance, evidently striving to see what impression Iduna's beauty and grace had made. It was plain that he was satisfied with what he saw, though I doubt if he recognized the full extent of my feeling. Beside all else I felt as if I had stood in some place hallowed by heaven's highest attributes, peace and eternal duration. Iduna almost seemed to me the immortal being she thought herself, whose only world could be the world in which she thought she lived.

"Tell me," I said, "how has she been kept in ignorance so long?"

"Love can do much," he answered, "and she has always had her sister's care. When her mother died I withdrew from the world. I, who had hitherto known only a fevered and intense existence, desired to live in complete seclusion. My disappearance caused at the time much surprise, but as the years have passed I have been forgotten, and now at last am left in peace. I came here in the hope that my children might escape the disease that I knew threatened them. Here I have ever since remained, with what content memory and prescience allow me. Alda and Iduna have been as you see them, always alone,—Alda learning much, that she might teach her sister. And thus Iduna has been able to know all usually known by young girls, except those fictions called histories, and those histories called fictions. And why should she know these?—the first so often false records of actual existences, which, having received the sanction of time, serve the world as well as truths; the second true records of unreal existences, called false because they are but the creatures of imagination, and which in the comparative simplicity of their incompleteness can only be fully understood, and are therefore more truthful than the real; existences, however, in that very incompleteness so different from multiform humanity that they are as delusive to the inexperience of youth as they are unsatisfactory to the wisdom of age."

It amazed me, and I dwelt upon it after Mr. Dacre had left me, that he should fail to recognize that Iduna could not learn without danger the truth incompatible with every thought of her life—that truth which none of us could bear save through its habitual and familiar but almost unrecognized presence. I saw that a great danger threatened her, and I determined that I would, if it were possible, avert it.

A few days passed, and already the time when I was away from Iduna seemed a sum of hateful seconds, minutes, hours, to be borne as best it might. I regarded it only as so much superfluous existence. I was torn, worm, perplexed by all that at its best is pain and at its worst is pleasure. In short, I was in love. I sought the sea, as have the lovers of all ages, and in the ceaseless beat and regular pulse of the changing, changeless waves I seemed to find a certain peace.

I sometimes almost brought myself to believe that Iduna was touched with something which, even if recognized, would be inapplicable to herself—something trembling towards love for me. I could hardly believe it possible that such happiness could be mine, and yet it seemed I sometimes saw it—saw

the unrecognized truth that only the wordless eyes express.

Those were very happy days, little preparing us for what was to come.

One night Alda, who usually dined with Mr. Dacre and myself, sat with me, as the breeze was soft and warm, on the terrace, in the strong, white moonlight.

"Iduna," she said, "has lately passed the most eventful days of her life."

"Your own life," I answered, "has scarcely been one of greater variety."

"Not in incident, but in thought; for I have always known of the last great change."

"You must have found your task sometimes a hard one."

"No," she replied, "for it has been no task; it has been a duty which I have loved to fulfill. You know that my belief is the same as my father's,—that our acts only are immortal; that every action of our lives starts a series of events that continues always, increasing and widening forever. When I was a little girl he explained it all to me. I have always known I must die, as it is called, very soon." She spoke with a calmness pathetic in its deep despair. "And in all I have done I have only gone on living a life that is to live."

I listened, profoundly moved.

"The dread of death," she continued, "robs us of all real happiness. Could my sister have led the glad life she has, had she known the truth? Would not every hour have been darkened by the coming doom? Could I bring sorrow on one I loved as I loved her, and would I not have done this if she had known all? And now——"

She looked at me in an agony of supplication.

"Will you, can you help me?" she said, in a low, thrilling tone.

"I will do anything," I answered, "anything."

"I have no one to whom I can go for help but you."

"Your father," I suggested.

"He least of any one," she said, and I saw that she slightly shuddered. "I dare not tell him."

"Can you not tell me?" I asked.

"I do not know. Wait,—I was weak,—it was an impulse. I must see what is right."

She sat silent for a long time, almost rigid in the intensity of thought.

"I must go," she said, suddenly rising.

Later in the evening when alone I tried to read, to write, but could do neither. My life was strange and difficult. When with Iduna I was forced to assume a gayety I might not feel. I must be no spot in her sunshine, no blot on the face of her fair world. With

Alda I felt all the suffering of a life without joy in the present, without hope for the future; I shared her sorrow as I seemed to share Iduna's happiness.

They were both excellent musicians, playing with great skill and feeling, and Iduna—Alda did not sing—often sang for me without the slightest embarrassment, and with the free, natural impulse of a bird. Her voice was pure and rare, and moved me deeply. Then I first noticed a slight shade of care in anything she did, and I wondered what could have taught her the low, wild sadness that throbbed in those glorious tones. Her songs were, of course, such as could awaken no suspicion of the truth kept from her.

One day I came upon some sketches made by the sisters, which showed great artistic feeling and much technical excellence.

"How did you learn to do this?" I asked Iduna.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Alda taught me. She has taught me everything."

As Iduna always had been, so was she now, deeply interested in the outer world. She regarded me, as a new-comer from that wonderful place, with the same feeling of awe and admiration with which people of old must have looked upon some one who had just returned from a long and perilous journey through distant and unknown countries. She could not have viewed me with more curiosity had I been an inhabitant of another world, and indeed I could not have come from one any stranger than the one she pictured to herself. As I realized more and more what she thought, I was more and more amazed. To her Velasquez still wielded his heroic brush, Titian yet created his wondrous tones, and Rembrandt held sway over light and shadow. To her Handel still wrote oratorios, Mozart operas, and Schubert songs. To her many a great writer of the past, known through verses untouched with mortality, still lived. I wondered how much she had really learned of the great names of history, and I once incautiously spoke of Napoleon.

"Napoleon," she said; "who is he?"

"A very great man."

"Does he make music or pictures or poetry?"

"None of these," I answered.

"But you say he is a very great man."

I could not tell her that he was a great soldier, something she could not understand.

"But what does he make?" she insisted.

"Nothing."

"Then how is he great? Oh, I know," she exclaimed suddenly; "he does a great deal of good."

"No."

"Then how is he great?"

"The ruler of a people is always great," I answered evasively.

"But he is only great because he can do so much good," she replied triumphantly. "So you see I was right."

I tried to learn her simple ideas of the conditions of life. I found that she had not hitherto sought to explain much; indeed, she had not been allowed to see much that she would think should be explained. She lived absolutely secluded, and never talked with any one except her father, Alda, and myself.

"I like," she said, "to think of the crowded world, to imagine myself in cities, to fancy that I wander through their streets, to listen to the sound of many voices. I wonder if what I think is at all like what they really are."

I could not tell her how much her radiant visions differed from reality.

Within a few days I again found myself alone with Alda on the terrace.

"I want," she said hurriedly, "to finish what I began to tell you."

"Yes," I answered, and I felt that what she was about to say was of such a nature as to preclude formal speech.

"I have not dared to tell my father. I do not know how he could bear it. I have struggled alone with my sorrow." She paused, looking wistfully out over the sea. "I shall not live much longer."

I uttered an abrupt exclamation of dissent.

"I am not as strong as you all think I am. Day by day I have striven to appear well, but I am afraid I cannot much longer maintain the deception. At any moment I may be too weak to act my part, and I tremble to think of what will happen to him—to Iduna."

I saw in an instant of fearful recognition the terrors of the impending catastrophe. If Mr. Dacre were called upon again to bear the visitation of his dread enemy,—if Iduna were suddenly to learn that she must thus part from her sister, and that every thought of her life was mistaken,—I could but fear the worst.

"I ask you for help," she said. "I have, as I told you, no one else to whom I can go."

"What can I do?" I asked eagerly. "Whatever you want me to do I will do."

"My father must know the truth."

"And you wish me to tell him," I exclaimed, almost in terror.

"Yes. I cannot do it."

I stood appalled at the difficulty, the painfulness of what she proposed, but never for an instant did I think of refusing to do as she wished.

"I will tell him," I answered quickly, "that you say you are not as strong as he thinks you are—not that you fear the worst. Indeed," I added, "I cannot believe that I need say that."

"Even what you tell him will shock him greatly," she said, entirely disregarding the latter part of what I had said.

"But he must be told."

"Wait—wait," she said suddenly. "Wait at least another day. I may be better. I will find an opportunity to tell you what to do. I must think."

I passed a night of agonizing thought. I could only hope that Alda, overcome by morbid fancies, imagined herself worse than she really was. I could only await, with what courage and confidence I might, the course of events.

I was more impressed than ever with the strangeness of my position when I met Iduna on the following morning. She was standing with the bright sunlight falling on her, and the scarlet, yellow and purple glories of the summer about her. In her hand she held a dead butterfly. It was a wondrous allegory, this fair young creature looking with such gentle interest at this emblem of the soul. I thought she gazed upon it as some angel might upon some newly disembodied spirit.

"See," she said, glancing up perplexedly from the gorgeously colored thing, "something is the matter with it. I think it must be broken."

She spoke as she might of a watch that had stopped running.

"Yes," I answered, as if in inquiry, and anxiously awaiting what she might say.

"Will it never fly again?" she asked.

I affected to examine it with great care.

"It is very strange," she went on, "but what becomes of them when they are broken? Are they not mended?"

"No," I replied.

"Why?"

"I suppose," I answered, "no one cares enough for them."

"But I do—the beautiful thing. Take it," she said, with an air of authority, placing the dead insect in my hand, "and have it mended."

She was for a moment lost in deep thought, and then asked:

"But are people never broken?"

I dared not answer.

"If I should fall from the top of the cliff, I should be broken?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And then I should be mended," she continued meditatively. "It is all very strange. I never thought of it before. I once saw a man who had but one arm. He looked very poor. I suppose he was mended badly."

My presence in her father's house had awakened her to many an inquiry, and she seemed now on the very verge of the great discovery. Mr. Dacre told me that she had

changed greatly in a short time. Heretofore she had heard everything with the simple confidence of childhood, and indeed, in much, she was but a child. But now she seemed to have grown suddenly older, and there appeared a vague doubt in her voice, and a certain misgiving in her eyes. Still her world seemed really untouched; still she lived among her own fair visions, thinking

"Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought."

But in her mind there was unaccustomed activity, intermittent, but evidently increasing.

I remember that very day we saw a bird soaring in the air, and that she murmured the first half-dozen stanzas of Shelley's "Sky-lark."

"Spirit?" I interrupted.

"Oh," she answered, "do you not understand?—a fairy."

"Do you believe in fairies?" I asked.

"Of course," she answered, looking at me in surprise. "Do not you?"

"Some do not," I said.

"How very strange," she replied wonderingly. "But everything is very strange now. I feel as I never have felt before. I feel as if I were far away somewhere—in a place I had never seen before. I feel as if I were lost."

She seemed indeed lost in vague wonderment, and to distract her attention I asked her if she knew the rest.

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a quick return to her own glad self.

She repeated the last four stanzas. The others had evidently not been taught to her.

I awaited all day, with great anxiety, the promised message from Alda, but none came. I tried to hope that all might still be well. But in the evening what little confidence I had was in a moment destroyed.

"You must tell him," she whispered hurriedly, as I held back a curtain for her to pass. "Tell him the most that you think is right."

After she had taken a step or two she turned back.

"Tell him soon," she said; "tell him tomorrow."

I felt that we were on the verge of some terrible experience. I could not but believe that what she feared must soon come to pass. Her accents of anguish carried conviction, and I shuddered at the thought of what might be immediately before us.

Early the next morning I received a hurried note from Mr. Dacre begging me to come to him with all speed.

Before he spoke I saw that his anguish was terrible.

"Alda," he said, shudderingly, "is very ill."

With a quick prescience of impending evil that only long suffering could give, he foresaw all.

I had not expected so rude an awakening. I asked him what he had done, and learned that he had sent to the metropolis for a famous physician who was to come with all the speed unlimited expenditure could make possible.

Iduna had often been left alone while Alda was with Mr. Dacre, and it was therefore easy to keep her from suspecting anything. I would be able satisfactorily to answer any inquiry about her sister by saying that she was busy with her father.

As I entered the room I paused for an instant at the door. Iduna was singing, and I caught the refrain of a song I had written for her:

"A grief that comes
Is a joy when sped;
And a joy, after all,
Is a grief when fled."

"What do you know," I asked, trying to speak cheerfully, "of griefs and joys?"

"Oh, very much."

"What is a grief?" I asked, and I thought that she might soon know grief greater than she could bear.

"A grief,—it is when the winter comes, when the night draws on, when the day is dark with clouds."

Her deep sympathy with nature was heightened by her utter ignorance of anything really like human experience, and she there found a source for grief which is common to us all. I thought that indeed sorrow must be equal in all lives. Her sensitive nature felt the mournful aspects of the outer world with singular intensity, and she was as much affected by such subtle and generally disregarded influences as is an ordinary mortal by the harrowing occurrences of life.

"And joy?" I continued.

"It is when you hear gay music, when the flowers come, and when the sun shines."

Music for her but expressed the changing phases of nature. To her it had never sobbed a dirge or pealed a requiem.

During the afternoon the physician arrived. We awaited what he might say in agonizing suspense.

I was with Mr. Dacre when the opinion was given, and I could see that he tried to prepare himself to hear the worst. The great physician, with that gentle, scarcely broken impassibility, which, as a frequent bearer of the tidings of death, he had insensibly acquired, spoke hesitatingly, but positively. He tried to break all to us as gently as possible, but did not attempt to conceal the truth. There was no room for hope.

"The disease has made such inroads," he said finally, "that I must warn you that the end may be very near."

Mr. Dacre did not even raise his head. He said nothing until we were alone, and then he burst wildly forth:

"Again the curse has come upon me. Again must I endure the unutterable agony of a last parting. Death, Death, my enemy and my conqueror, when will you complete your work and make me your grateful victim?"

He paused in sudden thought.

"But Iduna," he exclaimed.

"She cannot be told," I said decisively; "it might kill her."

"It might kill her!" he repeated slowly as if at first he did not apprehend what I said; and then he added, as if its full meaning had suddenly flooded in upon him with all the anguish and dismay it could bring, "I had thought she might live on happily, and that when she learned the truth her happy years would help her to bear it. It might kill her! Outraged death fills me with a new terror."

His grief and horror overcame him.

"What can be done?" he asked at length helplessly.

"We must tell her that Alda is going away," I answered, feeling that something must indeed be done, and being unable in my consternation to think of anything better.

"Yes," he replied obediently.

"We will gain time,—Alda may recover,—all may be well yet."

I went immediately to Iduna, whom I now felt it my duty to protect. She again asked for Alda, and I told her that she was busy with her father, thinking it wise to delay as much as possible the announcement that her sister was going away. She was painting, and she showed me her work.

"Is it like a city?" she asked.

It was the city of a dream. Tall palaces rose one above another, fountains plashed in the great squares, and through the marble ways poured throngs of people, clad in gold and purple. On the broad, dark waters of the harbor rode stately ships, while a sky of perfect blue bent down to meet the dim and distant mountains. Faulty though the work might be, and inspired as it was by the pictures of Turner, the effect was indescribable. It was a vision dazzling, bewildering, beautiful, that she alone could have seen.

As the day passed, Alda became stronger and asked to see her sister. Though no real farewell was possible, she wished to speak once more to Iduna. Unnatural, horrible even as such an interview must be, who could deny her this last request? She insisted, I was afterwards told, on rising, and leaning on her

father,—almost carried by him,—she reached Iduna's apartments.

I would have withdrawn, but Mr. Dacre motioned me to remain.

"You have not come all day," said Iduna reproachfully. Alda, as soon as she was in the presence of her sister, seemed to regain her strength in a marvelous manner.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I am going away."

"Going away!" repeated Iduna in wonder.

"Yes."

"Oh, I am so glad!"

I involuntarily put out my hand, seeking support.

"Glad—glad, Iduna!" said Alda slowly.

"Yes. Glad, so very glad! You will see so much, and when you come back you will tell it all to me."

"But," said Alda, and to me who knew her infinite anguish it seemed she spoke with a calmness not of the earth, "I may be gone a long time."

"A long time," answered Iduna in amazement. "There is no long time. We have all time. What can it matter?"

"Nothing."

"And you will see the world,—you will see all of which we have talked and dreamed. How happy you will be."

"If you are happy, then I am happy."

"I am happy, only ——" and she paused.

"I should be so glad to go with you."

"It is a journey upon which I must go alone."

"Where?"

"I do not know."

"And why?"

"I cannot tell."

"Will papa go with you?"

"No."

Already Alda's strength was failing; indeed, I do not think she could have borne longer the agony of that last, strange parting.

"Shall I see you again before you go?" Iduna asked.

"No," replied Alda, for the first time losing her marvelous self-control. "I am going now."

"I shall think of you every moment," said Iduna gently. Parting had, in her belief that life was endless, no meaning such as embitters the slightest separation from those we love.

Mr. Dacre had stood as if stupefied by benumbing woe. His eyes were fixed and meaningless and his lips painfully rigid. He looked like one in a trance.

As the sisters drew close in an embrace which I knew would be the last, I turned away.

Once out of Iduna's sight, Alda's will sus-

tained her no longer, and she sank unconscious. I feared that the end might come even then, and waited for some time before I returned to Iduna. I expected that she would immediately ask me if her sister had gone, but the thought that Alda would have remained after parting with her would have been impossible to her.

The sky, which for days had been the perfection of calm, clear blue, now seemed hazy and hot, and in the distance could be heard the low rumble of thunder. I saw Iduna start, and that a slight tremor passed over her.

"You are afraid," I said.

"It is terrible," she exclaimed. "If it comes while Alda is away, I do not know what I shall do."

The hours dragged slowly by, and leaving Iduna, I sought news of Alda. Mr. Dacre was with her, and the attendants said that she was sinking fast.

I returned to Iduna.

She was gazing pensively upon the landscape, which now lay under the lessening light of a fair sunset sky; for, as sometimes happen towards evening, the threatening heavens had cleared and all was soft and golden.

"I have been thinking of Alda," she said.

"Yes."

"I feel a sadness that I never knew before. I wonder why she went."

"She told you that she must."

"She told me she could not tell me why she went, but she will tell me some time."

I had often been struck with Iduna's simple faith, and was not now surprised at her content with our inadequate explanation. Nothing seemed unnatural to her, for the reason that all her life was so unnatural. The wildest fancy of the most marvelous fairy tale would have seemed, in her ample trust, possible and usual.

"I do not feel as if I were myself," she continued, rising and walking rapidly up and down. "Something is coming — something I cannot understand."

"What?" I asked.

"I feel as if a darkness had fallen over everything."

Indeed, she seemed strangely changed. A fear lay in her eyes that I had never seen before.

"But I will think of Alda," she continued. "I will try and imagine where she is. I will think of her in the world so new to her. I will think of her looking with wondering eyes on so many strange things. I will think of her away off in that great wide place."

Her words were hideous to me in their terrible significance. Alda might indeed be in a new, strange world, stranger even than Iduna

could imagine,—so strange that philosopher or visionary in all earth's generations has never been able even to approach conception of it.

That night Alda died.

She was conscious until the last, and even at that supreme moment thought, as she had done all her life long, of others rather than herself. She spoke cheerfully to her father, trying to comfort him in his unutterable agony. She did not speak of Iduna, except to repeat her name again and again in tones of longing tenderness. When I heard some time after midnight that the end had come, I went out into the darkness,—in my grief I could not endure the confining walls,—and paced the echoing terrace until the sun rose. I did not see Mr. Dacre. He had not left the room where Alda died, and now sat, the physician told me, speechless by her side.

I found Iduna as she had been the day before, disturbed, restless, almost wild.

"Tell me," she said, coming eagerly towards me, "has Alda really gone?"

"Yes," I answered. She could not know in what sense her sister had gone from her.

"I did not know.—I have been thinking all night;—it seemed that you were all keeping something from me."

Evidently she did not expect an answer; I did not make any.

"I remember," she continued, "that a long time ago, a very long time ago, I once saw a book that had a strange word in it. I do not know why I remember it now, unless for the reason that it is the only thing that has ever really troubled me, and that now when I am so sad I think of it."

"You must not trouble yourself about a word," I said, but she did not hear me. The accumulated questionings of years of vague uncertainty seemed to be taking form. As steam, at first invisible, becomes perceptible vapor as it rises, and finally falls in drops, so were the dim exhalations of her doubts resolving themselves into questions.

"It was a little word," she went on, "and I asked Alda what it meant, but she said it was something I must not know. How could a word mean something I must not know?"

Remember that I loved her passionately, wholly, unquestioningly, and you will perhaps understand with what torture I heard her speak as she did. I could do nothing to help her. I could only try and keep her from learning that ghastly truth which, suddenly heard in all its awful entirety, none could bear.

"She said I must not know what it meant, and so I cannot ask you about it. There are things, then, we should not know?"

"Yes," I answered.

"How strange! The world seems stranger every day. And must we not know, too, why we must not know?"

"Often."

The day was intensely hot, and I told Iduna that the heavy, stifling atmosphere had affected her.

"No," she replied, "but I feel as if something was to happen. I feel as I do before the thunder and the lightning come. I feel what Alda told me is called terror."

About noon a servant informed me that Mr. Dacre desired to see me.

I was to meet him in the library. When I entered no one was there, and as I stood waiting all the incidents of my stay in the house passed in rapid review. I thought of the happy, peaceful hours that at first flew so swiftly by, hours in which my love for Iduna had grown to an overmastering passion. I thought of Alda's first appeal to me that night on the moonlit terrace, a night that seemed so very far away and yet was in reality so near. I thought of that last interview between the sisters.

Mr. Dacre entered.

I could not believe it possible that such a change could have taken place in so short a time. He came towards me with the bent form and hesitating step of great age. As he slowly approached, I could see how his cheeks had fallen, how sunken were his eyes. His very voice was different—no longer of rich, vigorous tone, but weak and quavering.

"Iduna," he said, "is she well?"

"Yes," I replied.

"She does not know?" he continued.

"No."

"But she must."

"In time she must. It might kill her now."

"I have dared too much," he said wildly. "This is my punishment. My faith in faithlessness is gone. That indefinable power that men in all ages have held in awe—in the fair deities of the ancient world, in the harsh tyrants of untutored savages, in the more perfect conceptions of a later time—that power I have outraged. This—this is my retribution."

I caught him as he fell, and, placing him in a chair, I dispatched a servant for the physician. Mr. Dacre had fainted. As the restoratives were applied I happened to glance through the window. The oppressive heat of the day was not lessened by a breeze, and I saw that dark, heavy clouds, glowing with a yellowish purple, were rising over the sea. It was the storm that had threatened through the day. The clouds came on with the swiftness, the apparent intensity of purpose peculiar to the summer, and low, but deep, I could

hear the mutter of the thunder. I thought of Iduna, but at that moment the physician called upon me to assist him. I felt the first hot, sickening gust of a newly awakened wind, and saw a blinding, brilliant flash of lightning. I could hear the stroke of the rising waves on the beach. A deep gloom overspread earth and sea. The big drops of the hastening rain began to fall, and the lightning was almost incessant, the roar of the storm continuous. The wind blew a hurricane. The rain fell, it almost seemed, in a solid, steely mass, and in the wind and darkness the tumult was indescribable. Remembering Iduna's fear of the thunder, I longed to return to her, but stood for a moment irresolute, doubting if I should leave her father.

Suddenly, together, there came a crash as if the world itself were shattered,—a flash,—a starting sinew on the arm of God.

The bolt had struck the house.

I stood appalled. I could hear the rush of the frightened servants through the halls, and then there was comparative stillness.

What a shriek!

My heart seemed to stop beating. I started in the direction of the sound. Hastening on, I came to the room from which the cry proceeded. I paused upon the threshold, stunned by what I saw. Iduna lay upon the dead body of her sister. In the excitement of the moment, and abandoned by her attendants, in her terror of the storm, she had fled to seek her father, and—she was alone with death. Hearing me approach, she looked quickly up.

"Help me—help me!" she cried agonizingly. "What can have happened? I cannot awaken her; she is so white and cold and still. I am afraid of my sister. Alda! Alda!"

Even in her terror it seemed she sought with multiplied kisses to give warmth, motion to the inanimate body.

I stood in speechless horror. I could not

tell her that her sister would never awake again. I could not then reveal this terror and mystery of the world. I could not tell her what it was. I could not tell her that this was death—awful in any form even to those who through life have anticipated its coming.

"Can you do nothing?" she cried in pitiful anguish, as she looked up at me.

"Nothing."

"Is it true?" she exclaimed, while a strange, tremulous look as if reason itself were shaken came into her eyes. "Is this the thing I feared?" She grasped my arm and spoke almost in a whisper. "Is this what I once dreamed—something that must come when we can neither move nor breathe nor speak? I thought," she continued, her voice becoming hoarse, almost raspingly hoarse in horror, "it was not true, and yet I dared not ask. Tell me," she spoke so low that I could hardly hear her as she pointed to her sister, "is this that word—death?"

I did not speak.

"It is true," she shrieked, and starting back from me she fell to the floor.

THIS strange story was told to me by an old friend whom I had not seen for a long time. He told it to me as we sat before the sinking fire in the last hours of a winter night. We had been at the great ball of the year, and he had come home with me. As he finished the flame flickered low, and I noticed that the gray light of morning was beginning to steal through the curtains. A white rose dropped from his button-hole and fell among the ashes of many cigars.

"Did she die?"

"No," he answered slowly and gently. "Within eventless walls where even the present time seems measureless, Iduna lives. She is one of a religious sisterhood. She seeks the immortality she once thought was hers."

George A. Hibbard.

A BETROTHAL.

"I LOVE you," he whispered low
In joy, for a moment bold;
And suddenly, white as snow,
The warm little hand grew cold.

"I love you," again he said,
And touched the soft finger-tips;
But shyly she bent her head
To hide the two trembling lips.

"I love you":—she turned her face.
His heart overfilled with fear;
When lo, on her cheek the trace
Of one tiny passion-tear!

"I love you," he gently spoke
And kissed her, sweet, tearful-eyed;
The rose-blossom fetters broke:
"I love you, too," they replied.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

CONTROL.

O HUNGER, Hunger, I will harness thee
And make thee harrow all my spirit's glebe.
Of old the blind bard Herve sang so sweet
He made a wolf to plow his land.

Sidney Lanier.



PARALLEL with the eastern and western shores of the bay of San Francisco, and flanking the beautiful and fertile Santa Clara valley south of that inland sea, stretch the inner and outer Coast Ranges of California. The inner range is the more commanding of the two, owing to its higher elevation and bolder front. It rises abruptly from a narrow plain bordering the eastern side of the bay; and, in one unbroken line drawn across the eastern horizon, it stretches southward until lost in the hazy distance. A person standing at the south end of San Francisco Bay and running the eye along the ridge of this range, after the sun has passed the meridian, will observe, almost due east, a point of light of dazzling brilliancy on the top of what appears to be a small flat-topped knob, no larger apparently than a half-section of a billiard-ball. The little knob is the summit of Mount Hamilton, the highest peak in the range, and named after the late Rev. Laurentine Hamilton; and the bright point of light is the reflection of the sun from the north dome of the Lick Observatory, from fifteen to twenty miles off as the crow flies.

The donor, James Lick, was born at Fredricksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, August 25, 1796. He began life as an organ and piano maker, first at Hanover, Pennsylvania, then at Baltimore, Maryland. In 1820 he started in business on his own account in Philadelphia, but soon after emigrated to Buenos Ayres, where for ten years he success-

fully prosecuted his trade. He subsequently moved to Valparaiso and later to California, where he arrived with a moderate fortune in the latter part of 1847. He spent the remainder of his days in California, dying in San Francisco October 1, 1876, leaving an estate worth nearly \$4,000,000. He was such an unlovable, eccentric, solitary, selfish, and avaricious character that, it may be fairly said, had it not been for one of the last acts of his life, he would have died "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." This one act was a contradiction of his whole life. A little more than two years before his death Mr. Lick conveyed all of his great fortune by trust-deed to a board of trustees, to be divided mainly among public charities, and for the erection of important public, industrial, scientific, and hygienic institutions. For reasons never publicly explained, the instrument was twice revoked before his death, and a new board of trustees appointed each time, the last having been appointed only a month before he died.

The Lick estate, at the time of James Lick's death, consisted largely of unimproved real estate in San Francisco and elsewhere in the State. The most important improved property was the hotel in San Francisco bearing Lick's name and the Lick mill near San José. In connection with the latter there is an interesting romantic story. It is said that in Lick's younger days he courted a well-to-do Pennsylvania miller's daughter, but his suit was successfully opposed by the old miller on

the ground of Lick's poverty. The erection of the mill near San José is said to have been the fulfillment of a vow, made at the time of his rejected suit, to build a mill which should be far superior to that of the Pennsylvania miller. He is reputed to have spent \$200,000 in its construction. The interior was finished in costly California woods, highly polished. It is safe to say there never was built in the world a mill like it in this respect, and before it was burned it was regarded as one of the curiosities of the neighborhood.

After bequeathing a number of small legacies, ranging from \$2000 to \$5000 each, to a number of James Lick's friends and relatives, the trust-deed provided for the expenditure of \$700,000 for the construction and equipment of an astronomical observatory for the University of California. Then \$25,000 was bequeathed to the San Francisco Protestant Asylum; the same amount to the city of San José, for the construction and support of a similar institution; \$10,000 for the purchase of scientific and mechanical works for the use of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco; \$10,000 to the California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; \$5000 for the erection at Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania, of a granite monument to the memory of Lick's mother; similar amounts for the same purpose in respect to his father, grandfather, and sister; \$100,000 for the founding of "The Old Ladies' Home" at San Francisco; \$150,000 for the erection and maintenance of free public baths in San Francisco; \$60,000 for the erection of a bronze monument in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, "to the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of the song, 'The Star-Spangled Banner'"; \$100,000 for a group of bronze statuary representing the history of California, to be erected at the City Hall of San Francisco; \$540,000 for the founding and erection of a California School of Mechanical Arts; and \$150,000 to John H. Lick. To avoid what threatened to be a long, costly, and uncertain lawsuit, involving the sanity of James Lick and the validity of the trust-deed, the trustees increased the amount assigned to John H. Lick to \$535,000. After all these bequests shall have been paid, the residue of the estate, if any there be, is to be divided equally between the California Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers, both of which organizations had previously received donations of valuable pieces of real estate from Mr. Lick.

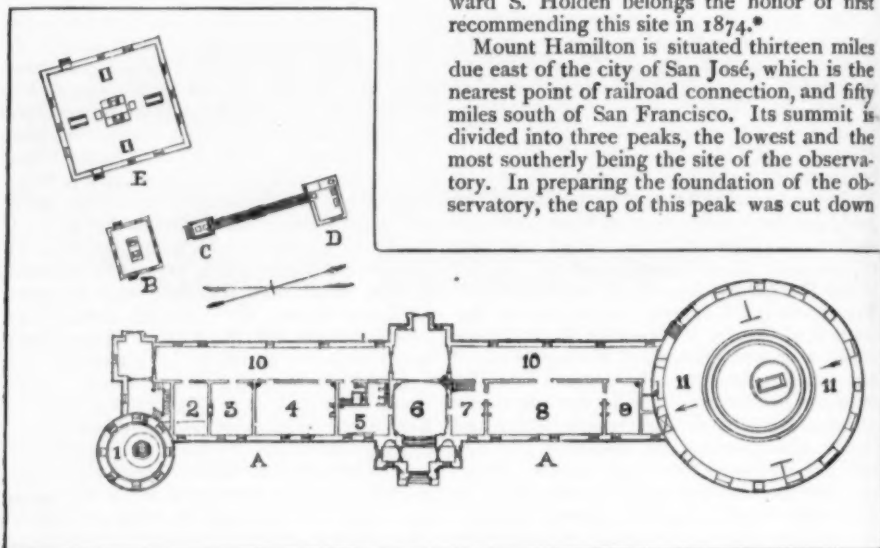
From the foregoing it will be seen that an observatory for the University of California was the most cherished of all of Mr. Lick's pet schemes of public benefaction. There is good reason to believe that he had nursed

the idea for a great many years before he began to put it into practical shape. His ambition concerning it knew no bounds. He imposed the obligation in the trust-deed of erecting "a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made." At the time the trust-deed was made the largest telescopes in existence were the twenty-six-inch refractor in the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., and Lord Rosse's six-foot reflector at Parsonstown, Ireland. The Washington telescope was erected in 1873, and it was then considered that the limit of possibility in the size of an achromatic objective had been reached. Since then, however, Grubb, the English manufacturer, has constructed a twenty-seven-inch refractor for the Imperial Observatory at Vienna, Austria; and the makers of the United States Naval Observatory telescope—Alvan Clark & Sons, Cambridgeport, Massachusetts—have made another twenty-six-inch refractor for the University of Virginia, and a splendid thirty-inch glass for the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, Russia, which was not long ago accepted by Baron Struve, the Imperial Astronomer. The contracts for these large glasses were made while the board of Lick trustees were engaged in removing the obstacles which stood for a time in the way of executing the trust-deed. When they were, therefore, ready to let a contract for a telescope "superior and more powerful than any telescope yet made," they found themselves compelled to choose between a refractor with an aperture of more than thirty inches in diameter and a reflector exceeding seventy-two inches in diameter. Their choice was in favor of attempting the former. In January, 1881, they contracted with Alvan Clark & Sons for the manufacture of "an achromatic astronomical object-glass of thirty-six inches clear aperture" (this being the largest the Clarks would venture to contract for), to be delivered November 1, 1883. The price was fifty thousand dollars, of which amount twelve thousand dollars was paid when the contract was signed. The flint-glass disk was successfully cast by Feil & Sons, Paris, France, early in 1882, and has since then been in the hands of Alvan Clark & Sons. Its companion, the crown-glass disk, was cast and ready for shipment at the close of 1882, but the material was so brittle that it unfortunately cracked in packing. The difficulties attending the casting of the crown disk have been extraordinary. No glass of the dimensions required had ever been cast or attempted before the Lick Observatory contract was awarded to the Clarks. Thirty or more blocks were cast by the Feils before one was obtained that would be acceptable.

The wrecks are arrayed along the walls of their factory as curiosities. The first block, as has been already stated, was broken in packing for shipment. Many contained irreparable flaws. Others were destroyed in annealing, and others again were damaged beyond repair in cooling. At one time the prospects of the great telescope appeared hopeless. The elder Feil had retired from business, leaving his glass-works in charge of his sons.

destined to bear his name. A spur of the Sierra Nevada near Lake Tahoe, Mount St. Helena, Mount Diablo, and Mount Hamilton in the Coast Range, were brought forward as candidates for the honor. After considerable deliberation and frequent consultation with good authorities, Mr. Lick decided in favor of Mount Hamilton, the little knob in the inner Coast Range already referred to. The wisdom of his selection has since been abundantly demonstrated. To Professor Edward S. Holden belongs the honor of first recommending this site in 1874.*

Mount Hamilton is situated thirteen miles due east of the city of San José, which is the nearest point of railroad connection, and fifty miles south of San Francisco. Its summit is divided into three peaks, the lowest and the most southerly being the site of the observatory. In preparing the foundation of the observatory, the cap of this peak was cut down



GROUND-PLAN OF LICK OBSERVATORY.

A. Main building; B. Transit house; C. Heliostat; D. Photograph house; E. Meridian circle house.
1. North dome; 2. Clock-room; 3. Shop; 4. Dormitory; 5. Visitors' room; 6. West hall;
7. Secretary's room; 8. Library; 9. Director's office; 10. Long hall; 11. South dome.

They made a great many castings and experiments in annealing, but without success. To make matters worse, they went into bankruptcy. Alvan Clark then expressed his doubts of such a large glass ever being successfully made, deeming it among the impossibilities. At this stage in the history of the telescope, the elder Feil took charge of the establishment, and after several more failures succeeded in casting and annealing a satisfactory glass. The cheerful intelligence was communicated in the early part of September, 1885, that the glass was then being prepared by Feil for shipment to Alvan Clark & Sons. It will take the Clarks a year to grind and polish the glass, after it reaches their manufactory.

James Lick reserved for himself the selection of a suitable site for the observatory

thirty-one feet. Viewed from the Santa Clara valley, Observatory Peak presents a horizontal line against the bluesky in the background, four thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet above the level of the sea.

Before the selection of Mount Hamilton was made, the land was fortunately in the hands of the Federal Government. Through the agency of Aaron A. Sargent, then United States Senator from California, Congress made a grant of sixteen hundred acres, embracing a circle of over one mile below the summit of the mountain, for the uses of the observatory. An additional tract of one hundred and ninety acres of timber-land—principally black oak—was secured with University of California land scrip. The total domain of the observatory is consequently seventeen hundred and ninety acres.

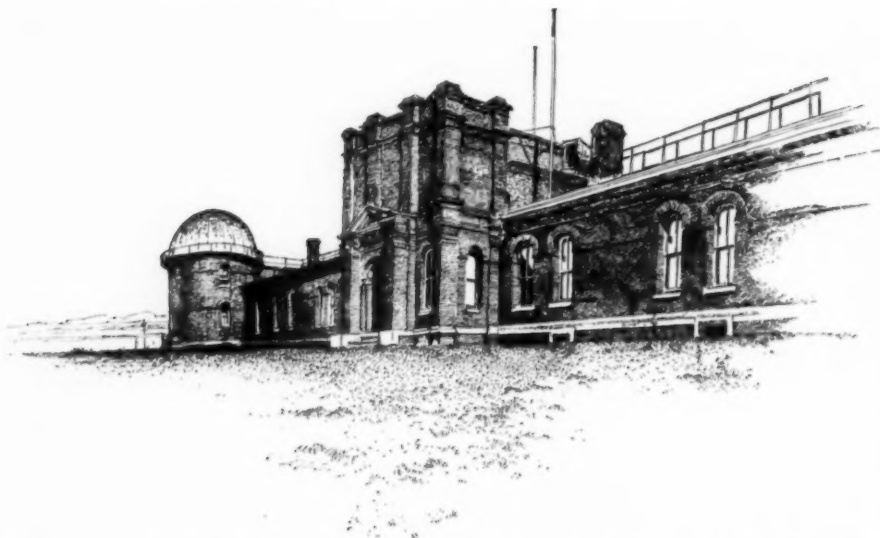
* Professor Holden has since accepted the Presidency of the University of California.



SUMMIT OF MOUNT HAMILTON, LOOKING SOUTH FROM RESERVOIR PEAK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LORVEA & MACAULAY.)

Inasmuch as the site was practically inaccessible, Mr. Lick made the selection of Mount Hamilton conditional on the construction of a suitable wagon-road to the summit by the county of Santa Clara. The condition was accepted, and in due season a road was built, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. This thoroughfare, which is known as Lick Avenue, is twenty miles and a half in length, and is one of the best roads west of the Rocky Mountains. The grade in no place exceeds six feet and three-quarters in one hundred feet. There is no part of it where a carriage team cannot trot comfortably up the grade. Before reaching Lick Avenue from San José, there is a delightful drive of five miles and a half along a splendidly macadamized and level road called Santa Clara Avenue, which passes by some of the most noted vineyards and orchards in the State, and is lined on each side with a double row of Monterey pine and cypress, the vigorous, sturdy growth of the former contrasting strongly with the delicate foliage and shapely branches of the latter. The twenty-six miles from San José to the top of Mount Hamilton can be made with a reasonably good team in four hours, the return trip in three hours; and there are few pleasanter or more picturesque drives in California. The road in ascending the range for many miles overlooks the beautiful valley, whose strawberry patches, onion gardens,

vineyards, orchards, and wheat-fields make a charming piece of natural patchwork, extending twenty miles or more to the south. Two small valleys within the inner Coast Range are crossed before the foot of Mount Hamilton is reached. One of them, Hall's Valley, is largely under cultivation. But the "greaser" or native Californian element predominates among its inhabitants. One of the "ranch" houses, which nestles close to the roadside under the broad branches of an old live-oak tree, will suggest to the wayfarer a Pike County home, and a glimpse of the lank, unkempt tenants will make the suggestion all the stronger. The farm stock have their home under the broad veranda of the one-story cottage, and the poultry find a roost under its roof. But the larger portion of the valley is carefully cultivated, and the vine and the fig-tree are conspicuous among its products. Smith Creek, at the base of Mount Hamilton, is a favorite rendezvous for camping parties from the cities. The gurgling stream abounds in trout, and the mountain slopes and gorges in the neighborhood are full of game. Smith Creek is seven miles by the road from the observatory, but it is only two miles in an air-line. Looking up the almost vertical flank of the mountain, a glimpse of the glistening dome, apparently close by, is to be had. In these two miles the road has to overcome a vertical rise of nearly two thou-



LICK OBSERVATORY, WEST VIEW, SHOWING MAIN ENTRANCE AND NORTH DOME. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. MATHEWS.)

sand feet, and ascends in a zigzag course. At some points a dozen laps of its windings can be seen at one glance within a distance of half a mile. Near the summit it winds twice around the peak.

On the saddle of the ridge uniting the three peaks of the mountain, a cozy cluster of white frame buildings nestles in the shadow of Observatory Peak, which protects it from the keen west wind. The village consists of the superintendent's residence and office, the cabins used by the men employed at the observatory, a blacksmith shop, outhouses for live stock, etc. The ridge is so narrow that the rear half of the superintendent's residence hangs on a slope steeper than the roof of a house, and a few feet from the front is the other slope of the mountain, which is quite as abrupt; and there is no change in the grade on either side for at least a thousand feet.

Work was begun on Lick Observatory July 23, 1880. Few people have any conception of the difficulties which had to be overcome before the enterprise could have hoped of success. Everything — food, tools, building materials, and water — had apparently to be carried to the top of the mountain from the valley. For a long time after work began it was so in fact. Water used for all purposes had to be hauled from Smith Creek. Subsequently a small spring was discovered three hundred and ten feet below the summit of Observatory Peak, and a road seven-eighths of a mile in length had to be constructed to

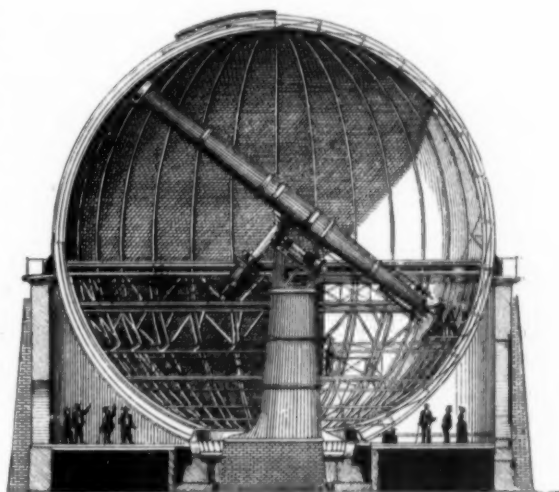
reach it. The highest of the three peaks, which is one mile north-east of the site of the observatory, was selected for reservoir purposes, and on it tanks having a capacity of eighty-seven thousand gallons were erected. Subsequently a large reservoir, capable of holding at least three hundred thousand gallons of water, was excavated in the solid rock, and carefully cemented, as a substitute for these tanks. A small reservoir of similar construction has also been established on the smaller of the three peaks of the mountain. By the use of steam force-pumps and a long line of pipes the water is now raised from the spring into the reservoirs, and by another system of pipes it is conveyed by gravitation through the settlement and to the observatory. The daily capacity of this spring is never under ten thousand gallons in the driest season.

Lumber, cement, lime, stone, and all other building materials had to be hauled from the valley below. Fortunately a bed of excellent brick clay was discovered on a small bench on the west slope of the mountain, eight hundred feet below the summit, but two and one-half miles by the road, and adjacent to it was a spring of water heavily charged with sulphur. All the bricks used in the erection of the massive walls of the observatory were made on that spot, effecting thereby an enormous saving in labor and money. The sandstone caps for telescopic piers, window lintels and sills, etc., were quarried in the outer Coast Range near Gilroy, at the south end of Santa

Clara valley. There was not an ounce of anything suitable for the work where it was needed — on the summit. Even the trap-rock excavated in preparing the foundation, although hard as flint, rapidly decomposed when exposed to the weather. Thus for five years the work has been pushed ahead; but it will be at least two years more before the observatory will be ready to be transferred to the regents of the University of California, in accordance with the provisions of the trust-deed.

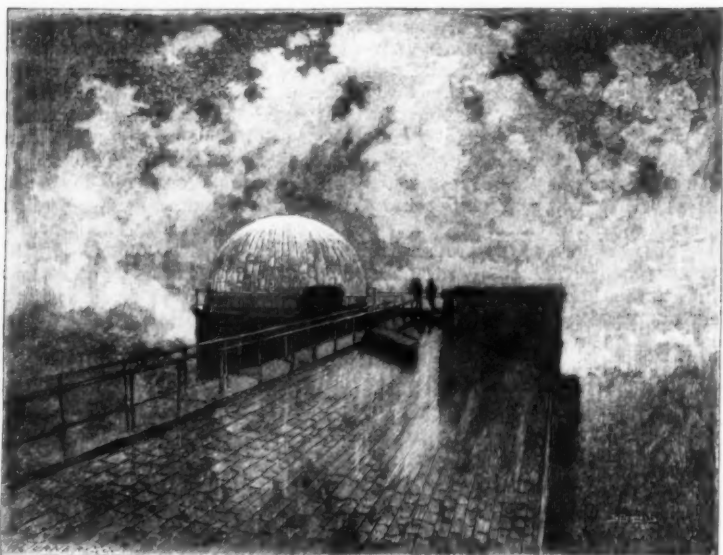
The plan of Lick Observatory provides for a structure two hundred and eighty-seven feet in length, a transit house, meridian circle, a photo-heliograph and heliostat, and a photograph house. The main building stands nearly due north and south and fronts the west. The domes are at each extremity. The south dome will contain the great telescope. Its foundations have been laid in the solid rock, deep enough to be below the reach of frost; but it cannot be finished until the focal length of the telescope shall have been determined, and that cannot be done until the objective glass shall have been made. This dome will be the largest of any observatory in existence. Its great size presents many difficult problems for solution. Correspondence has been carried on by Captain Floyd, the president of the board of trustees, with the best-known astronomers of all countries, touching the various details of the work. An immense volume of this correspondence has accumulated. The outcome of it all has been the devising by Captain Thomas E. Fraser, a very clever young engineer, who has been in the employ of the trustees as superintendent of construction since work began, of a dome which shall be a seven-eighths sphere, resting and revolving on a tower seventy-five feet in circumference. The object of the seven-eighths sphere dome is manifold. In the first place, the friction in moving it will be a minimum. A hemisphere dome of the same diameter would rest on a tower having a circumference of two hundred and seventeen feet. The tower would need be of enormous strength to carry the weight, and the friction in revolving the dome would offer a resistance over one hundred per cent. greater than the seven-eighths sphere. For the seven-eighths sphere, which is likely to be adopted, unless some fatal defect not yet revealed shall in the mean time be detected, the external tower will be raised

level with the greatest diameter of the dome. The frame of the dome will be of steel. The inside of the envelope of the upper hemisphere will be of paper, and the outside of steel plates. The lower half of the sphere will be a mere skeleton of the framework. Around it there will be two fixed galleries for observers, assistants, and students. The observer's chair will be hung opposite the shutter, sliding on an arc nearly corresponding with the arc of the eye-piece of the telescope. This chair will be twenty-two feet in length and five feet in breadth. Shutter and chair will be of nearly corresponding weight, and under the personal control of the observer. As the chair ascends, the shutter will slide down into the



THE GREAT DOME AND TELESCOPE.
(FROM A DESIGN DRAWN BY CAPTAIN THOMAS E. FRASER.)

lower hemisphere, ascending again as the chair descends. By this arrangement, and with the aid of a supplementary shutter overlapping the opening above, there will be only so much of an opening in the slit of the dome as will be absolutely necessary to expose the objective of the telescope. With the galleries and chair so arranged and adjusted, and the broad aisle under the framework, which has a floor surface of two thousand square feet, the seven-eighths dome will contain much more spare room than a dome on the ordinary plan furnished with a movable ladder-chair. The aisle will afford room for an astronomical library, for visitors and other purposes, without interfering with the working of dome, chair, or shutter, as would be the case in other systems. The observer in the Lick dome will be able to perform all his work at the eye-piece



NORTH DOME, FROM THE ROOF OF THE OBSERVATORY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. MATHEWS.)

of the great telescope free from intrusion or interruption, and he will be saved the fatigue and loss of time incurred in ascending and descending a ladder-chair thirty feet or more in height. The dome will weigh fifty tons. It will roll on an endless harnessed carriage. The sole and bed plates will be perfectly protected from any variations of temperature, so that there will be no trouble from expansion and contraction. The following table shows approximately the ratio of quantity of material, cost, and resistance to motion of a hemispherical dome compared with a seven-eighths

sphere, both being sixty-five feet inside diameter :

	$\frac{3}{8}$ sphere.	$\frac{7}{8}$ sphere.
Quantity of metal	1	1.1
Quantity of masonry	1	.59
Cost of metal	1	1.26
Cost of masonry	1	.61
Total cost of dome	1	.915
Total weight above rollers	1	1.35
Length of track in one revolution ..	217 feet	75 feet
Resistance to motion	1	.46

Shutter, chair, and dome will be moved by hydraulic power, controlled by the observer in his chair, after a plan devised by Captain Floyd.



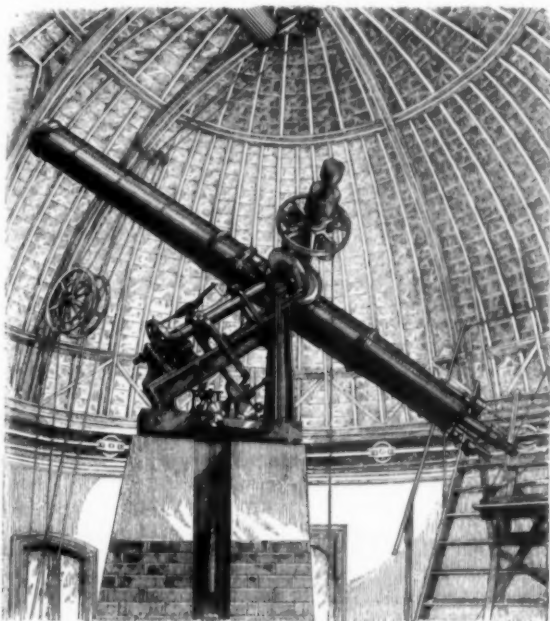
A SEA OF FOG, LOOKING WEST FROM OBSERVATORY PEAK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LORVEA & MACAULAV.)

Pending the completion of the thirty-six-inch objective by the Clarks, Captain Fraser's plans have been submitted to the criticism of American and foreign astronomers, photographs of the drawings and copies of the specifications having been sent to them. Interesting criticisms—some favorable and some unfavorable, but none affecting the feasibility of the plans—have been received from accomplished astronomers. A working model six feet in diameter, made by Captain Fraser with his own hands, gives perfect satisfaction.

The north dome, which has been finished for some time, contains a splendid twelve-inch equatorial made by the Clarks, which has been mounted for more than three years. This dome is twenty-nine feet six inches in diameter. It is twenty-four feet in height, and thirteen feet five inches in diameter at the base and eight feet at the top, which is capped with a block of Gilroy sandstone, on which the telescope is mounted. In the base of the pier is a large vault for the storage of valuables. It is considered one of the finest structures ever built to sustain a twelve-inch equatorial. Midway between the two domes is a broad central hall, opening on the west and the east sides, to the right of which, looking westward, are the visitors' room, dormitory for observers, and clock room; to the left, the secretary's room, library, and computers' room.

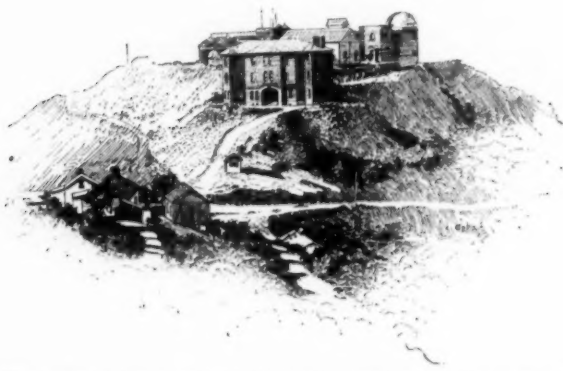
The framework of the north dome is made of steamed bent oak. The covering is thin copper sheeting, plated inside with tin and outside with nickel. It is this bright nickel covering reflecting the sun's rays which makes the dome visible afar off. Through the employment of these light materials, the weight of the dome has been reduced to a minimum. It consequently requires less effort to revolve it, and there is less strain on the walls of the tower. The shutter covering the opening through which the telescope is pointed is a rolling sheet of corrugated steel, attached to wire ropes sliding on friction-pulleys. The sides work in grooves discharging into the drain-channel of the dome, so that when the shutter is down no moisture can get inside. This shutter when rolled up is only one foot in diameter, and is far enough back to give the observer at least six inches clear in the

zenith. It is worked by endless wire ropes conducted to pulleys attached to the lower side of the dome opposite the slit, which are set in motion by hand-ropes. The dome revolves on a harnessed endless triple-wheeled carriage and double track. The outer and inner wheels run on these tracks. The middle wheel receives the friction of the iron girder forming the base of the dome. Guide-wheels run on an inside plate, and a clutch grips a rim on the upper edge of this plate, anchoring the dome securely to the tower. An endless wire rope running in a groove around the outer rim of the tower, over a couple of large



INTERIOR OF NORTH DOME—THE TWELVE-INCH TELESCOPE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LORVEA & MACAULAY.)

pulleys, and then through the wall to a drum set in a recess inside, is the simple machinery used for revolving the dome. It is now worked by hand, and can be operated easily by a child. It is intended ultimately to work this and all other machinery in the observatory by hydraulic power. Suitable piping has been laid under-ground throughout the building to carry water for domestic use and hydraulic power and for gas, with which the structure may be illuminated hereafter. Hydrants have been placed at convenient intervals along the pipe line, from the spring to the reservoir, and from the latter to the observatory, for use in case of fire in the buildings or in the chaparral on the mountain slopes.



RESIDENCE OF OBSERVATORY ASTRONOMERS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. MATHEWS.)

The transit house is east of the north dome, and is made of corrugated galvanized sheet iron, standing on a foundation of brick set in the solid rock. It contains, besides a four-inch transit instrument, a sidereal clock — a splendid timepiece — of Amsterdam make, two chronometers made by Negus of New York, a chronograph, and a portable four-inch comet-seeker. The wooden shutter is worked by means of a lever, and is so nicely balanced that, although weighing five hundred pounds, a pull of ten pounds is sufficient to raise it.

The photo-heliograph and heliostat, photo-graph house, meridian-circle house, a large brick residence for the astronomers employed at the observatory, and all of the main building, excepting the south or great dome, have been completed. The meridian-circle house has double walls, the outer one being of iron and the inner of wood. An equable temperature is thus secured in the interior. It contains a six-inch meridian-circle of the best quality, constructed by A. Repsold & Sons, of Hamburg, which is the pride of the observatory. Adjoining the meridian-circle house, but lower down the eastern slope of Observatory Peak, is the astronomers' residence, a large double brick structure. A covered passage joins the upper story to the meridian-circle house, which will enable the astronomers to pass to and fro without exposure to the weather. No part of the main building of the observatory, excepting the north dome and the library, has been furnished. The library contains already about fifteen hundred bound volumes, all carefully selected, and also a large number of unbound pamphlets and magazines pertaining specially to astronomical matters. A telegraph and telephone line connects the observatory with the system of the Western

Union Telegraph Company at the city of San José.

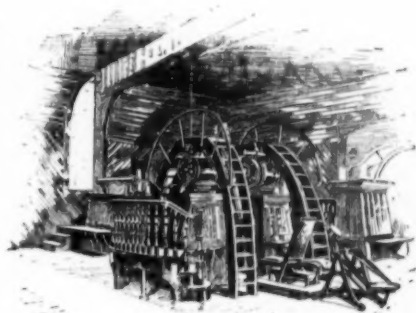
The view from Observatory Peak is magnificent in its range and varied beauty. Excepting a small patch in the north-east, which is shut out by the other peaks of the mountain, the horizon in every direction is unobstructed. Half a dozen towns and cities may be seen or located within a radius of fifty miles. Through the depressions in the outer Coast Range, lying west of Santa Clara valley and twenty miles off, may be seen at sunset the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The Sierra Nevada, one hundred and thirty miles to the east, come out sharp and distinct at sunrise. A snow-capped peak, supposed to be Lassen Butte, one hundred and seventy-five miles distant, is occasionally visible in the north. On an exceptionally clear day a full-rigged ship with all sail set has been observed through a glass emerging from the Golden Gate and entering San Francisco Bay, fifty miles off. The country lying to the north, east, and south-east is very rugged. The valleys are deep and narrow. One of the gorges in the vicinity of Mount Hamilton is reputed to have been a favorite retreat of Joaquin Murietta, the famous bandit whose name was a terror to the early settlers of the State. A spring, situated a mile and a half east of Observatory Peak, at which he is said to have drawn water, now bears the name of "Joaquin's Spring." The outlaw could have selected, in those days, no securer retreat. He was perfectly safe in it from pursuit, as it was then practically inaccessible. The gap in the outer Coast Range caused by Monterey Bay, now one of the most popular watering-resorts in California, is visible in the south, and the outline of Salinas valley is traceable in the hazy distance beyond.

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Dense fogs are among the atmospheric phenomena common to the California coast. The west wind, which blows almost every afternoon through the summer season, brings up a great bank of fog from the ocean as the sun sets. This rolls inshore in the evening, filling the coast valleys, and enveloping the outer Coast Range. It pours into Santa Clara valley from the Golden Gate on the north, and from Monterey Bay to the south, and climbs the flanks of the inner Coast Range during the night. This sea of fog, from the summit of Mount Hamilton, is a weird and beautiful sight in early morning before the sun has had time to dissipate it. It resembles nothing so much as the heaving, wavy ocean whence it came, excepting that it differs from it in color. Its fleecy surface glistens like burnished silver. On no occasion has this great fog-bank ever been known to overtop Observatory Peak. In November, 1882, during a strong gale, the fog was driven higher up the mountain than ever before, so far as is known, reaching the four-thousand-foot line. The phenomenon was so interesting that a photograph of the scene was taken from the roof of the observatory. It is rarely that these coast fogs reach an elevation of two thousand feet, as determined by observations made by Professor George Davidson, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and their average height is fifteen hundred feet. This freedom from the coast fogs greatly enhances the value of Mount Hamilton as a site for an astronomical observatory. The trade-winds, which drive the fog inshore, blow strong and steady all night long on the summit through the summer season, frequently attaining a velocity of thirty miles an hour, and humming a cheerful melody in the ears of the observer in the dome.

The approximate geographical position of Observatory Peak has been determined by Professor S. W. Burnham, of Chicago, at longitude $121^{\circ} 21' 40''$ west and latitude $37^{\circ} 21' 3''$ north. The great altitude and southerly position of Lick Observatory give it a zone of fifteen or twenty degrees farther south to sweep with its telescopes than any other American or any European observatory. It was this fact, and the purity and steadiness of the atmosphere on the mountain, that enabled Professor Burnham, during a sojourn extending from August 17, 1879, to the 16th of the following October, to catalogue forty-two new double stars with the aid of a six-inch refractor temporarily mounted in a small canvas dome. One of these double stars was $47^{\circ} 18'$ south declination. "Close pairs," he says, "can be observed at least down to 43° south declination." Of the sixty nights then

spent by Professor Burnham on the mountain, he found forty-two nights to be first-class for astronomical purposes, seven were medium nights, and eleven were cloudy and foggy. On the first-class nights he was able to use the highest powers advantageously, getting "sharp, well-defined images," and he was able to measure satisfactorily "the closest and most difficult double stars within the grasp of the instrument." On medium nights "only moderate powers, say up to 200," were profitably used. It is claimed that the astronomer may be sure of at least 250 good nights in every year on Mount Hamilton, 150 of which will be such as are rarely enjoyed at any of the Eastern observatories.



INTERIOR OF MERIDIAN-CIRCLE HOUSE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. MATTHEWS.)

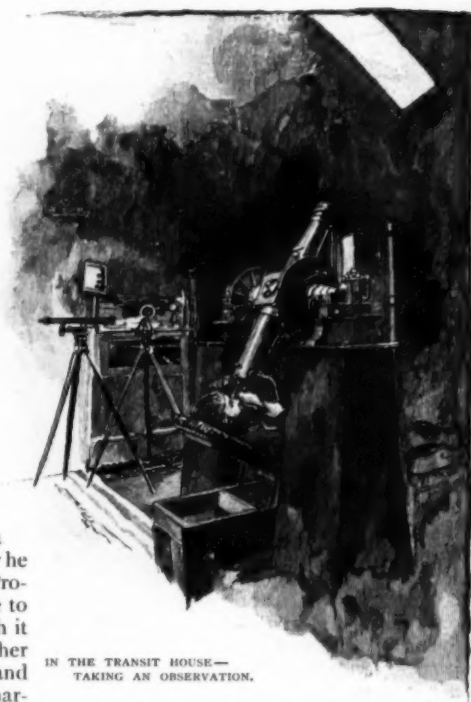
The atmosphere on Mount Hamilton is remarkably dry. It is a condition which has charmed the professional soul of every astronomer that has visited it. "The average difference between the wet and dry bulb thermometers" Professor Burnham found for the first five weeks of his stay to be $18^{\circ} 4'$, "giving, by Blanford's tables calculated for a mean barometer, 25.8 inches, a relative humidity of about .27. . . . The lowest relative humidity was .06. . . . The average daily maximum temperature in the shade, for the first five weeks, was 88° , and the minimum 64° . The thermometer at 9 P. M. would ordinarily be 12° or 15° lower than at 3 P. M. . . . During the last two weeks a much lower temperature was reached, on one occasion the minimum thermometer indicating 30° ." As the summer and fall weather of one year in California is like that of every other year, the results noted by Professor Burnham may be accepted as fairly applicable to the summer and fall weather of any year at Lick

Observatory. In the winter the snow accumulates to the depth of about four feet, and gales are not unusual, although the greatest velocity recorded is under fifty miles an hour. The snowfall sometimes temporarily cuts off communication with the valley, reaching two thousand feet down the mountain's sides.

The transit of Mercury in 1881 was successfully observed at Lick Observatory by Professor Edward S. Holden; and Professor Simon Newcomb at one time thought of adopting it as his station for observing the transit of Venus, December 7, 1882. An examination of the meteorological record of the mountain and of the State generally, as far back as such had been kept, showed, however, an unfavorable condition of weather prevailing on or about that date. Professor Newcomb therefore abandoned the idea and went to the Cape of Good Hope. After he had thus decided, President Floyd invited Professor David P. Todd of Amherst College to direct the observations of the transit which it had been fully resolved should be made, weather permitting. The invitation was accepted, and the results were of the most satisfactory character. The weather was remarkably favorable. The air was absolutely tranquil, the sky cloudless, the temperature never falling to sixty degrees, and rising nearly to seventy degrees in the shade at noon. Observations of the



INTERIOR OF THE PHOTOGRAPH HOUSE.



IN THE TRANSIT HOUSE—
TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

transit and two contacts at egress were made by Captain Floyd with the twelve-inch equatorial, and of the contacts by Professor Todd with the four-inch transit instrument, mounted on its reversing carriage. But the most important work of the day was photographic. One hundred and forty-seven plates were exposed, of which one hundred and twenty-five were available for micrometric measurement. The Mount Hamilton photographic record of the transit of Venus has since been treated, in computing the general results, as among the most valuable of the observations of that rare and interesting celestial phenomenon. A triplicate of these photographic records and certain materials used in making them, which may have to be referred to in computing the results, form the first batch of strictly original scientific data stored in the vaults of Lick Observatory.

Of the larger public institutions provided for in James Lick's trust-deed, the observatory is the only one which the resources of the estate have as yet enabled the trustees to do anything with. The property constituting the estate might have been disposed of years ago, but it would have been at ruinous prices, and some of Mr. Lick's benefactions would never have been consummated. Only such property has been sold as commanded a fair

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price and as was necessary to dispose of to pay the expenses of the observatory and the personal legacies and private monuments named in the trust-deed. To the trustees the administration of the estate has in a great measure been one of love. The compensation allowed each one in the trust-deed is only one thousand dollars per annum. Up to the 31st of August, 1885, there had been spent on the observatory three hundred thousand dollars. What it will cost by the time it is completed cannot be stated. But the trustees believe that of the seven hundred thousand dollars assigned to the observatory in the trust-deed, there will be enough left, after the structure is finished and the great telescope mounted, to constitute a fund for the perpetual maintenance of the institution (including the regular employment of an efficient corps of astronomers) by the regents of the University of California. There remains, however, only the south dome, for the reception of the great telescope, to build. Its dimensions will depend upon the focal length of the telescope.

As soon as that shall have been determined, work on the dome will begin. Its foundations have already been laid, and the bricks for its walls are on the ground. It is the belief of the trustees that they will be able to transfer the observatory to the University regents in 1887.

Strange to say, James Lick made no provision in the trust-deed or any other written instrument for the disposition of his remains; but some time during the last year of his life he expressed a wish to a friend that his body be buried on Mount Hamilton, within or adjacent to the observatory. In the base of the pier sustaining the great equatorial telescope, it is intended to construct a vault thirty feet in diameter and the same in height. In this vault the body of James Lick will probably find its last resting-place. He was a solitary in life, and in death he will also be isolated. But the observatory, from which there are hopes of great accomplishments in the future, will be his magnificent tomb and monument, as well as a precious instrument for the advancement of the most sublime of the sciences.

Taliesin Evans.



TO WILL H. LOW:

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE DEDICATION OF HIS DRAWINGS FOR KEATS'S "LAMIA."

YOUTH now flees on feathered foot.
Faint and fainter sounds the flute,
Rarer songs of gods,—

And still

Somewhere on the sunny hill,
Or along the winding stream,
Through the willows, flits a dream;
Flits, but shows a smiling face,
Flees, but with so quaint a grace,
None can choose to stay at home,—
All must follow—all must roam.

This is unborn beauty: she
Now in air floats high and free,
Takes the sun, and breaks the blue;—
Late, with stooping pinion flew
Raking hedgerow trees and wet

Her wing in silver streams, and set
Shining foot on temple roof.
Now again she flies aloof,
Coasting mountain clouds, and kissed
By the evening's amethyst.

In wet wood and miry lane
Still we pound and pant in vain;
Still with earthy foot we chase
Waning pinion, fainting face;
Still, with gray hair, we stumble on,
Till—behold!—the vision gone.

Where has fleeting beauty led?
To the doorway of the dead:

Life is gone, but life was gay:
We have come the primrose way!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

The above verses and the following words from his letter to his friend are here printed by permission of the author:

"I have copied out on the other sheet some verses, which somehow your pictures suggested: as a kind

of image of things that I pursue and cannot reach, and that you seem—no, not to have reached, but to have come a thought nearer to than I. This is the life we have chosen; well, the choice was mad, but I should make it again."

PERTURBED SPIRITS.

1.

WHEN it was announced that Mr. Francis Meredith had been appointed secretary to the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society, the friends of the other candidates for that office were violently indignant, and declared that the appointment was one conspicuously unfit to be made. The friends of Mr. Francis Meredith smiled pleasantly as they protested mildly in his behalf; they said that he would do very well after he mastered the duties of the post, and that the work was not onerous, even for a man wholly unused to any regular occupation; but while they were saying with their tongues that Fanny Meredith was a good fellow, in their hearts they were wondering how a round young man would manage in a square hole. From this it may be inferred that the opponents of the appointment were altogether in the right, and that one fortunate man owed the place to a freak of favoritism.

It may serve to indicate the character of Mr. Francis Meredith to record that to his intimates he was known, not as Frank, but as Fanny. He was a charming and most lady-like young man, who toiled not neither did he spin. He owed his exemption from labor and his social standing to the fact that he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow of large wealth. He had managed, somehow or other, to creep through college in the course of five years. He was a kindly youth, but heedless, careless, scatterbrained, and fixing his mind with ease only on the one object of his existence—the conducting of a cotillion. To conduct the cotillion decently and in order seemed to Fanny Meredith to be the crowning glory of a young gentleman's career. Unfortunately his mother's trustee made unwise investments and died, leaving his affairs curiously entangled, and it became necessary for Meredith to do something for himself. He scorned a place under government; besides, he could not pass the examination with any hope of appointment. As it happened, Mrs. Meredith's trustee had been the secretary of the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society, and his death made it possible to work out a sort of poetic justice by giving the post to Fanny Meredith.

It is difficult to speak without awe of that august conclave, the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society. During the original

Dutch ownership of Manhattan Island, and before New Amsterdam experienced a change of heart and became New York, certain worthy burghers of the city had combined in a benevolent association which continued its labors even after the English capture of the colony and through the long struggle of the Revolution. When at last New York was firmly established as the Empire City, no one of its institutions was more deeply rooted or more abundantly flourishing than the Saint Nicholas Relief Society. It was rich, for it had received lands and tenements and hereditaments which had multiplied in value and increased in income with the growth of the city. It did much good. It was admirably managed. It had a delightful aroma of antiquity, denied to most American institutions. It was fashionable. It was exclusive. To be a member of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society was the New York equivalent to the New England ownership of a portrait by Copley,—it was a certificate of gentle birth. To be elected to the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society was indisputable evidence that a man's family had been held in honor here in New York for two centuries. Just as the court circles of Austria are closed to any one who cannot show sixteen quarterings, so the unwritten law of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society forbade the election to the council of any one whose ancestors had not settled in Manhattan Island before it surrendered to Colonel Nicolls in 1664.

Among the descendants of the scant fifteen hundred inhabitants of New Amsterdam were not a few shrewd men of business. The affairs of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society were always ably and adroitly managed, and the property of the society was well administered. Its annual revenues were greatly increased by a yearly ball given just before Lent allowed the ladies of fashion time to repent of their sins. This public ball—for it was public practically, as any man might enter who could pay the high price asked for a ticket—being patronized by the most fashionable ladies of New York, was always crushingly attended, to the replenishment of the coffers of the charity. To this public ball there succeeded, after the interval of Lent, a private dinner of the council, invariably given on the Tuesday in Easter week, the Tuesday after Paas. The Dutch word still lingers, and perhaps the Paas dinner of the council of the

Saint Nicholas Relief Society may have helped to keep it alive and in the mouths of men.

To attend to the annual ball and to the Paas dinner were the chief duties of the secretary of the council; it is possible even to assert that these were his sole duties. He had nothing whatever to do with the management of the society; he was the secretary of the council only; and it was precisely because the obligations of the office were little more than ornamental that the friends of Mr. Francis Meredith maintained his perfect ability to fulfill them satisfactorily. He had been elected at the January meeting of the council, and he was told to exercise a general supervision over the arrangements of the ball, which was to take place just in the middle of February — on Saint Valentine's day, in fact.

"I wonder how Fanny Meredith will make out," said Mr. Delancey Jones, when he heard of the appointment. "Fanny Meredith is a good-looking fellow, and a good fellow too, and the girls all say he dances divinely; but he is more different kinds of a fool than any other man I know!"

As it happened, Fanny Meredith had very little to do with the ball, but he did that little wrong. He blundered in every inconceivable manner and with the most imperturbable good humor. He altered the advertisements, for one thing, just as they were going to the newspapers and without consultation with any one; and the next morning the members of the council were shocked to see that tickets would be for sale at the door until midnight — there having been hitherto a pleasing convention that tickets could be had only by those vouched for by members of the society. Then, at the February meeting of the council, he arose with the smile of a man about to impart wisdom and suggested that as the clergymen of New York were always willing to lend a helping hand to charity, it would be a very clever device if they were to request the rectors of the fashionable churches to make from the altar formal announcement of the ball, with full particulars as to the price of tickets and the persons from whom these might be purchased. And when the night of the ball arrived at last, and Fanny Meredith was requested to welcome the journalists who came to "write it up" and to provide for their comfort, internal and external, he said something to Harry Brackett, who had been sent up from the "Gotham Gazette" to provide a picturesque description of the ball, to be supplemented by the more personal notes of the "society reporter." Just what it was that Fanny Meredith said to Harry Brackett no one has ever been able to ascertain exactly, but, whatever it was, it took the journalist

completely by surprise; he looked at the secretary of the council for a minute in dazed astonishment, and then, his sense of humor overcoming his indignation, he said slowly, "Somebody must have left a door open somewhere, and this thing blew in!"

But the petty errors the new secretary committed at the ball were as nothing to the mighty blunder he made at the Paas dinner of the council. The Saint Nicholas Relief Society may have any number of annual subscribers, but it has only two hundred members elected for life. From these two hundred members is chosen a council of twenty-one. Among the members are many ladies, and at least a third of the council are of the sex which wears ear-rings. It is this mingling of sharp men and clever women in the council which gives its strength to the Saint Nicholas Relief Society. In nothing is the skill of the management shown to more advantage than in the choice of members of the council. There are young ladies, there are old bachelors, there are substantial matrons, and there are fathers of families; and they dwell together in unity, so far, at least, as the Saint Nicholas Relief Society is concerned. A meeting of the council presents a sight at once heterogeneous and characteristic. Possibly it is this variety of persons and of points of view that makes the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society so successful as it has been in its task of administering wealth and of ministering to the needy. Certainly the dissimilarity of character and the unity of object help to make the annual Paas dinner a season of refreshment. Most of the members of the council are busy, but it is very rare indeed for one of them to be absent from his seat or from her seat, as the case may be, at the Paas dinner.

The number of the council is twenty-one, and has always been twenty-one. Fanny Meredith forgot all about the Paas dinner until reminded of it less than a week before Easter. Then he rushed off to the old-fashioned restaurant where the dinner was always given, and he spent four hours there in the ordering of a proper series of courses for twenty-one people. He had seized the nearest annual report of the society, and he gave it to a copyist with a score of blank invitation cards, telling her to send them out to the members of the council, in accordance with a list printed at the end of the report. The copyist did as she was bidden, and the invitations went forth by the post.

But when the members of the council assembled on the evening of the Tuesday after Easter they were only thirteen in number. They waited nearly an hour for the other

eight, and then they sat down ill at ease. While they were yet eating their oysters Mr. Francis Meredith came in to gaze on his handiwork. Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., asked him if he had sent all the invitations.

"Of course I did," he answered; "you don't think I could make a mistake about a little thing like that, do you?"

To this leading question there was no answer; so Meredith continued, taking a report from his pocket:

"I wouldn't trust myself to write them, so I gave this list to a copyist, and I put all the envelopes in the post myself."

"Let me see that report," said Mr. Leisler, holding out his hand. Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., was the chairman of the finance committee, and a man speaking with authority. On the present occasion he was presiding.

The unsuspecting Fanny gave him the pamphlet. Mr. Leisler glanced at it, read the list of the council, turned to the date on the title-page, and then inquired calmly:

"Mr. Meredith, do you know when this report was printed?"

"Last fall, of course," answered the secretary.

"Just twenty-two years ago last fall," Mr. Leisler returned; "so if you have invited to this dinner here to-night the council whose names appear in this report, you have not asked the eight absent members who are alive, and you have asked eight members who are dead! And that accounts for the empty chairs here."

Fanny Meredith laughed feebly, and then he laughed again faintly. At last he murmured, "I seem to have made a mistake."

As he shrank away toward the door, amid an embarrassed silence, Mr. Leisler whispered harshly to a mature and sharp-featured lady who sat at his right:

"And we seem to have made a mistake when we elected him to be secretary to the council."

There was a gentle murmur of assent from the members of the council, in which nearly all joined, excepting a young old maid with frank eyes and cheerful countenance, who was sitting about half-way down the dinner-table, with a vacant seat by her side. She looked at the abashed Fanny Meredith with a compassionate smile of encouragement.

"Since you have not attended to your duty," said Mr. Leisler severely, checking the helpless secretary on the threshold, "since you have not seen that the other members of the council received invitations, of course they will not come—we cannot expect them. We must dine by ourselves—thirteen at table. I cannot speak for the others, but to me it is

most unpleasant to see those eight empty chairs!"

As the crestfallen Fanny Meredith retreated hastily from the dining-room, he could not help hearing this rebuke heartily approved by the council.

II.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., and Mrs. Vedder, the energetic lady on his right, and Miss Mary Van Dyne, the pleasant-faced old maid farther down on his left, and Mr. Joshua Hoffman, who sat beside her, and the rest of the thirteen members of the council who were present, saw eight empty chairs, which made awkward gaps in the company about the board—although they could count only thirteen at table, it is to be recorded that in reality these eight chairs were not empty. They were filled by those to whom the cards of invitation had been sent—the former members of the council, dead and gone in the score of years and more since the printing of the report which the new secretary had used. To the eyes of the living the eight seats were vacant. To the eyes of one who had power to see the spiritual and intangible they were occupied by those who had been bidden to the feast. How the invitations had reached their addresses no one might know, but they had been received, and they had been accepted; and the invited guests sat at the council as they had been wont to sit there twenty-two years before. Perhaps the invitations had gone to the Dead Letter Office, and so had been forwarded to the dead whose names they bore; perhaps they had been taken—but speculation is idle. It matters not how or by whom the invitations had been delivered, there sat the ghostly guests, in their places around the dinner-table of the council. There they sat in the eight chairs, which to the eye of man were empty.

It was the first time that the dead had been bidden to this feast of the living. It was the first time since they had laid down the burdens of this world that they had been allowed to mingle with their friends on earth. It was the first time—and they feared it might be the last, and they were eager to make the most of their good fortune. For a long while they sat silently listening with avidity to all stray fragments of news about those whom they had left behind them in the land of the living. Some of these spectral visitors had only recently quitted this life, and perhaps they were the most anxious to learn the sayings and doings of those they had loved and left. Some of them had been dead for years, and their placid faces wore a pleasant expression of restful and comforting tranquillity. One of

them, a handsome young fellow in a dark blue uniform with faded shoulder-straps, had fallen twenty-two years before in the repulse of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Another had gone down in the *Ville de Nice*, in the Bay of Biscay, in 1872. A third, a venerable man with silvery hair and a gentle look in his soft gray eyes, had died of old age only a few months before.

Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., sat at the head of the table, and at his right hand was Mrs. Vedder, a square-faced lady of an uncertain age, with grizzled hair and a masterful mouth. The chair on her right was apparently empty, to her evident dissatisfaction. Probably her annoyance would have been acutely increased had she been aware that the invisible occupant of this place by her side was Jesse Van Twiller, her first husband, dead these ten years or more, during eight of which she had been another man's wife.

Jesse Van Twiller had been among the earliest to arrive; and when he found that his wife was to sit next to him he was delighted. No spook ever wore a broader smile than that which graced his features as Mrs. Vedder took her place at table by his side. But his joy was commingled with a portion of apprehension, as though he feared his wife as much as he loved her. He was a little man, of a nervous temperament, with a timid look and an expression of subdued meekness, as though he was used to be overriden by an overbearing woman. He glanced up as his former wife sat down. He seemed disconcerted when her eyes fell on him with no look of welcome recognition. For a moment he wondered if he had offended her in any way since they had parted. Then, all at once, he knew that she had not seen him: he was invisible to mortal eyes. He chafed against this condition; he wanted her to see him and to know how glad he was to see her. To be there by her side, to be able to stretch his arm about her waist as he had done in the days of yore, to long to fold her to his heart which beat for her alone, and to be powerless as he was even to communicate to her the fact of his presence—this was most painful. The poor ghost felt that fate was hard on him. He would have given years of his spectral existence for two or three hours of human life.

These were his feelings at first. Then he wondered how she would receive him if she knew he were in her presence. He gazed at her intently as though to read her thoughts. She was older than she was when he had died—there was no doubt about that. She had the same commanding mien, the same superb port, the same majestic sweep of the

arm. Yet it seemed to the man who had left her a widow that the air of domineering determination he recalled so well was not a little softened, as though from want of use. "She has missed me!" he said to himself. "How gladly would I have her scold me now as she used to scold me so often, if only she could see me! She could not rebuke me for being late this time, but she could easily find something else to find fault about. I shouldn't care how much she bullied me, so long as I could tell her I was here. And then," he concluded cautiously, "if she made it too hot for me, I could be a ghost again, and she would be so surprised!"

Just then Mr. Leisler spoke to the spouse of the spook.

"I was beginning to fear that we might be deprived of your presence too, Mrs. Vedder," he said. "Were you not a little late?"

Jesse Van Twiller looked at his old friend Leisler in the greatest surprise. Why had he addressed Mrs. Van Twiller as Mrs. Vedder? The first husband even turned and looked at the chair next to his, on the chance that that was occupied by the lady addressed; but Mr. Leisler's own wife sat there. His astonishment increased as he heard his wife's answer.

"Yes," she said, "we were late. But it was not my fault. The doctor is a most unpunctual man."

"The doctor?" thought Van Twiller. "What doctor? and what had she to do with any doctor? Had she been ill? She seemed to be in robust health."

"Dr. Vedder is a busy man," rejoined Mr. Leisler, "and perhaps he cannot control his time."

So it was Dr. Vedder his wife had been waiting for. Van Twiller looked across the table at Dr. Vedder, whom he knew very well and had never liked. Dr. Vedder was a sarcastic man, with a sharp tongue, and a knack of saying disagreeable things. It was Dr. Vedder who had once asserted that Van Twiller had no more sense of humor than a hand-organ. Suddenly, with a sharp pang of jealousy, Van Twiller recalled a vague, fleeting, and half-forgotten memory of Dr. Vedder's admiration for Mrs. Van Twiller. He remembered that the doctor had once declared that he liked a masterful woman, and that Mrs. Van Twiller was a Katharine with a poor Petruchio quite incapable of taming her. "That's no reason he should keep his wife waiting," said the former Mrs. Van Twiller plaintively.

"His wife!" repeated Van Twiller to himself. "Who is his wife?"

"I was never treated in that way by my first husband," continued the lady.

"Her first husband!" The poor ghost shrank back. At last he saw the change in the situation. His wife was not his wife any more. She was the wife of Dr. Vedder, a man whom he had disliked always, and whom now he hated. He was seized by a burning rage of jealousy, but he was powerless to express his feelings. His condition was hard to bear, for he could see, he could hear, he could suffer, and he could do nothing.

As Van Twiller was thinking this out hotly, the sharp voice of Dr. Vedder stabbed him suddenly.

"I have noticed," remarked the doctor, who was seated exactly opposite his wife's first husband, "that a woman always thinks more highly of a man after he is dead and gone. She is ready enough to praise him when it is too late for the commendation to comfort him. I believe a widow doubly cherishes the memory of a hen-pecked husband."

With the suave smile of a conscious peace-maker, who sees possible offense in a speech, Mr. Leisler said, "You are hard on the widows, Doctor."

"Not at all," the doctor answered, with a dry little wrinkle at the corners of his mouth, "not at all. I am a scientific observer, making logical deductions from a multitude of facts. To the man who lives out West, the only good Indian is a dead Indian; so to the widow, the only good husband is the dead husband!"

"I'm sure," cried Mrs. Vedder indignantly, "that Mr. Van Twiller would never have said anything like that."

"Certainly not," her husband replied. "Van Twiller couldn't, for Van Twiller wasn't a scientific observer."

A covert sneer in Dr. Vedder's tone as he said this cut little Van Twiller to the soul, and again he longed for material hands that he might clutch his rival by the throat. At the thought of his absolute inability to do aught for himself, he shivered with despair.

It was perhaps some frigid emanation from Van Twiller which affected Mrs. Vedder's nerves, for she shuddered slightly before replying to her husband.

"It is not for us to bandy words now about Mr. Van Twiller's attainments," she remarked deliberately. "He was truly a gentleman, with all the mildness of a gentleman, quite incapable of giving any one a harsh word or a cross look."

"In fact, he had absolutely no faults at all," said Dr. Vedder sarcastically. But if he could then have seen the expression on the pallid face of his predecessor, he would have been in a position to contradict his wife's last assertion.

"He had very few indeed!" replied his wife; "in my eyes he was perfect!"

She paused for a second, and Van Twiller wished that she had believed in his perfection while he was alive. Then she added bitterly, "To know him was to love him!"

The dry little wrinkle returned to the corners of Dr. Vedder's mouth as he answered quietly, "Perhaps so — I didn't know him well!"

And again the poor ghost writhed in invisible anguish, utterly helpless to resent the insult.

"I remember Mr. Van Twiller distinctly," remarked Mr. Leisler blandly; "he was an easy-going and good-natured man, with a kind word for everybody."

"In fact, he was everybody's friend," Dr. Vedder returned, "and nobody's enemy but his own. His best quality in my eyes is that he is not here to-night."

The doctor could not know that the little man at whom he was girding was separated from him by the breadth of the table only, and was suffering with his whole being as every sneer reached its mark far more surely than he who shot the chance arrow could guess.

"You are bitter," said Mr. Leisler easily; "I fear you are a misanthrope."

The doctor laughed a little, and answered, "No, I'm not exactly a misanthrope or even a misogynist, but I have ceased to be philanthropic since I discovered that man is descended from a monkey."

Mrs. Vedder was about to make a hasty reply to this, when she caught the doctor's eye. To the surprise of Van Twiller, she hesitated, checked herself suddenly, and said nothing. He wondered how it was that his wife had changed; he knew that she had never quailed before his eye; and he found himself doubting whether he would not have preferred to see her show her old spirit. He saw that she was sadly tamed now; and he marveled why he should regret the quenching of her fiery spirit. She did not seem the same to him, and he missed the old mastery to which he was accustomed. This blunted the joy of the meeting he had anticipated hopefully ever since he had received the invitation. His wife was no longer his. She was not even the woman he had loved, honored, and obeyed for years. The poor ghost felt lonelier than he had ever felt before. He began to regret that he had been permitted again to come on earth.

A waiter had filled Dr. Vedder's glass. He took it in his hand. "No," he said, "I'm not a philanthropist; I take no stock in the aggressive optimism of the sentimentalists. In fact, I suppose I'm a persistent pessimist. What is my fellow-man to me — or my fellow-woman either?"

Mr. Jacob Leisler, Jr., was not a man whose perceptions were fine or quick, but he was moved to resent clumsily the offensiveness of these words.

"But your wife ——" he began.

"Oh, my wife!" interrupted Dr. Vedder; "my wife and I are one, you know."

Van Twiller looked at Mrs. Vedder to see how she would take this. She said nothing. She smiled acidly. It was not doubtful that she was greatly changed.

"I try to shape my course by the doctrine of enlightened selfishness," continued the doctor. "Let us enjoy life while we may. Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. In the struggle for existence the fittest survive and the weakest are weeded out — and so much the better!"

Both Mrs. Vedder and Mr. Leisler made ready to reply, when the doctor suddenly went on, sharpening his voice to its keenest edge:

"So much the better for him! Your dead man is your happy man. He has no enemies, and even his widow praises him — especially if she has remarried. In fact, he has all the virtues, now he has no use for any of them." Then the doctor raised his glass. "The toast of the English in India suggests true wisdom, after all:

"Ho! stand to your glasses steady!

The world is a world of lies;

A cup to the dead already,

And hurrah for the next man that dies!"

Mr. Leisler drew himself up with dignity and addressed the doctor with a stiff severity of manner:

"I am surprised, Dr. Vedder, that you should express such views of life on such an occasion as this. I confess I do not hold with you at all. I ——"

"You cannot lure me into a debate at dinner," the doctor answered, as Mr. Leisler paused for fit words to express his complicated feelings. "I never get into a discussion at table, for the man who isn't hungry always has the best of the argument."

The unfortunate spook, forced to listen to this unmannerly talk of the man who had married his widow, sat silent and abashed. He knew not what to think. He did not recognize his wife. When he was alive she had been full of fiery vigor and of undaunted spirit. He would never have dared to address her thus boldly and to brave the wrath which was wont to flame out, at odd moments, like forked lightning. In dumb wonder he waited for her swift protest; but she said nothing; whereat he marveled not a little.

Mr. Leisler asked himself why Dr. Vedder

was unusually disagreeable this evening, for the doctor was a clever man and could make a pleasant impression when he chose. With the hope of turning the talk into a more cheerful channel Mr. Leisler addressed Mrs. Vedder.

"Isn't Miss Van Dyne looking very well to-night?" he asked.

Mrs. Vedder looked down the table at the cheery and young-looking old maid.

"Yes," she answered, after a moment's hesitation, "she seems almost happy; but then, she is not married."

"She has been faithful to the memory of her lost love," said Mr. Leisler. "Let me see — how many years is it now since Captain De Ruyter was killed at Gettysburg?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you believe that a woman has been in love with a dead man for twenty-two years, do you?" Dr. Vedder asked with an incredulous smile.

"Why not?" returned his wife.

The doctor evaded an answer to this direct question. "If your diagnosis is right, she has had a dull enough time of it," he said. "And she has nothing to show for her devotion."

"Virtue is its own reward," Mr. Leisler remarked judicially.

"But love isn't," the doctor replied. "Love is like this champagne," and he raised his glass; "it is very sparkling when it is young, but as it gets older it loses its flavor." He emptied the glass and set it down. "And if one is all alone with it, there may be a headache the next morning."

"What has made you so sarcastic this evening?" asked Mr. Leisler.

"I don't know," Dr. Vedder answered. "I am in company with evil spirits, I think. If I were a believer in such things, I should say that I was subject to an adverse influence. And I was all right when I came. Perhaps it is this wretched dinner."

Perhaps it was the dinner, but little Van Twiller was conscious of a throb of ill-natured joy at the thought that it was possibly his presence, all unknown as it was, which had thus disturbed the equanimity of the doctor and revealed his lower nature. He looked at Mrs. Vedder, and he saw she was eating her dinner slowly and in silence, with a stiffening of the muscles of the face — a sign he had recognized readily enough.

"After all," continued the doctor, "these are the two great banes of man's existence — dyspepsia and matrimony."

"Come, come," Mr. Leisler said cheerfully, "you must not abuse marriage; it is the chief end of life."

"It was very nearly the end of mine," returned Dr. Vedder; "I caught such a cold

in the church that I have not been into one since."

Just then one of the waiters came to Mr. Leisler with a request that he should change his place for a little while, and take his seat at the other end of the table, where there was a vacant chair. Glad of an excuse to get away from a man in ill-humor, Mr. Leisler apologized to Mrs. Vedder and withdrew to join his other friends.

Van Twiller saw a red spot burning brightly on Mrs. Vedder's cheek, and he knew that this was another danger-signal.

She bent forward toward her husband, and in a low voice, trembling a little with suppressed ire, she hissed across the table, "I see what you are after! But you will not succeed. I can keep my temper though I bite my tongue out. It takes two to quarrel, remember!"

"It takes two to get married," retorted Dr. Vedder, "so that proves nothing."

For the first time the poor ghost saw his wife's eyes fill with tears.

"Mr. Van Twiller never treated me so," she said hurriedly. "I wish he were alive now!"

The dry little wrinkle came back to the corners of the doctor's mouth, but he made no reply.

Little Van Twiller looked from one to the other, as they stared at each other. Then he said to himself, sighing softly:

"Well, well, perhaps it is better as it is!"

III.

MISS MARY VAN DYNE was sitting almost in the center of one side of the long dinner-table. At her right was Mr. Joshua Hoffman, a man whose heart was as large as his purse was long, and who kept both open to the call of the suffering. At her left was a vacant chair—or what seemed so to the eyes of the living men and women at the table. They did not know that it was occupied by Remsen de Ruyter, whose maiden widow Mary Van Dyne had held herself to be ever since a bullet had reached his heart on the heights of Gettysburg. For nearly twenty-two years now she had lived on, alone in the world, but never lonely, for she had given herself up to good works. Her presence was welcome in the children's ward of every hospital, and the love of these little ones nourished her soul and sustained her spirit. Between her and Joshua Hoffman there were bonds of sympathy, and they had many things in common. The good old man was very fond of the brave little woman who had tried to turn her private

sorrow to the benefit of the helpless and the innocent.

They were glad to find themselves side by side at table, and they talked to each other with interest.

"You are not really old, Mr. Hoffman," she was saying; "you look very young yet. To-night I wouldn't give you fifty!"

"My dear young lady, you haven't fifty to give," he answered with a smile; "and if you had, why, I should then have a hundred and twenty-five—which is more than my share of years."

"You are not really seventy-five?" she asked.

"Really, I am seventy-five. I am a past-due coupon, as I heard one of the boys saying on the street the other day," returned Joshua Hoffman, with a smile as pleasant as hers.

"And how old am I?" she inquired.

"Whatever your age is," he answered, "to-night you do not look it!"

"Shall I arise and courtesy for that?" she asked, blushing with pleasure at his courtly compliment. "You see I like to be flattered still, although I am an old maid of two-score years."

"Really now, my child," said the old man, "you are not forty? Let me see—it does not seem so very long ago since he came and told me how happy he was because you had promised to marry him. Does it pain you to talk of him now?"

"I think of him always, day and night. Why should I not be glad to talk about him with you whom he loved, and to whom he owed so much?"

"He was a good boy," Joshua Hoffman continued in his kindly voice. "I can recall the day he told me about you; it was a fine, clear morning in early spring."

"It was the 16th of May, 1863," she said simply. "He had asked me to marry him the night before, and he said that you were the first he would tell."

"He was a good boy, and a brave boy, and he died like a man," said the old man gently. Then he relapsed into silence as his thoughts went back to the dark days of the war.

Miss Mary Van Dyne was also thinking of the past. Unconsciously she lived again in her youth when she first saw Remsen de Ruyter, a bright, handsome boy, scarcely older than she was: he was only twenty-one when he died. They had loved each other from the first, although it was a whole long winter before he had dared to tell her—a long winter of delicious doubt and fearful ecstasy. She recalled all the circumstances of his avowal of his love, and her cheeks burned as

she thought of the gush of unspeakable joy which had filled her heart as he folded her in his arms for the first time. She remembered how, two nights after, before they had told the news to any one but her mother and his benefactor Joshua Hoffman, she sat next to him at this annual dinner of the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society; they were the very youngest members, and it was the first time they had been asked. So strong was the rush of memory of the happy scene, that she gave a quick glance at the place on her left, as though half-expecting to see him seated there still. And there he was by her side, although she could not see him now.

He was there, but he could not speak to her; he could not tell her of his presence; he could not tell her how he loved her still, and more than ever. It was hard. Yet he was glad to be by her side, to see her, to look into her frank face, to gaze on her noble eyes.

And she felt comforted, she knew not why, as though by an invisible presence. Her heart was lifted up. Although the grass had woven a green blanket over his grave for now more than twenty years, he did not seem so far from her. She hoped she would not have so long to wait before she might join him, never again to be parted. Then her thoughts turned to the last time she had seen him, the morning his regiment had left New York for the front. It was a beautiful day early in June when he came to bid her farewell for the last time. They talked all the morning seriously and hopefully. Then the hour came at last, and all too soon. She bore herself bravely; without a tear she kissed him and held him in her arms for a minute, and bade him go. She watched him as he walked away. How well she could recall everything which her senses had noted unconsciously during the two minutes before he paused at the corner of the street to wave his hand before he vanished forever. There were roses beginning to blow in the little bit of green before the house; there was a hand-organ in the next street from which faint strains of "John Brown's Body" came over the house-tops; the noon whistle of a neighboring factory suddenly broke the silence as he blew her a kiss, and went out of her sight to his death. Then she had been able to get to her room somehow—she never knew how—and to throw herself on her bed before she broke down.

The memory was bitter and sweet, but never before had it been as sweet. She turned her eyes on the vacant chair by her side, and involuntarily she reached out her hand. It grasped nothing, it felt nothing, yet her fingers tingled as with a shock of joy. She gazed at the empty chair again in charmed wonder. She

could not tell what subtle influence of peace and comfort enveloped her as she mused upon the past with her arm resting on the chair beside her. Then her glance fell on a card beside the plate, and with a sudden suffusion of the eyes she read his name. The new secretary of the council had used the list of twenty-two years before, and again his place had been set beside hers. The tears which veiled her sight hid the empty chair from her for a minute, and if she turned her head she might almost fancy that he was seated there. It was a fancy only, but it pleased her to indulge in it. It brought back the happy past. It brought him back, almost, for a fleeting minute.

And he, as he sat there, could make no sign. With the keen intuition of love, he read her thoughts in her face. He knew that she was thinking of him, and that in the thought of him she was happy again.

And thus the long dinner drew to an end at last.

When the president gave the signal for the withdrawal into another room that the usual business meeting of the council might take place, the members rose together. Joshua Hoffman was silent, as though he divined her mood and sympathetically respected it. He offered her his arm, and she took it, looking back regretfully, with a longing and lingering gaze, at the place where they had sat side by side.

IV.

AS THE living members of the council left the dining-room, the ghostly guests gathered together to talk over what they had seen and heard. Only Remsen de Ruyter was silent; his feelings were too sacred to find vent in words. He alone wore a smile of consolation and comfort. The rest chattered along in tumultuous conversation.

"It has been a strange experience," said the very old gentleman, "a very strange experience."

"More painful than pleasant, I think," little Van Twiller remarked.

"I thought we had been invited as a compliment," said another of the ghosts discontentedly, "but it seems it was all a mistake of the new secretary—Fanny Meredith, they call him."

"Excellent young man!" the old gentleman declared with emphasis—"an excellent young man; so thoughtful of him; so considerate of the feelings of his elders. I shall accept his invitation next year."

"So shall I!" added several voices.

"Oh, I'll come too," said Jesse Van Twiller.

"I want to see what will happen next."

Only Remsen de Ruyter said nothing.

v.

BUT long before the next annual dinner of the council of the Saint Nicholas Relief Society, the resignation of Mr. Francis Meredith had been requested, and in his stead there had been elected a secretary of more trustworthy habits; and the new secretary was very particular in sending out the invitations to the next annual dinner.

So the poor ghosts never had another chance. If they had been asked again, there would have been one more of them, for ten days after the dinner which Fanny Meredith had so miserably mismanaged Dr. Vedder died suddenly.

The new secretary took great pains also in the ordering of the dinner, and in the arranging of the guests. His efforts were rewarded; there was general satisfaction expressed by the members of the council; and he was congratulated on the most successful dinner ever given. Amid the pervading gayety of the occasion there was only one guest who regretted the dinner of the year before. This was Miss Mary Van Dyne. She said nothing about it to any one; indeed, she was accustomed to keep her feelings to herself. But she missed an inexplicable something which had made the other dinner the most delightful memory of her later life.

Brander Matthews.

REUNION.

REGIMENTAL OFFICERS, 1885.

IT is twenty years, my comrades, twenty solid years to date,
Since we were stripling captains, dapper youngsters slim and straight;
And now in portly manhood, wise and serious, we are met,
To gossip of the stirring times of sword and bayonet.

Our portly manhood, as above, our silvered heads and all,
May be respected, more or less, by circles large or small;
But, my comrades, all the honors of our civil walks and ways
Seem but empty to the glory of the old heroic days.

Yet the martial pomp and grandeur, failing somehow to connect,
Were not always clearly present at the time, I recollect.
There were dusty, weary marches, not romantic in the least,
More especially if rations chanced to fail for man or beast.

There were times when human nature had to murmur just a bit;
There were seasons of bad language, yes, the truth I must admit;
There were bivouacs in the rain or snow, black darkness overhead,
The sodden ground beneath us, with a fence-rail for a bed.

But what appetites for lobsouse, and what dinners large and free,
Supplemented by a canteen full of "Commissary B";
With the haughty Sothron's hoe-cake, and the colored aunty's pie,
And a streamlet for a finger-bowl, if one meandered by.

Do you remember, comrades, how we fought and overcame
Those guerilla ducks and turkeys, war-like pigs and other game?
And those savage rebel chickens, who would die, but never yield,
Whom we faced with deathless valor on so many a Southern field?

Though we murmured, though our language was at times a trifle queer,
Though we had but little reverence even for a brigadier,
Though we grumbled at the Government with almost every breath,
Yet we faced the gray battalions, all undaunted, to the death.

We fought them and we killed them, and they killed us in return;
But we never thought to hate them, and we never cared to learn.
We met them on the picket lines, with flags of truce between:
They were "Johnnies," we were "Yanks," and better friends were never seen.

What anomalies and contrasts! I recall a day in June,
When the world was warm with summer, and the birds were all in tune;

Peace and beauty all about us, death and danger just ahead,
On our faces careless courage, in our hearts a somber dread.

Then the skirmish line went forward, and the only sounds we heard
Were the hum of droning insects and the carol of a bird;
Till, far off, a flash of fire, and a little cloud went by,
Like an angel's mantle floating down from out an azure sky.

Then a shell went screaming o'er us, and the air at once was rife
With a million whispering hornets, swiftly searching for a life;
And the birds and insects fled away before the "rebel yell,"
The thunder of the battle, and the furious flames of hell.

Other memories come thronging. When our shoulder-straps were new
We were nearly all the world, but now, alas, we are so few:
Then we marched with ringing footsteps, looking gayly to the fore;
Now with wistful, dreamy glances, we look back to days of yore.

If the spirits of the dead revisit earth for weal or woe,
We might fancy they would join us, those dear friends of long ago.
Hush, who knows what ghostly comrades may have come with noiseless feet,
In the old familiar friendliness, to make our band complete?

David L. Proudfit.

HAWTHORNE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE profession of literature in America is not even now irresistibly inviting; reputation and profit are still to be obtained at less cost of time and labor in other ways. But if we go back sixty years, and imagine ourselves to be young people of twenty-two or three, with only a collegiate experience of life and the world, and living in a third-rate New England town, with no railways and no society, the prospects of a literary career would probably seem nothing less than meager.

Hawthorne, at the outset of his life, before he had accomplished anything, had not the humility which characterized him afterwards. His mother and sisters admired him, none of his companions and peers were his intellectual superiors, and he was inwardly conscious of power and ability. The only thing that could temper his good opinion of himself was books. They showed him that there had been men in the world better than any he had met—Homer, Cæsar, Shakspere, Napoleon, Goethe; but he could reflect that these giants had also once been young fellows like himself, with perhaps no better grounds for ambitious dreams than he had. Who could tell whether, if he had the faith to try, he might not rival the renown even of such names as these?

"The secret of the young man's character," as he himself autobiographically observes in "The Ambitious Guest," "was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway—though not, perhaps, while he was

treading it. But posterity should confess that a gifted one had passed from the cradle to the tomb with none to recognize him." Allowing for artistic emphasis, this expresses Hawthorne's early view of his own aspirations. He did not covet a quick and cheap success—stares and shouts and greasy night-caps tossed in the air; but he wished to be so spiritually great that only after he was gone should the world awake to a comprehension of his greatness. He wanted to win the prize in the night, as it were, and be off before anybody was up to congratulate him. He did not wish his struggles, his anxieties, the sweat of his brow, to be visible. Let it be said only that a spirit once visited the earth, and worked wonders there, and vanished before any were aware of him.

This was visionary and impractical enough, the dream of inexperienced youth, and not devoid of an element of selfishness; but it was lofty and refined, and agreeably in contrast with average ambition. It could not be realized, for no man has become great without first being made to confess his abject brotherhood with and dependence upon the race; but it was worth feeling for a time. Illusions are soon cured, but not every one is so fortunate as to experience a noble illusion. Meanwhile, it was Hawthorne's concern to put himself to the proof. There never seems to have been any doubt in his mind as to the path in which he should seek renown. "While we were lads together at a country college," he writes to Bridge, "doing a hundred things that the faculty never heard of,—or else it had

been the worse for us,—still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction. And a fiction-monger, in due season, he became." Even before he went to college he remarks, in a letter to his mother, that none of the ordinary professions are to his taste, but that to be an author—! And yet, under the circumstances, he could scarcely have fixed upon a less promising pursuit.

Not only were the chances of success all against him, but the mere fact of his adopting such a calling would bring him into disrepute. "There is a grossness," he says, "in the conceptions of my countrymen; they will not be convinced that any good thing may consist with what they call idleness. The principle is excellent in its general influence, but most miserable in its effects on the few who violate it. I had a quick sensitiveness to public opinion, and felt as if it ranked me with the tavern-haunters and town-paupers—with the drunken poet who hawked his own Fourth of July odes, and the broken soldier who had been good for nothing since last war." The life of New England was a practical, material life, and the only standard for a man was what he could do in open, active competition with other men: the more he could add to the physical wealth of the country, the better man was he. The tavern-haunter and the town-pauper, having no ambition and no pride or sensitiveness, were serene under opprobrium; but for Hawthorne a good deal of courage and self-confidence was needed to defy the popular prejudice.

Courage in abundance, and self-confidence also, he no doubt had; but he was too young and not phlegmatic enough to maintain an absolute composure. His attitude was rather, as he intimates, a species of "light-hearted desperation." Not having any immediate means available for proving public opinion to be in the wrong, he took refuge in defiance. He made no effort to conciliate his unsympathetic neighbors, but withdrew himself from their society,—perhaps in a "you'll-be-sorry-some-day" kind of spirit,—and settled himself as best he could to show that he was the best judge of what was good for him. The world—even his own little world—adjusted itself without difficulty to this order of things, and never once troubled itself to ask or to conjecture how the ambitious author was getting along. Nor is this extraordinary; for the author took unnecessary pains to cover such light traces as he made. Whatever he wrote was either signed with fictitious names or not signed at all; and, during the first eight or ten years, probably not half a dozen human beings were aware that he had written any-

thing. He was indulging his "abstracted ambition" to the top of its bent. He was resolved not to declare himself until the curiosity and enthusiasm aroused by his anonymous writings had reached such a pitch as to render concealment no longer possible. But he seemed likely to remain undisturbed a long time. Critical insight, literary appreciation, were not the strong point of our ancestors; and the channels through which literature could reach them were correspondingly scanty. Had Hawthorne begun with a "Scarlet Letter," he might possibly have found some recognition; but, even supposing his genius to have been as yet equal to such an achievement, other scarcely less indispensable requisites were wanting. "I have another great difficulty," he wrote at the time the "Twice-told Tales" appeared, "in the lack of materials; for I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to concoct my stories of." And again: "I used to think that I could imagine all passions, all feelings and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know!" Moreover, the vein and style of his writing not only was not popular, but never has become so; and the number of his readers to-day is very much less than the most moderate outside estimate would be likely to make it. Widely as his name is now known, not one in a thousand of those who are familiar with it have ever read a line of his inditing. A page of sound criticism here and there, and the avowed admiration and homage of the best contemporary intellects, have given him whatever popular vogue he can claim.

Neither can he be acquitted of having voluntarily deepened his own obscurity. The consciousness of being at odds with the spirit of his time and surroundings had the effect of making him build the wall of separation still higher. Naturally reserved, the dread of unsympathetic eyes rendered him an actual recluse. What passed for society in Salem was, indeed, as destitute of attraction as society can be, and an intelligent man, with thoughts and a soul of his own, might well shun contact with it; yet Hawthorne, while his reserve was still balanced by his youth and innate sociability,—for the last is by no means incompatible with the first,—might easily have accommodated himself to the situation. But, having once admitted the repellent chill, he was never afterwards to recover from its effects. His predicament bore some resemblance to that of his own Wakefield, who, having left his wife one night for a joke, found himself prevented by some nameless and intangible perversity from returning to her for twenty years. "An influence beyond our control lays its strong hand on every deed which

we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity." And again he remarks that "amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever." Unlike Wakefield, however, Hawthorne spent his period of self-banishment in something else besides speculating as to what Mrs. Wakefield thought of his absence; and, whether he gained or lost by his long solitary vigil, the literature of his country unquestionably gained. Hawthorne himself, when he was thirty-six years old, began to perceive that a Providential wisdom may have overruled his imprisonment, in order that, living in solitude till the fullness of time was come, he might still keep the dew of his youth and the freshness of his heart. In point of fact, this whole episode of his career is extraordinary, both intrinsically and in its results. It is as picturesque and emblematic as anything in his own tales. From the obscurest, he was destined to become perhaps the foremost man of letters in America, and to secure that end he must be kept apart from the rush of civilization for a space. The knights-errant of old watched their armor previous to embarking on their enterprise; the young Indian chiefs were made to undergo a period of solitude and fasting before being admitted to full standing; Bunyan wrote his book in Bedford jail; and Hawthorne, in Salem, withdrew himself from the face of man, and meditated for twelve lonely years upon humanity. He came forth a great original writer. But the example is by no means one to be followed. Hardly one man in a thousand would escape being ruined by such an experience, let alone deriving any advantage from it. Upon Hawthorne — apart from its influence upon his literary quality — it produced an ineffaceable impression. He constantly recurs to it, both in his tales and elsewhere. "Was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public," he asks, "as in my case? I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment." "Trouble," he says in another place, "is the next best thing to enjoyment; and there is no fate in the world so horrible as to have no share in either its joys or sorrows. For the last ten years I have not lived, but only dreamed of living." And again he alludes to "my heavy youth, which has been wasted in sluggishness for lack of hope and impulse, or equally thrown away in toil that had no wise motive, and has accomplished no good end." But the goodness of the end became apparent afterwards.

The truth seems to be that Hawthorne — who, in addition to his "genius," which is always indefinable, was a man of wide sympathies and penetrating insight — got more benefit from his own society than he could have derived from any other society open to him. Providence, according to its custom, had in view not so much the individual's happiness or preferences as his possible uses to mankind. He was destined to do a certain work, and to that end were needed, not only his native abilities, but an exceptional initiation, or forty days in the wilderness. He must meditate upon life abstractly — without either the confirmation or the bias afforded by actual experience. By this means would gradually be created within him an intuitive touchstone or standard of truth, unadulterated and indestructible, by which he might investigate and analyze, without danger or confusion, the problems and perplexities of the human heart. When once this standard had been established, the spell of seclusion might safely be broken, and the neophyte be suffered to go forth among men and prove his prowess. The effect was much the same as if Hawthorne had been born full-grown, with all the spiritual wisdom and reserved power that may come from half a lifetime's patience and meditation. He might be compared to his own Ernest in "The Great Stone Face": "Angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. . . . His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality, because they harmonized with the life that he had always lived."

The organization of a man who could endure such a vigil must, of course, have been exceptionally thorough, and his nature unusually wholesome; and such we know to have been the case with Hawthorne. But perhaps as valuable a trait as any was his delectable leisureliness — his imperial refusal to be in a hurry. This was apparent very early, and indeed youth is apt to fancy that time is practically inexhaustible; but that leads to laziness, and between laziness and leisureliness there is a great difference. Hawthorne's space was not within the limits of the day or the year, but within himself. He had an instinctive persuasion that the garden of his mind had been well sown with all necessary seeds, and that they would grow up in their due season. At all events, he would not pull them up to see how they were getting on. He took his harvests as they came, and was inclined rather to delay than to hasten their ripening. The need for him to be patient was

not more strong than his power to be so. In the second place, he had humor; not facetiousness or buffoonery,—a forced or imported brilliance,—but innate humor, that plays about the subject like the lambent flames of incandescent coal; following in this the system of his entire development, which was endogenous. He had gravity, but not solemnity; there were no arid spots in him; his perception of the vastness of the creative plan kept him from becoming lugubrious over any partial revelation of it. This deep and subtle smile does not, however, appear in his earliest writings, when he was trying his 'prentice hand, and was more anxious about the treatment than about the matter. The humorous passages of "Fanshawe" are not spontaneous and the papers referring to "Oberon," republished after Hawthorne's death, have a positively morbid strain in them. Another valuable quality, and one not often allied to a genius so refined as his, was his imperturbable common sense, which preserves even his most imaginative flights from extravagance. Even when we enter the "Hall of Fantasy," or are among the guests at "A Select Party," or try the virtues of "Dr. Heidigger's Experiment," still we feel that the "great, round, solid earth" of which Hawthorne speaks so affectionately is beneath our feet. He does not float vaguely in mid-air, but takes his stand somewhere near the center of things, and always knows what he is about. Tracing back his fanciful vagaries, we invariably find them originating in some settled and constant middle ground of belief, from which they are measured, and which renders them comprehensible and significant.

Such being the man, and such the circumstances, let us see how they acted upon one another. We know, on his own confession, that his beginnings were by no means free from difficulties. He had to learn how to write, like other people. "Hitherto," he says in "Passages from a Relinquished Work," from which quotations have already been made—"Hitherto I had immensely underrated the difficulties of my idle trade; but now I recognized that it demanded nothing short of my whole powers, cultivated to the utmost and exerted with prodigality. No talents or attainments would come amiss: wide observation, varied knowledge, deep thoughts, and sparkling ones; pathos, levity, and a mixture of both; lofty imagination, veiling itself in the garb of common life; and the practiced art which alone could render such gifts available. Knowing the impossibility of satisfying myself, even should the world be satisfied, I did my best, investigated the causes of every defect, and strove with patient stubbornness to

remove them in the next attempt. It is one of my few sources of pride that I followed 'my object' up with the firmness and energy of a man." When a young man first attempts authorship, especially if he have selected the vein of fiction, he is apt to be misled by some traditional and artificial conception of "literature." Literature, he fancies, must be something quite distinct and different from life, and demands a new code of manners and cast of thought. It is only later that he discovers—if he make the discovery at all—that the best literature is the simplest and most translucent expression of the mind that produces it; that much as there is to be learnt, there is yet more to unlearn. The redundancy and uncertainty of ordinary speech must be reformed, but its naturalness and spontaneity must be preserved. Hawthorne, as we know, burnt more than he published of his earlier writings, and we are therefore debarred from following the steps of his self-emancipation; but there is one little tale, "The Antique Ring," which he did not include in his republications, and which probably is as good an example of all that he wished to avoid as could now be found. With the exception, indeed, of an occasional allusion to the "dusky glow" of the gem, there is nothing in either the conception or the treatment of the story that recalls the Hawthorne that we know. The precise date of the composition can only be conjectured; but conjecture would place it very far back indeed.

Hawthorne's boyish contributions to literature took the form of sentimental little poems of no originality or value; and "The Antique Ring" would seem to be scarcely oneremove above them. Between it and "The Great Carbuncle," for example, the gulf is immense. A better vein was probably struck in the "Seven Tales of my Native Land," which had witchcraft for their theme, and which his sister, to whom Hawthorne showed them, and who was an excellent judge, has commended. At all events, every allusion to witches that survives in his published work is effective and characteristic; and the point of view from which he regards those picturesque beings is entirely peculiar to himself; in no other one direction is his indefinable genius more apparent. As regards the "Seven Tales," however, he is said to have remarked that they were "not true"; and we may infer that the witches were allowed to have too much their own way in them—that their broomstick flights left the "great, round, solid earth" too far behind. For the human nature in Hawthorne's witches—those that have been preserved to us—is at least as prominent as their supernatural attributes, and, indeed, is

what gives these attributes their best effect. If, in the "Seven Tales," the author allowed himself to be subjectively dominated by his own witches, no wonder he was carried beyond the limits which his reflection could justify. The horror would be too fantastic and unmitigated, and devoid of that element upon which he uniformly insists so strongly — a "moral." There is one story among the "Twice-told Tales" which might almost be numbered in the discarded category, "The Hollow of Three Hills." But it was well worth retaining, for once in a way.

But if Hawthorne's improvement was very great, it seems also to have been very rapid. Some of the earliest published pieces, collected in the "Twice-told Tales" and "The Snow Image," show, in a modified form, many of the excellences belonging to the later productions. He partly accounts for this by the remark that "in youth men are apt to write more wisely than they really know or feel; and the remainder of life may not be idly spent in realizing and convincing themselves of the wisdom which they uttered long ago. The truth that was only in the fancy then may have since become a substance of the mind and heart." Disraeli has a similar observation in his preface to "Vivian Grey." But it is also to be remembered that the forty-five sketches, or thereabouts, republished in the two volumes above mentioned, are all that survive of the labor of a dozen years; which, considering that he was always a diligent worker, leaves a very large number to be accounted for. It was these, no doubt, that Hawthorne informs us he burnt, "without mercy or remorse, and moreover without any subsequent regret"; and it is in them that we should have traced the development of his thought and style. Nevertheless, all allowances being made, the fact remains that he schooled himself with unusual promptness and severity; a fact the more remarkable, inasmuch as he had not the benefit of outside criticism, which we of a later age enjoy in such profusion. He was his own critic, and plied his office with a truly Puritanic harshness. He was perhaps aided in this by the curious duality of his nature,—his imaginative and his matter-of-fact selves, which were always keeping each other in check. Most men in whom the imagination is highly developed are prone to be seduced by its allurements; but the spirit of Hawthorne's stern and square-visaged ancestors was strong within him, and, while it restrained him from excess, enabled him with rare impunity to career narrowly upon the verge of absurdity without ever tumbling off. In other words, his self-poise was such as to make it possible for him to do

what no one else has done before or since — to write Hawthornesque romance. He invented a new definition of romance, and his proprietary rights in the domain he discovered have never been infringed upon. Hawthorne was neither afraid of his imagination nor in subjection to it; like Prospero, he wielded easily his magic wand, and smiled at the terrors of the storm he created. Through the black frown of the clouds he saw the smiling sunshine and the peaceful blue; and deeper than the roar and tumult of thunder and tempest he heard the quiet chirp of birds and the homely murmur of daily life.

We may conclude, then, that Hawthorne's apprenticeship practically came to an end at about his twenty-seventh year; the two or three surviving pieces (including "Fanshawe") known to have been produced before that date being not only inferior to his later work, but different from it in aim and significance. He was now able to say whatever he wished, and was beginning to find out what he wished to say. The latter accomplishment might seem, in view of the writer's peculiar surroundings, the more difficult feat of the two. But Hawthorne was still too fresh to the business to admit discouragement on this score. "The flow of fancy," he says, "soon came on me so abundantly, that its indulgence was its own reward — though the hope of praise also became a powerful incitement." Indeed, no passage in a writer's career is so agreeable as this first enjoyment of the faculty of expression; every passing hour suggests a new theme, and the wealth of material opening out before him seems inexhaustible. Everything being untried, he feels an impulse to try everything; nothing is common or unclean, because the point of view from which he looks upon it is his own.

As was remarked just now, Hawthorne had no hesitation about making literature his profession; but there is nothing to show that he originally anticipated devoting himself exclusively, or mainly, to fiction. As a matter of fact, however, though many of his pieces are explicitly historical, and many others what might be termed essays, he inevitably threw about them all the glamour of a fictitious atmosphere. He saw things picturesquely, or even pictorially; and his reflections, upon whatever subject, assumed a figurative form. He has been called, in complimentary phraseology, a poet; but the remark is truer than most such compliments are. He is a poet, inasmuch as his mind tends instinctively to humanize everything — to impose upon every object of thought or sensation a human figure or order. His view is comprehensive and classifying, sensitive to analogies, and analytic

because it has first been constructive. He admits nothing unrelated, but recognizes the central love and energy organizing all things. All these are poetic gifts, enabling their possessor to sum up and re-create the seeming chaos of phenomena, and to give it novel and enlightening utterance. But Hawthorne, however well fitted inwardly or spiritually to be a poet, was preserved therefrom by such comparatively external and accidental obstacles as an unmusical ear and an aversion to the trammels of rhythmical expression. I say "preserved" in no invidious sense, for, generally speaking, nothing can be better than a poet. But extraordinary emergencies require exceptional prescriptions; and America's æsthetic want at that period seemed to demand precisely Hawthorne and nothing else. The voice was Jacob's, but the hands were Esau's. Poetry is essentially a perception of the spiritual reason and relation of things; but the American genius, which is not primitive and childlike, cannot give a full account of itself in measured feet and rhymes; it must speak at times with the directness and artlessness of homely conversation, and be poetical in its influence rather than in its aspect. In neglecting the poetic form, therefore, Hawthorne proved himself in accord with the tendency of the age, which ignores form just in proportion as it insists upon the spirit.

Art, subjectively considered, is the means adopted by the artist to tell what is in him; and Hawthorne, up to the epoch of "The Scarlet Letter," was moved to utter himself upon three classes of subjects—philosophy, history, and that derivative and sublimation of the two which is called Story. But so strong in him was the instinct of Story that it colored and shaped his treatment of the former topics. His essays take the form of allegories, and his historical pieces assume the aspect less of narratives than of pictures. He cannot be satisfied with simply telling us what happened; he must bring us to look upon the scene as transacted in his imagination. Man is his game—the living human being; nor will he consent even to follow the familiar metaphysical device, and, in his philosophical speculations, separate the subject perceiving from the object perceived. To do so was, in his opinion, a mere logical analysis of a living experience—an attempt to resuscitate the body of knowledge after its soul has fled. He blended the artificial scientific distinction of subject and object in the living life or consciousness which miraculously knows. Therefore his philosophy always expresses itself in allegory at least, if not in actual examples of human experience. Abstractions will not suit him; practical illustrations are his only wear.

And if he will not divorce philosophy from man, neither, on the other hand, will he divorce man from philosophy. In other words, he will not be a mere painter of external life, of manners, of appearance; he must penetrate the secret of his characters, and know, and demonstrate either explicitly or implicitly, not so much the how as the wherefore of their actions and conditions. Thus it happens that all his stories have their moral. "Thought," he says, "has always its efficacy, and every striking incident its moral." To be at a loss for a moral would be tantamount to not knowing what he had been writing about; to understand a thing is to moralize it. Taking a comprehensive view, we might put the matter in a phrase by saying that he turns his philosophy into human beings, and his human beings into philosophy. But the older he grew, the more did he incline to the latter process in preference to the former. He relinquished the allegories and the allegorical essays, and found all the stage he needed for them and for his historical material in the imaginative circumstances of romance.

We need not suppose that Hawthorne made these discriminations deliberately, or even consciously. Like most wholesome and well-poised natures, he evinced great spontaneity of thought and action; and among the four maxims which he recorded for his use in his thirty-second year is "to do nothing against one's genius." He was probably led to romance as the fittest vehicle of his thoughts by sheer love of art—of beauty in its most highly organized form. In his investigations into the human mind and heart, he never acts the part of the surgeon or dissector; the living and breathing creature stands before us, and Hawthorne seems to endow us with a power to see through its fleshly walls into the workings beneath. But the fleshly walls are always there; there is nothing of the French or of the modern American analyst in our romancer. He clothes and veils his conceptions; he never strips or disembowels them; there is always reverence and delicacy in his attitude, though there is always, too, unswerving insistence upon the truth. This talk about "cold-blooded dissection" is quite beside the mark. Hawthorne comprehends the personages of his dramas, and he is tender to them precisely because he comprehends them. He has assumed their trials and infirmities, and has looked out of their eyes before he investigates them with his own. "If there be a faculty which I possess more perfectly than most men," he says, "it is that of throwing myself mentally into situations foreign to my own, and detecting the circumstances of each." "Cold-blooded dissection," under such cir-

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cumstances, would be a kind of imaginative suicide. He loved humanity; and no one who reads his books in an intelligent spirit can avoid feeling stimulated on the humane side.

But the profound and unsensational character of Hawthorne's work—the artistic beauty and repose of its form—lays it open to a singular objection. It makes us wish to discover its author in it; and at the same time, and for the same cause, it baffles that desire. Everything is so smoothly finished that we can with difficulty find the workman in his production. Nevertheless, he is there, and with due attention he may be discerned. In alluding to the objections taken by "some of the more crabbed" of his critics to the personal tone of his introductions and prefaces, Hawthorne remarks that if he has touched upon facts which relate to himself, it is only because they chanced to be nearest at hand, and were likewise his own property. But "these things," he adds, "hide the man instead of displaying him. You must make quite another kind of inquest, and look through the range of his fictitious characters, in order to detect any of his essential traits." This was written in 1851, and of course refers to the pieces (except "The Scarlet Letter") produced previous to that date—that is to say, to the "Twice-told Tales," the "Mosses from an Old Manse," and the "Snow Image" collection. In these volumes, then, we are to look for a reflection of the character and development of Hawthorne's mind. Here we shall find the materials—the germs—from which his creations were evolved. In several of the essays, especially, the blending of substance and form is not so complete as to render disintegration an abstruse matter. In the least guarded of them, however, the reader is curiously bamboozled, so to speak, as to the real point at issue. He is amused with a superficial phantasmagory of figures and scenery, and does not realize that the tune which sets these puppets dancing is the true gist of the whole matter. And yet this bamboozling seems to be almost involuntary on Hawthorne's part; one would say that he was deceived himself, and that the philosophical remarks and conclusions which he makes were but the fruit of a chance suggestion arising out of the concrete topic. Indeed, it is evident that his disquisitions aim not so much at establishing his claim to be an original thinker, as to ally himself in thought and belief with the mass of his fellow-men. The sketches, he tells us, "are not the talk of a secluded man with his own heart and mind, but his attempts to open an intercourse with the world." His seclusion was an accidental and external matter only; he wished to merge

himself in the general human nature, and to prove his right to be assimilated with it. Truth, not singularity, was the garment that Hawthorne coveted; for truth, while it gives its possessor the freedom of all societies, is also the real cloak of invisibility. The more closely we envelop ourselves in it, the less obtrusive become our impertinent personal lineaments. Who can see Shakspeare in his plays, or Pheidias in his statues?

And the truth which Hawthorne perceived perhaps more profoundly than any other was that of the brotherhood of man. By inheritance and training he tended towards exclusiveness; but both his heart and his intellect showed him the shallowness of such a scheme of existence. So far back as 1835 we find him canvassing the idea of "some common quality or circumstance that should bring together people the most unlike in other respects, and make a brotherhood and sisterhood of them—the rich and the proud finding themselves in the same category with the mean and the despised." In the following year he defines his conception more minutely. He will class mankind, "first, by their sorrows; for instance, wherever there are any, whether in fair mansion or hovel, who are mourning for the loss of relatives or friends, and who wear black, whether the cloth be coarse or superfine, they are to make one class. Secondly, all who have the same maladies, whether they lie under damask canopies, or on straw pallets, or in the wards of hospitals, they are to form one class. Thirdly, all who are guilty of the same sins, whether the world knows them or not, whether they languish in prison, looking forward to the gallows, or walk honored among men, they also form a class. Then proceed to generalize and classify all the world together, as none can claim utter exemption from either sorrow, sin, or disease; and, if they could, yet death, like a great parent, comes and sweeps them all through one darksome portal—all his children." In elaborating the scheme in the "Procession of Life," he finds, however, that Sin and Death are the broadest badges of humanity. Diseases are "as proper subjects of human pride as any relations of human rank that man can fix upon. Disease is the natural aristocrat." He is not satisfied, either, with the idea of forming a separate class of mankind on the basis of high intellectual power. "It is but a higher development of innate gifts common to all," and it may be doubted whether the peculiar relation of intellectual persons to one another "may not vanish as soon as the procession shall have passed beyond the circle of the present world." Even grief is not an invariable bond of alliance, for if the influence of the

world's false distinctions remain in the heart, then sorrow lacks the earnestness that makes it holy and reverend; "if the mourner have anything dearer than his grief, he must seek his true position elsewhere." When, however, the trumpet sounds for the guilty to assemble, "even the purest may be sensible of some faint responding echo in his breast; many, however, will be astonished at the fatal impulse that drags them thitherward. Nothing is more remarkable than the various deceptions by which guilt conceals itself from the perpetrator's conscience." This idea of the catholicity of guilt runs through all Hawthorne's productions. "Man," he says (in "Fancy's Show-Box"), "must not disclaim his brotherhood even with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity." Again, the story of "Young Goodman Brown" — perhaps the most remarkable piece of imaginative writing in the whole list of Hawthorne's works — inculcates the same appalling lesson of fraternity in sin. "Evil is the nature of mankind!" exclaims the fallen angel. "When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend," cries the dying Father Hooper, "the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin, then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

But though he thus insisted upon the darker aspects of human association, Hawthorne was far from neglecting the other side. Speaking of the reformers and theorizers, in "The Hall of Fantasy,"—"representatives of an unquiet period, when mankind is seeking to cast off the whole tissue of ancient custom like a tattered garment,"—and noting the apparent incompatibility of their various notions, he nevertheless perceives the underlying bond of union. "Far down beyond the fathom of the intellect," he says, "the soul acknowledges that all these varying and conflicting developments of humanity were united in one sentiment — the struggle of the race after a better and purer life than had yet been realized on earth." Or, once more, alluding to the religious sectarians, he observes that truth has an intoxicating quality when imbibed by any save a powerful intellect, and often impels the quaffer to quarrel in his cups; so that each sect surrounds its own righteousness with a hedge of thorns, and, though their hearts be large, their minds are often exclusively filled with one idea. Nevertheless, though "their own view may be bounded by country, creed, profession, the diversities of individual char-

acter, above them all is the breadth of Providence!"

Another of Hawthorne's strongest perceptions was of the artificiality of our present civilization, and of the superfluities and absurdities to which custom has insensibly blinded us. "Earth's Holocaust" is the symbolic clearing out of these abuses. Rank, government, property, literature, and the gallows are consumed one after the other; and then the radicals would do away with marriage, theology, and even with the Bible. But Hawthorne will not allow the radicals to carry him off his feet; and though he is ready to admit that nature is better than any book, and the human heart deeper than any system of philosophy, yet he puts his finger unerringly upon the weak spot in all reformations; and though the observation is put into the mouth of a personage whose "complexion was indeed fearfully dark, and his eyes glowed with a redder light than that of the bonfire," it is none the less unanswerable. "Be not so cast down, my good friends," says this lurid individual; "you shall see good days yet. There is one thing that these wisecracks have forgotten to throw into the fire, and without which all the rest of the conflagration is just nothing at all; yes, though they had burned the earth itself to a cinder."

"And what may that be?" eagerly demanded the last murderer.

"What but the human heart itself?" said the dark-visaged stranger with a portentous grin.

"Purify that inward sphere," adds Hawthorne, "and the shapes of evil that now seem almost our only realities, will turn to shadowy phantoms and vanish of their own accord; but if we go no deeper than the intellect, and strive, with merely that feeble instrument, to discern and rectify what is wrong, our whole accomplishment will be a dream." On the other hand, if reform be not always beneficial, it can do no lasting harm: "not a truth is destroyed; only what is evil can feel the action of the fire." The Titan of innovation, in short, is double in his nature, partaking of both angelic and diabolic elements; but Providence still stands behind, and overrules all to its own ends.

But he took more pleasure in imagining the condition of the world after all mistakes and irrationalities were done away with or forgotten. "We who are born into the world's artificial system," he says ("New Adam and Eve"), "can never adequately know how little in our present state and circumstances is natural, and how much is merely the interpolation of the perverted mind and heart of man. It is only through the medium of the

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imagination that we can loosen these iron fetters which we call truth and reality, and make ourselves even partially sensible what prisoners we are." And then he carries his newly created pair through a day's wandering about Boston, on that day when everything physical that can give evidence of man's present position remains untouched by the hand of destiny; but no breath of a creative being, save themselves, disturbs this earthly atmosphere. The satire is gracefully and delicately managed. "Such a pair would at once distinguish between art and nature. Their instincts and intuitions would at once recognize the wisdom and simplicity of the latter; while the former, with its elaborate perversities, would offer them a continued succession of puzzles." They behold each other without astonishment; but "perhaps no other stride so vast remains to be taken as when they first turn from the reality of their mutual glance to the dreams and shadows that perplex them everywhere else." They approach a church, attracted by its spire, pointing upwards to the sky, whither they have already yearned to climb; as they enter the portal, Time, who has survived his former progeny, speaks with the iron tongue that men gave him to his two grandchildren. "They listen, but understand him not; nature would measure time by the succession of thoughts and acts which constitute real life, and not by hours of emptiness." They dimly feel some religious influence in the place, but are troubled by the roof between them and the sky. They go out and kneel at the threshold, and "give way to the spirit's natural instinct of adoration towards a beneficent Father. But, in truth, their life thus far has been a continual prayer; purity and simplicity hold converse at every moment with their Creator." Passing onward, they come to that "hospital" whose patients "were sick — and so were the purest of their brethren — with the plague of sin." Every remedy had been tried for its extirpation except the single one, "the flower that grew in Heaven and was sovereign for all the miseries of earth — man never had attempted to cure sin by Love!" His system had been one of "fear and vengeance, never successful, yet followed to the last." Escaping thence, they enter a private mansion, most of the contents of which are a puzzle to them. The pictures, for example, do not interest them, for "there is something radically artificial and deceptive in painting." This recalls Heine's apothegm — "Painting is nothing but a flat falsehood." The statue of a little child, however, impresses them more agreeably. "Sculpture in its highest excellence is more genuine than painting, and

might seem to be evolved from some natural germ by the same law as a leaf or a flower." They next enter a bank, where is hoarded "the mainspring, the life, the very essence of the system that had wrought itself into the vitals of mankind and choked their original nature in its deadly gripe." As Hawthorne elsewhere remarks, however, "the desire for wealth is the natural yearning for that life in the midst of which we find ourselves." Be that as it may, to Adam and Eve all the bullion in the bank is no better than "heaps of rubbish." A further discovery is that of a library, which excites Adam's curiosity; but Eve draws him forth again in good time, else "all the perversions, and sophistries, and false wisdom so aptly mimicking the true, — all the narrow truth, so partial that it becomes more deceptive than falsehood, — all the wrong principles and worse practice, the pernicious examples and mistaken rules of life, — all the specious theories which turn earth into cloudland, and men into shadows, — all the sad experience which it took mankind so many ages to accumulate, and from which they never drew a moral for their future guidance, — the whole heap of this disastrous lore would have tumbled at once upon Adam's head." Surely this view of literature is a radical one for even an American author to hold.

Hawthorne's religious faith was of an almost childlike simplicity, though it was as deeply rooted as his life itself. It was not his cue to insist upon the rational explanation of all mysteries; and if he had felt the longing for "some master-thought to guide me through this labyrinth of life, teaching me wherefore I was born, and how to do my task on earth, and what is death," yet he recognized the vanity of attempting to "unveil the mysteries which Divine Intelligence has revealed so far as is needful to our guidance, and hid the rest." What is essential is intuitive; and he remarks that "a blind man might as reasonably contend that a reflection in a mirror does not exist, as we, because the Creator has hitherto withheld the spiritual perception, can therefore contend that there is no spiritual world." Nor is that world a "dark realm of nothingness"; it fulfills all the wants of the human soul; nor need we even doubt that "man's disembodied spirit may re-create time and the world for itself, with all their peculiar enjoyments, should there still be human yearnings amid life eternal and infinite." The riddle of the Sphinx does not keep him awake o' nights; perhaps, he thinks, the reason of our existence "may be revealed to us after the fall of the curtain; or, not impossibly, the whole drama, in which we are

involuntary actors, may have been performed for the instruction of another set of spectators." This last, however, is a fanciful theory, not a sober belief; and for a man who has become wedded to a theory there remains, in his opinion, little hope. "There is no surer method of arriving at the Hall of Fantasy than to throw one's self into the current of a theory; for, whatever landmarks of fact may be set up along the stream, there is a law of nature that impels it thither. And let it be so; for what is good and true becomes gradually hardened into fact, while error melts away and vanishes. Therefore," he adds, "may none who believe and rejoice in the progress of mankind be angry with me because I recognized their apostles and leaders amid the fantastic radiance of those pictured windows. I love and honor such men as well as they."

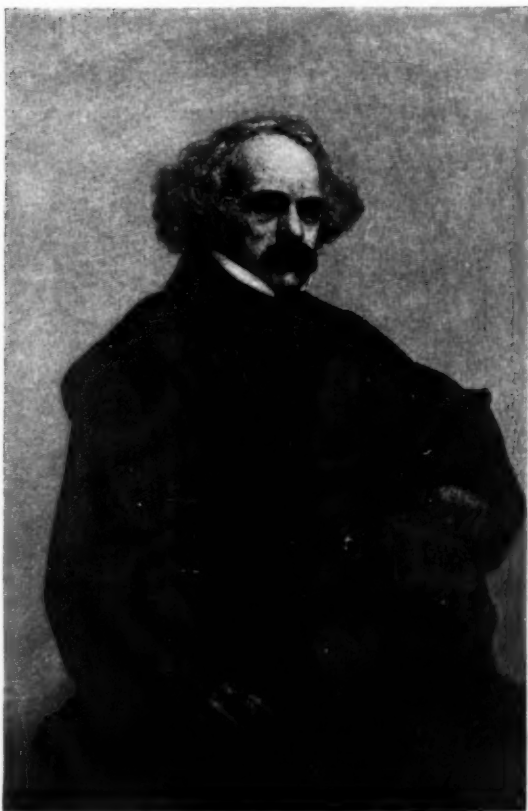
These are the words of an optimist, though not of an extreme one; but it is noticeable that the deeper the level at which Hawthorne moves, the more optimistic does he become. He is not an advocate; he holds the scales impartially; but his most momentous conclusions are also his most hopeful ones. A humorous or saturnine eccentricity might have attracted more curiosity; but, once more, he wished "to open an intercourse with the world," and eccentricity is a porcupine's coat. He aimed not to startle or to titillate his hearers, but to say only what the unprejudiced judgment of mankind must agree to. To do this without once descending to commonplace is the feat of the highest genius; yet so well has Hawthorne accomplished it, that one has to ponder his utterances more than once to realize how revolutionary many of them are.

He seldom indulges in satire; but when he does so, it is to good purpose. "The Celestial Railroad" is a most felicitous conception, and is touched with a masterly hand. It exposes the modern tendency to postpone the warnings of conscience, to glide over and round the grim realities of life, and to skim comfortably forward from the cradle to the grave, outwardly respectable, but inwardly stained with every indulgence. Christian's old friend Evangelist presides at the ticket-office—though "some malicious persons" deny his identity, "and even pretend to bring competent evidence of an imposture." Among the fashionable folk at the railway station there was much pleasant conversation on indifferent topics; "while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the background. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility." The Valley of the Shadow of Death is artificially lighted, and there is a stopping-place at the mouth of Tophet, where, accord-

ing to Mr. Smooth-it-away, "the directors had caused forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad iron." The giants Pope and Pagan are dead; but their cavern is occupied by an amorphous monster of German extraction, Giant Transcendentalist by name, who "shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted." At Vanity Fair everything proceeds swimmingly until the old-fashioned pilgrims make their appearance, when "there were these two worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasures." Another station was "formerly the castle of the redoubted Giant Despair; but since his death Mr. Flimsy-Faith has repaired it (in a modern and airy style of architecture), and keeps an excellent house of entertainment there." And so they rattle along, "at the tail of a thunderbolt," with Apollyon for engineer, until they arrive at the river, where "a steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route," stands ready to receive them. "But the wheels, as they began their revolution, threw a dash of spray over me so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters until Death be drowned in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heartquake, I awoke. Thank heaven, it was a Dream!" Some people object to allegories; but, deftly managed, they give wings to satire. The historian of "The Celestial Railroad" is at any rate chargeable with the same indiscretion that is ascribed to Elliston in "The Bosom Serpent"—that of "breaking through the tacit compact by which the world has done its best to secure repose without relinquishing evil."

It might be objected to an analysis such as has been indicated (rather than made) in the foregoing pages, that Hawthorne is substantially a romancer,—a teller of tales,—and that, therefore, his excursions into other regions are of little practical significance. But the story was never the chief object in Hawthorne's writings; the skeleton having once been designed, he immediately forgot all about it, and devoted all his energies to the flesh-and-blood of the composition. And this flesh-and-blood is no mere appendage; it is wrought out of the author's very life. In order that the outward beauty of the completed work may be adequately appreciated, it is, therefore, necessary to understand something of its inner organization and secret genesis. It is alive, and has the inexhaustible fascination of life—the depth beyond depth. It is illuminated by imagination and graced by art; but imagination only ren-

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (ABOUT 1862). (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SILLSBEE, CASE & CO.)

ders the informing truth more conspicuous, and art is the form which symmetrical truth inevitably assumes. In short, save as regards the merest externals, nothing in Hawthorne's fictions is fictitious. And therefore we lose what is best in them, unless we learn how to read between the lines — how to detect the writer's own lineaments beneath the multifarious marks wherewith he veils them. These shorter sketches, covering a wider area of thought than the complete romances, are consequently more transparent; and they show us how "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun" came to be born. They show us, too, the value of his early seclusion, which caused him to begin with meditation instead of with observation, and thus to produce things with souls in them, instead of hollow shells painted to resemble life. However we

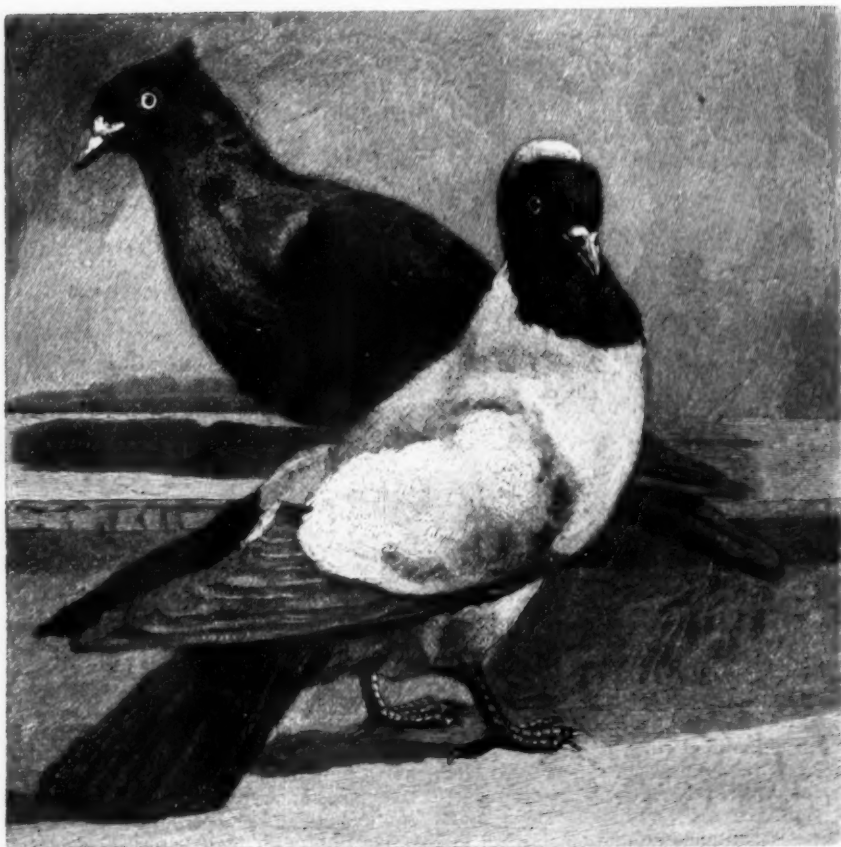
may probe or test his writings, we shall find no vacuum in them; the material envelope is sometimes imperfect, but the spiritual reality is always there.

Hawthorne himself perceived his defects much more keenly than his excellences, and his effort to improve is constantly visible. He endeavors to balance his rare faculty of insight by the comparatively common faculty of oversight; and the volumes of his note-books are the patent records of this study. His aim, therefore, was the perfection which only Shakspeare has attained; but Hawthorne was the bud of Shakspeare's full-blown rose. He widened every year; his roots were nourished by the Shaksperian soil; and his perfume had a purity and potency which will, perhaps, cause it to linger in the memory as long as that of the mighty Elizabethan.

Julian Hawthorne.

THE BREEDING OF FANCY PIGEONS.

"I know it as an art and a mystery."—*Darwin.*



ARCHANGEL. (BRED BY W. BROEMER, BALTIMORE, MD.) YELLOW NUN. (OWNED BY W. W. WALKER, BRIDGEPORT, CT.)

THE breeding of fancy pigeons is fascinating and engrossing beyond the conception of those who have not engaged in it. Says Crabbe, and truly, "Whether tumblers, crop-pers, carriers seize the gentle mind, *they rule.*" The pigeon-fancier acknowledges the thrall, but pleads in excuse for submitting to it, not more the gratification it affords to the creative instinct and love of harmony of his artist nature, than the benefit he finds in its recreative action upon his mind; that with the problems its study forces upon him for solution, new thoughts are awakened, new emotions are excited, and, returning from

things ethereal to things mundane, it is with brain refreshed and perceptions quickened.

The pigeon-fancier is the artist among breeders. His work of living pictures is the outcome, and to satisfy the same longing that incites the painter, the sculptor, or the connoisseur. Sometimes, Pygmalion-like, his bird is his ideal, brought, by his love of it, to the life; or the purpose is defined, and he strives to fill the outline; or he cannot fashion or portray, and he finds his satisfaction in possessing, counting the value in the difficulties in the way to it, or in the measure of another's ap-



RED JACOBIN. (OWNED BY H. V. CRAWFORD, NEW YORK CITY.) HOMING PIGEON, "BABY MINE." (OWNED BY E. H. CONOVER, KEYPORT, N. J.) FIRST YOUNG BIRD TO MAKE OVER 250 MILES THE DAY OF LIBERATING IN THE AUTUMN RACES—FROM LYNCHBURG, VA., 338 MILES.

preciation or envy. But, whether the one or the other, there is no economic purpose to weight its wings and bring his fancy low.

The influences of the pigeon-fancy are refining in the habits one must fall into in being with the birds, in the enforced quiet and gentleness without which the best efforts are lost, in the patience with which one must work and wait for long-deferred results, and in the dis-

cipline of the often accompanying disappointment. The pigeon-lover is notably kind and gentle-mannered. He is also thoughtful, since his work demands the action of his mind, and the love of it compels the effort. It may be child's play as a beginning, or seem to be so to the mere looker-on; but great men and good, princes, poets, prelates, and judges, are in the ranks of the fancy, and find their solace



SCOTCH FANTAIL, "QUEEN OF THE SCOTS." (FROM LOFT OF BUNTING HANKINS, BORDENTOWN, N. J.)

and their pleasure in their pigeon-lofts, and in the company of their birds.

Columba, the family name of the pigeon, is from the Greek *kolumban*, to dive, giving us the word dove, by which pigeons were until lately known, and which has reference to the bird's peculiar movement of the head when walking. The family is in three grand divisions: *C. livia*, the blue rock or wild bird; *C. affinis*, the duffer or domesticated; and the artificial or fancy pigeon.

The blue rock is found in the true type only among the cliffs and rocks of Great Britain and the adjacent islands, where none of its members show a deviation in color or form from the one character. All alike avoid the haunts of man, and refuse to submit to domestication. Says Macgillivray, "Amongst the many hundreds I have seen I have never observed any remarkable variation in form or color." The "rock" exists in all parts of Europe, and with only sufficient variation from the true type to admit of classification for locality; and in each variety there is the same likeness observable in the colonies of the true

type, showing the modification to be due to climatic influence or forced habit.

The duffer is the bird imported for and known at shooting matches as the "blue rock," and is otherwise termed the rockie and the dove-house pigeon. This variety seeks the companionship of man, frequenting and rearing its young in the nooks of church steeples and public buildings. In undisturbed colonies there is great variation in color and markings, but none in structure.

Both the blue rock and the duffer have the beak long, slender, and of horn color, and the eyes, feet, and legs bright red. There is also a striking resemblance in contour, but here the likeness ends. The blue rock has the body color of light blue except upon the rump or lower part of the back, which is white. The folded wings and tail also show the black bar caused by the terminal spot of black upon each of the secondary and tail feathers. The duffer is dark slaty-blue throughout except upon the wing-coverts, where, each feather being tipped with a lighter shade, there is a checkered appearance.



IMPROVED ENGLISH FANTAIL. (OWNED BY J. G. HOWLAND, WORCESTER, MASS.)

The class of fancy pigeons is made up of a great number of varieties, each distinct in marking or form or both; these variations being so controlled in breeding as to bring them within certain defined limits. The ideal bird of each, whatever the tendency of the variety, is built upon the lines of harmony and perfect symmetry.

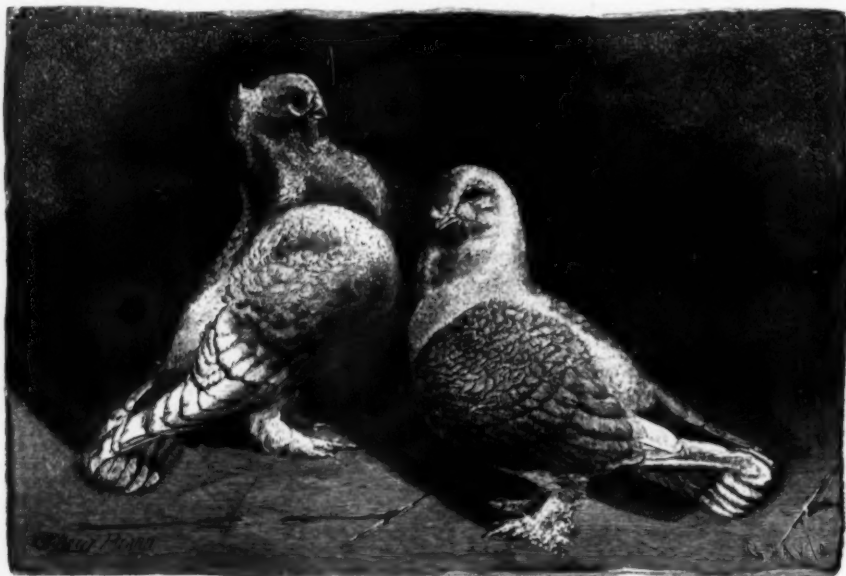
The origin of the fancy pigeon has been a

vexed question with naturalists and wise men through the past century, and is still open. Mr. Charles Darwin experimented with pigeons for years for material for his work upon "Variations under Domestication," and to sustain his theory of the blue rock as the parent stock. But while with his eye single to the purpose of that theory he satisfied the conditions and his followers, there remains reason for doubt.

One experiment was especially interesting, and its results were offered as the conclusion of the whole matter; but viewed from another standpoint it bears a different significance. The Darwin argument for the blue-rock origin is the frequent recurrence of the peculiar white-rumped, black-barred blue of the cliff bird, as spots. To show this he mated a black barb with a pure white fantail, also a black barb of another strain

weakened, and if not reënforced, eliminated; that is, there are indications of, if not complete return to, the blue-rock type.

Against the Darwinian theory is the fact that the blue rock exists in abundance at the very doors of the English, the most expert of breeders; the problem and the conditions are given in the existing varieties, and the solution is most earnestly desired by fancier-



ORIENTAL FRILLS. BLONDINETTE, "HASSAN." SATINETTE, "FACHA." (OWNED BY DR. H. E. OWEN, OCEANIC, N. J.)

with a red-spot; and, as a third pair, young of the two pairs. The young of the third nest was, as he predicted, the typical blue rock. The experiment is curious in the fact that blue is not a color of the barb of which one-half the cross was made up; the white is the common dress of the fantail, and the spot is a century-old breed and supposed to be established. Mr. Darwin calls attention to this, but does not refer to the more important item of the alien types brought into the combination. Practical and unprejudiced breeders would accept the result, but not the Darwinian conclusion that, therefore, the blue rock is the progenitor. Their work has taught them that in too violent and far-fetched crossing, as in bringing together these birds of African, Indian, and German manufacture, the artificial taints are neutralized in the admixture, and the *sang pur*, or simplest type of the genus, asserts itself. The same result follows when in-breeding is carried too far, and the artificial element upon which the character depends becomes

weakened, and if not reënforced, eliminated; that is, there are indications of, if not complete return to, the blue-rock type. The pigeon is unique among the feathered creation in the similarity of the sexes, the habits during incubation, the provision for and manner of feeding the young, the helpless and crude condition of the young when it leaves the shell, and its phenomenal development and early maturity. In structural points there are also peculiar differences. The long intestine is of greater length than in any other bird, while the *cæcum* is merely rudimentary, and secretes only mucus. Some varieties lack the oil-glands, and all are without the gall-bladder.

"But I am pigeon-liver'd,
And lack gall to make oppression bitter."
—"Hamlet," Act II, scene 2.



BLACK BARB, "BLACK PRINCE." (OWNED BY D. E. NEWELL, NEW YORK CITY.) DUN CARRIER, "SUCCESSFUL."
(OWNED BY R. G. WILSON, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.)

It is this lack in its digestive make-up that accounts for the inordinate desire for salt, characteristic of this alone of the known bird-world, and which must be considered as a craving for an absolute essential to its healthful existence.

The feathers of the pigeon are peculiar in having the shaft short and downless and with but a slight hold upon the skin. All varieties shed a peculiar dust from the plumage in greater or less quantities, so that any place occupied by pigeons for some time will have its surface covered with a peculiar "bloom."

The pigeon is naturally monogamous and mates for life, but, under the artificial conditions of confinement in the loft, the love of the male for home duties and care of the young will often lead him to maintain two es-

tablishments, when his efforts to do double duty during the time of incubation and feeding will be unrelenting and amusing.

Two eggs make up the setting. One is laid at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the other about forty-five hours later. The time of incubation is seventeen days. The sex of the hatch is generally male and female; thus, "a doo's cleckin" is the Scotch term for a family of two children of opposite sex. But this depends greatly upon the relative age and condition of the parent birds. During incubation the hen sits from four o'clock in the afternoon until ten the next morning, when she is relieved by the male. The food of the newly hatched bird is a thin curdy secretion of the glands of the crop known as pigeon's milk, and exists alike in both parents.



BLUE PRIEST. (OWNED BY E. H. MOORE, MELROSE, MASS.)

Its presence is only influenced by incubation; thus, a barren hen can be induced to sit upon eggs, and when the young appear she with her mate will be prepared to feed them. In feeding, the beak of the young is inserted in that of the parent, and the food is disgorged from the crop into it by a peculiar convulsive movement of the body of the parent. While the secretion is unmixed with grain, the beak of the young is soft, and the bird is known as a peeper; but as the grain is added the beak hardens and the voice changes, and it is a squeaker. When ready to leave the nest and face the world for itself, it is a squealer, or, in market parlance, a squab. When six weeks old it is able to take care of itself, and its parents probably have a second pair of eggs to claim their attention.

The old classification of fancy pigeons was the high-class, the fancy breeds, and the toys; but with the increase of standard requirements in certain of the middle class and the increase of varieties in others, this has been changed to high-class, frills, tumblers, and toys. Of the old order it was said, "The toy fancy is but the entered apprenticeship degree; of the fancy breeds it is that of the fellow-craft, and the high-class rank as the master

degree. One may understand both the first and never rise to the dignity of the third; but one cannot know the last thoroughly without holding the other two as a mere stepping-stone to knowledge."

The pigeon-fancy antedates the Christian era. Pliny tells us that "many are mad with the love of these birds, and will detain you to tell of their pedigree and breeding." And he hands to posterity the name of a Roman knight, one Lucius Axius, not for victories in the arena or sacrifice in Rome's quarrels, but "who used to sell a single pair of pigeons for upwards of four hundred denarii." The first book on pigeons was the "Ayeen Akbery," written in 1595 for Akbar, the Mogul Emperor, by his prime minister, Abdool Furjoor. In this we learn that twenty thousand pigeons were carried with the court; that the Emperor of Turan sent presents of rare varieties to his brother sovereign, and that the gifts of traveling merchants were most acceptable when of valuable breeds of pigeons; that aside from those used as message-bearers and kept for food, there were seventeen varieties bred for their appearance only, "and the pigeon-master by crossing the breeds, which had never before been attempted, improved

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THE OWL-TURBIT AS DESCRIBED BY J. W. LUDLOW, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

them wonderfully." This number of varieties was probably exceeded in India centuries before, since the ancient Sanskrit, we are told, has more than twenty-five names for different classes of pigeons, all referring to characteristics by which one sort was to be known from another. A century after the "Ayeen Akbery," a book about pigeons was written in Persian by Musari Sayzed, by order of his sovereign.

The object of the breeder of pigeons is so different from that of all other breeders in being solely to maintain the fancy points of color and outline, and with no reference to utility, that they scarcely meet on common ground in their methods. His material is the most impressionable known, and being wholly artificial is as unstable. His first work is to fix upon his ideal, and so far order his material in the breeding stock as to make it possible to build and to repair for a long time without adding new blood. But, when new blood is an absolute necessity, he seeks it strong in the point in which his strain is weakening, and then only uses it by crossing it into the strain and working with the rejuvenated stock, as the knowledge of its tendencies may direct, re-

membering that the male influences the external points, and the hen the size, structure, and constitution. The tendency of all colors is to pale, and to enrich or maintain the colors of pigeons, birds of different colors are bred together. In birds of the same blood, as a rule, the young follow in color and marking the parent of the same sex; while in matings of different colors and of different strains the young follow the color and marking of the opposite sex. The breeder sometimes resorts to counteraction, that is, making up a deficiency in one of a pair by superabundance of that point in the other; but this is only for typical points, and never for points of development of growth, where it is only excellence, and excellence that does not produce deterioration.

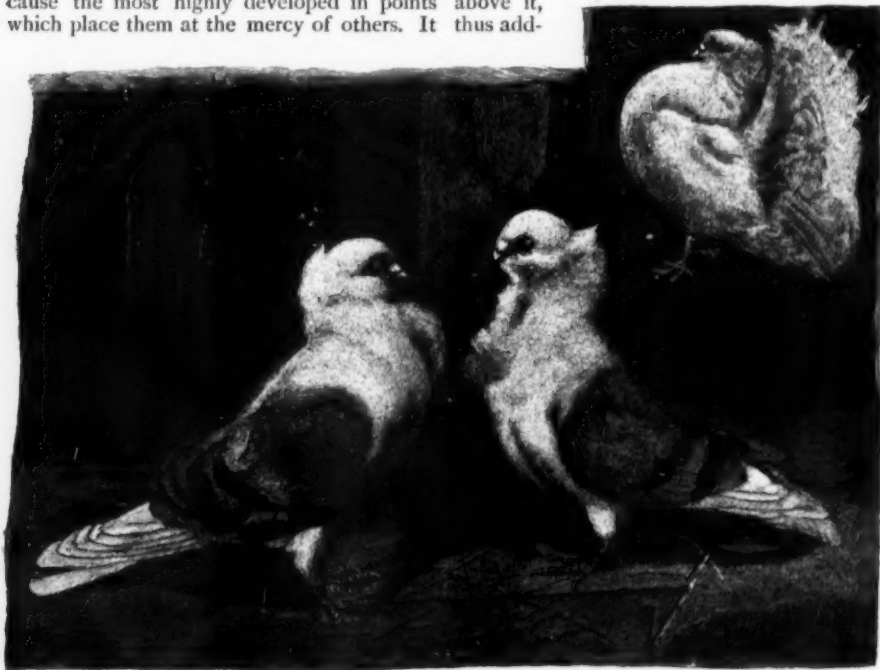
The carrier, the acknowledged king of pigeons, has in its name the source of a great annoyance to its sensitive fancier. He admits for it an ancestry dating back to the message-bearers of Persian kings and Turkish sultans, and that the peculiarities of structure—the prominent wing-butts, the great muscular development which gives the full-rounded breast, the wing best adapted to speedy and long-

continued flight, and the protruding eyeball peculiar to the traveling bird, all points he values for their part in the perfect symmetry — that these were all fixed in its day of usefulness as the courier of royalty. But he is careful to explain that he has counted out all useful qualities and practical values in the bird of to-day; that the points he values highest are those of development of growth, to perfect which his bird is carefully secluded from the deteriorating influences of sun and outdoor air; that the name is only applicable to it for its elegant carriage, one of its most valued and to be remarked properties; that it is only the ignorant who could confound the grand high-class bird with that little shapeless message-bearer, the homing pigeon.

The carrier has always been held in the highest esteem in England. Moore, writing in 1735, tells of a fancier in Bishopsgate street who kept a silver hatchet and block with which to chop off the heads of those condemned to death, "that being of the blood royal they ought not to die after the manner of the common herd."

It is the most quarrelsome and savage of the pigeon family. The old proprietary instinct is dominant, and unless perches are so partitioned that boundaries are defined, there are battles in which the best suffer most, because the most highly developed in points which place them at the mercy of others. It

is by nature one of the hardest, but the unnatural conditions under which its most valued points are alone to be developed render it one of the most delicate. The only chance for condition is in having the breeding hens robust and in giving the youngsters the freedom of flight until the head-properties begin to develop. The first promise for perfection lies in the beak. This must be long, but appear still longer; also straight, with the mandibles of about equal size and fitting together close. The wattle of the beak is the most artificial point of the bird and the most difficult to obtain. That upon the upper mandible begins from in front of the mouth and increases by lateral growth. Seen in profile it appears to rise in three sections, the last the highest and tilting slightly forward. That of the lower mandible, the jewing, is in three small knobs, one at each side and one before the juncture of the two. Exposure to the atmosphere shrinks this cere, destroys the whitish bloom, and tinges it with pink. The eye-cere is secondary in requiring less care to obtain good. The skull of the carrier should be long, flat, and narrow, and the eye-cere which adds to this effect is of course the most valued. This cere, known as the rose variety, is of good diameter, even edge, and extends over the top of the skull, not above it, thus add-



TURBITS. (OWNED BY H. LANCASTER, BALTIMORE, MD.)

AMERICAN FANTAIL. (BRED BY J. G. HOWLAND, WORCESTER, MASS.)



WING AND TAIL OF A LACED BLONDINETTE. BLACK TRUMPETER COCK. (OWNED BY F. A. ROMINEL, BALTIMORE, MD.)

ing to its apparent length and decreasing the apparent width. The gullet is the space from the termination of the jewing to the beginning of the neck. This should be well curved in to decrease the apparent depth from the top of the skull and add to the apparent length of the neck. This one point with the slender long neck has almost the controlling influence in the appearance. The wings fold close above the tail, nearly reaching to its end; while the tail, if the feather is the apportioned length, just touches the ground. The colors of the carrier are black, dun, blue, and white. Red and yellow have been tried for, but are impossible, since neither can be bred from the colors of the variety, and brought in from another; the carrier points are lost when color is gained, and the color is lost in getting back to the carrier type. Color-points in the variety rank very low and are not disqualifying.

The carrier-fancier has his anticipations brightest when at ten months old his bird is at its best in style and carriage, and to be raised or dashed when the head-points begin to develop in the second year. The bird requires five years at least to mature, but the third year will determine its character. The

length of the bird from tip of beak to end of tail is seventeen and one-half inches. The standard for judging the carrier is as follows:

Beak and beak-wattle: length, shape, and thickness of beak, each 4; color 2; shape of upper wattle 10; lower wattle 3, color 2; texture 2	31
Space between eye and beak-wattle	3
Eye-wattle: regularity of build 5; diameter 5; texture 4; lacing 2	16
Skull: narrowness 5; flatness 2	7
Gullet	5
Neck: length 6; slenderness 5	11
Shoulders: flatness and width	3
Breast: width and fullness	4
Length of flights and tail	4
Thigh	7
Length	5
Color	4

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The barb, although the antithesis of the carrier in every point, is its nearest relative. The young of the two during the first few days after hatching can scarcely be distinguished, but the building once begun, it is with opposite purpose.

The barb is short in beak and down-faced; that is, the forehead and beak are in almost a continuous line. It is small in size, with the



FVGHY POUTERS. (OWNED BY DR. COOK, OF UTICA, N. Y.) SARAH BERNHARDT AND CLEVELAND, ENGLISH POUTERS. (OWNED BY CHARLES BECKER, BALTIMORE, MD.)

neck short, breast broad, legs short, flights long, and carried each side of the tail. The gullet is well curved in to increase the apparent size of the head. The skull is broad and of equal length and breadth—a perfect curve from the crown to the beginning of the beak-wattle, and arched from side to side. The beak is short and thick, the mandibles of like shape and boxed; the eye is pearl or white. The beak-wattle is divided in the mid-

dle, and resembles a small bean split open and laid across the beak, and simply fills the juncture of beak and head. The jewing is three small knobs of cere in the middle of the lower mandible, and each side of the gape of the mouth. The beak-wattle is white, and the jewing of deep flesh-color. The eye-wattle matures in the third year, and should be of equal breadth, thickest at the outer edge, the eye standing out in the center like the hub

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of a wheel. This wattle is a bright red. A front view shows the good barb head very square, the eye-wattle rising above the skull and standing away from it, thus giving a broader, more massive appearance. An indented groove each side of the face is peculiar to the variety and gives character to the face. The barb is in red, yellow, dun, white, and black. The only blues known are in the lofts of the Princess Charles of Prussia. The various colors are so bred together that the color of the prospective young of almost any mating is uncertain.

The barb is of African descent and ancient lineage. Poor Mary Queen of Scots, writing from her prison in 1574, says, "I beg you to procure me pigeons, hens from Barbary (barbs), to keep in cages, as I do my birds, a pastime for a prisoner." Willughby says he was first told of the barb by his friend Philip Skippon (Major-General Philip Skippon, the associate of Cromwell in the civil war).

The pouter, next in standard order, is of another character, if character can be claimed for the great rollicking fellow that is so fond of attention and so winsome as a pet when at home, and so sulky and unattractive when away from his loft or among strangers.

"How gracefully their breasts they blow!
Their limbs are lang, their waists are sma'.
The bravest bird ye ever saw,
An' king o' doos, the pouter."

The variety is oldest of the English breeds. Aldrovandus wrote of it in 1600, but its peculiarities were fixed long previous. On the sign-board of the old inn at Brentford frequented by Shakspeare and his friends, the pouter is pictured much as it would be to-day for the same purpose. Early in 1700 it had given place in higher columbarian circles to the almond tumbler, but was still the idol of the silk-weavers of Spitalfields. From their lofts it passed gradually into Scotland and Ireland, and suddenly, about twenty-five years ago it was discovered that there was not a good pouter to be found in all England. The grand and perfected bird, winning at English shows, was British, but, alas! not English. This caused the revival of the fancy for them in its old home.

"To see a pouter at its best," says Rev. Dr. Headley, "he must be among the smaller varieties. He seems always to be delighted with little Mrs. and Miss Tumbler, cooing after them and paying them all attention, while the little ladies prance in front of him on their tiny feet, and, liking the notice of the tall fellow, show off at their best, while the pouter rears himself still higher, blows himself out, and bends and

bows like the poplar with the wind playing upon it."

The pouter should be large, measuring twenty inches from tip of beak to tip of tail, but so proportioned as to appear taller. He should be so upright that a line drawn through the eye will strike the top of the arch of the wing-bow and end at the center of the foot without departing from the perpendicular. The crop when blown out should be globular and borne well up. To add to the effect of the girth just above the wing-bow should be slender. The legs should be long, with the thighs well displayed, and closely covered with short, soft feathers, which gradually increase in size and quill to the toes, where they spread upon the ground at right angles with the foot.

"The most difficult point to obtain," says Charles Becker, "is the apparent length of leg, since this is so far governed by other conditions that the bird may actually measure well and yet not show it. The rule should never be put to the leg of a pouter, but the length should show to the eye in the general effect." "Of what value," says Robert Fulton, "is that property which one cannot see unless he has a rule in his pocket?" But apparent length is not all. Fulton adds, "No sooner do you get a grand-limbed bird in the nest than the chances combine against it, and your troubles, so far from being ended, are only fairly begun. The legs are almost as soft as jelly until the age of three weeks, and, in spite of care, the least cold is liable to paralyze them. Again, the least wrench or strain, owing to the softness of the joints, will produce deformity. These are only the beginning of the many difficulties. The pouter-breeder must be the genuine fancier, else he would never persevere in the midst of the cruel disappointments his fascinating pursuit must occasion him."

Color Mr. Becker considers 'an easy point. His rule is to mate like colors unless a cross is necessary, when reds may be used for blacks, reds, and yellows; silvers and blacks for blues. The cross of the black and the red often produces the sandy, a valuable bird for crossing whites, in its colors being broken, since, as a rule, the young follow the parent true in color, and from this cross are almost always pure and excellent whites. He would also mate rough-limbed to thin-limbed and gayly marked to close-marked.

The properties of the pouter in order of value are, length of limb, crop, slenderness of body, length of feather, color, and marking.

It was said of Sir John Sebright that he would go up a chimney to look at a good pigeon, and he was as well known in lofts of

Spitalfields (not much better than chimneys) as in Parliament. It is to his work that we are indebted for the pygmy pouter, the bantam of the pigeons. This pouter in miniature presents the same difficulties in breeding, and is amenable to the same laws, as the large variety. The clean-legged Austrian pygmy, or Brünner, is another bird, and found at its best in Prague and Vienna. Neumeister says of it, "Its length is about eleven inches when full-grown, and its weight seven and one-half ounces. When not inflated it is not much bigger than a blackbird, and may be drawn through the thumb and finger."

The trumpeter may be divided into the toy and the Russian. The former is the joy of the German fancier. He breeds it in all the colors, and in splashes, checkers, and solids; he puts bars on the wings, changes the color of the crest, the rose, and the boots; giving it as many names as he can produce varieties. The Russian, on the contrary, is a study in black and white, no other colors entering into its make-up. It is very "high-class" in the difficulties of the rose, crest, foot-feathering, and delicate constitution. The rose is the tuft of feathers covering the head from the base of the beak to the crest at the back, and overhanging the eyes so that the bird can only see what is beneath it. This must be a perfect rosette, the feathers diverging from the center regularly, and lying smoothly. The crest is at the back and extends from eye to eye. The white eye and beak afford a strong contrast to the intense black of the plumage. The half-blinded condition of the bird and its excessive foot-feathering combine to give it a groping character and a slow and heavy gait.

The first Russians were carried into England some twenty-five years ago, and soon after passed into Ireland, where the old cock "Warsaw" and its descendants laid the foundation for its fancy. The bird has its name from the peculiar and long-continued sound of its cooing. This is caused by a valvelike fold of the membrane of the crop over the opening, by which air enters the crop freely but escapes with difficulty, and much as water gurgles from a bottle, each gurgle producing the tum, tum, tum of the trumpeter's coo.

The jacobin is of continental origin, and has its name from the fancied resemblance in the hooded round white head to the cowl and shaven head of the friar. The bird is small in body, the loose silky feathering giving it a size to which its weight does not correspond. It may be described as a long, slender, white bird, enveloped in a colored cloak covering just the shoulders, thus allowing the white flights, rump, tail, and thighs to be seen below. The

legs and feet are clean, the eye pearl, and the cere bright red. The difficulties are in the adornings of the head. The hood is formed of feathers rising from the back of the neck, and their continuation inclosing the neck is the chain. The tippet is formed by feathers falling backwards over the shoulders and back. The rose is the center from which the chain and tippet feathers part; its lateral growth, meeting at the back of the neck and forming the mane, completes the line of beauty, which, viewed in profile, begins at the breast, extends around the neck to the top of the head, and around the shoulders to the breast again. The colors are red, yellow, black, and white, with blue tried for. The jacobin is not only one of the most beautiful of the pigeons, but it possesses difficulties to delight the most ardent fancier.

India is the source of the fantail, but it is not the Indian bird that wins in the show-pens of the present. Willughby in 1676 wrote of it as the "Broad tail'd Shakers"—called Shakers because they do almost constantly shake or wag their heads up and down. Broad tailed from the great number of feathers they have in their tails, and when they walk up and down they do for the most part hold their tails erect like a hen or Turkey Cock." The bird at present exists in extreme types, with a third as a compromise of the two. The extremes are the English and the Scotch, and the medium bird is ordinarily the prize-winner. From the same beginning the English worked first for tail, and with carriage and nervous motion secondary if at all. The Scotch, on the contrary, gave style, carriage, and trembling movement first place, and tail a last consideration. The result is for the Scotch a small, delicately formed and featured bird, with motion so in excess that sometimes the tail is no longer carried erect, but, almost funnel-shaped, rests upon the ground. The English bird is longer, coarser, and loose in feather, with tail full and carried either upright in a perfect circle or even more forward, sometimes covering back and head. The eye of the English bird is in line with its feet, and its breast is protruding and upraised. The head of the Scotch is carried much farther back, sometimes even to the root of the tail-feathers. The feet of both varieties are small, and the tread appears to be on tiptoe. The eye is brown and with a gentle beaming expression found in no other. "The eye of a Venus," says a fancier of it. The bird is peculiar in structure in being without the oil-gland, and in having more than the usual coccygeal vertebrae. Thus the carrier has six, the pouter eight, and the fantail nine.

The owls, turbits, and orientals make up

the frilled varieties. In all there is the general resemblance in the short, plump body; short, stout beak; the frill of curled feathers upon the breast; and the thin feather-covered membrane, the dewlap, extending from the base of the beak to the top of the frill.

The owls are African, English, and Chinese. The African is at home in Tunis, whence many thousands have been sent to England, and of which scarcely dozens remain. The bird is the smallest of the family, and so delicate that its term of life out of African air is very limited. The English owl is fair in size, with eye round and prominent, the dewlap well developed, and the frill extending to the lower point of the breast. In the Chinese this frill-feathering is excessive, even extending up about the throat to the eyes.

"In judging owls," says John D. White, one of its best breeders, "more importance is given to the shape of the head and beak than to the frill, since, in breeders' parlance, 'a point of bone' is less easily secured than 'a point of feather,' and therefore should count for more."

The turbit is sometimes ignorantly termed a shouldered owl; that is, an owl with its wing-coverts colored and the body white. This is an error, since the material and difficult difference to obtain lies in the contour of the head. In the owl the measurement from the center of the eye to every part from front to back of the head should be equal, but in the turbit it should be less from the top of the skull; that is, "the skull slightly bevelled." The feathers at the back of the turbit head are sometimes inverted or curled upward, forming the point, or the shell crest, whereas the owl head is always unadorned, plain. The turbit is in all colors, and may be of one throughout, or with body white and wings or tail colored.

The "turbit-owl" J. W. Ludlow describes as "a cross of the turbit and owl, and in a measure resembling both. They are more particularly bred in the Eastern hemisphere and are in solid colors and mortles."

The orientals are the gems of the fancy, combining, as they do, the grace of the owl-pigeon with a peculiarly rich-colored plumage. The varieties have their origin in Turkey, and the characteristic white spot upon the tail, found in no other variety, is no doubt due to

their ancestor, *C. leuconota*, the wild bird of the Himalayas, or *C. rupestris* of Central Asia, the only others thus marked.

The varieties are three—the turbit, the blondinette, and the satinette. Of the two last named, the satinette is probably the original type, and the blondinette the result of a cross of it with the owl. Each of the two has its varieties classed by their marking. The colors of the orientals are peculiar to them, in being pinkish brown, orange, or sulphur, seal, brown, purplish black, and very light blue. A marking peculiar to it is the "arrow point," the effect of a wedge-shaped mark of darker shade at the edge of the feather just at the midriff. There are but two collections of orientals in America, the one that of Dr. H. E. Owen at Oceanic, New Jersey; the other that of John E. Teal in Cleveland, Ohio.

While the runt is the weakest and most forlorn of pigs, by the contrariness which characterizes our fancier it is the name given to the largest, and most robust among pigeons. The Roman runt, oldest of known varieties of pigeons, had its origin near the shores of the Mediterranean, where it has long been classed as poultry. Its main point is size. The Leghorn runt, while of equal weight with the Roman, is peculiar in standing high upon long, bare legs, its neck curved like the letter S, and its tail and wings carried high; these peculiarities winning for it the name of "hen pigeon."

The archangel has its name from *arc-en-ciel*, the rainbow, given with direct reference to its exceedingly rich-colored and iridescent plumage. This variety was introduced into England from the continent early in the century by Sir John Sebright, his birds at his death passing into the hands of the Earl of Derby.

The swallow, magpie, starling, nun, priest, and others are of the toys. All are the result of the German breeder's skill and the tendency of the duffer stock, from which they are bred, to variation. This toy fancy had its origin in Germany, where it is carried to the greatest perfection. The object in it is to combine the colors and marking to produce certain effects, and to make the colors retain their brilliancy and depth. The names given to the varieties refer to a fancied resemblance in the marking.

E. S. Starr.

EVOLUTION AND THE FAITH.*

THE fears that were felt when the doctrine of evolution was first offered to the world were not unnatural nor derogatory to the dignity of earnest minds. When a new and revolutionary doctrine involving the nature, the action, and the destiny of humanity is proposed, there is an intuitive wisdom or instinct of self-preservation in man that prompts him to turn on it with resentment and denial. Truth is man's chief heritage; it is his life, and is to be guarded as his life. If lost, he knows that it cannot easily be regained. It is like the golden image of Vishnu that the Hindu was taking to his home from the sacred city: if once laid upon the ground, it could not be taken up again. The keeping of truth is not intrusted merely to our reason, but to our whole nature; every faculty and sentiment, down even to fear and pride, may properly be used in the defense of it.

Reason may at last decide what is truth, but not until it has won the consent of the whole man. The period between the exchange of theories is one in which human nature does not appear in its nobler guise, but a profound analysis shows that it is acting with subtle, unconscious wisdom. It is better also in the end that a doctrine which is to become truth should run the gauntlet of general denial and opposition. By far the greater part of what is proposed as true in every department turns out to be false. Theories more in number than the wasted blossoms of the May fall fruitless to the ground. If human nature as a whole did not turn on the conceits and dreams that are offered to it, truth itself would have no chance; it could not extricate itself from the rubbish of folly that overtolerance has suffered to accumulate. Truth becomes truth by its own achievement; it must conquer human nature before it can rule it,—win it before it can be loved of it. This wise spontaneous treatment of new theories delays their acceptance even when proved true, but always with advantage to the truth; for however fair the final form is to be, it comes unshaped and with entanglements, and often, like some animals, it is born blind. Its first need is criticism, and even criticism based on denial rather than on inquiry; only it must be criticism, and not blank contradiction.

The advent of the doctrine of evolution is an illustration of these wise and wholesome processes. When it was first proposed in scientific form—more than a hundred years ago—it was justly tossed aside in scorn, as too crude

and naked for presentation in the world of thought. Its revival within the latter half of the century provoked a similar storm of disdain and denial; but it kept its feet, bore its opposition bravely, and now may be said to have won a position,—but by no means in the same form in which it first appeared. The evolution that is now gaining general acceptance is very different from the evolution propounded twenty years ago. Then it claimed and defined its place in the universe, which it proposed to fill to the exclusion of philosophy and religion. But to-day its place and limits are defined by philosophy, and instead of having the universe as its exclusive domain, it has only a section of it which it holds as the gift, and as still under the supremacy, of philosophy. Having at last become presentable to the world of thought and grown shapely and yielded to limitations, it is winning the suffrage of the world and assuming its place in the hierarchy of truth that ministers to humanity. Definition and distinction will be made farther on, but some theory properly known as evolution may now be considered as established and as ready to enter into the practical thought of the world.

It may be said that evolution is not yet proved; that it will be soon enough to adjust our faith to it when it has ceased to be a hypothesis and become a full-established theory. The line between hypothesis and theory is seldom defined; it is not a line, but a region. There is much in the doctrine of evolution that is still hypothetical, as there is still in astronomy. But we have sailed far enough in this voyage of search after the creative method to warrant the belief that we draw nigh to the land of our quest. The sea-weed of the shore drifts by on the tide, the odors of spicy groves float on the wind, the birds come and go as from a near home, the dim outline in the horizon is changing from cloud to solid land. The quest is practically ended, and now that we are so near as to catch the ominous thunder of the surf, it is wiser to look out for harbor and anchorage than run the risk of breakers; for evolution, like the coast of all knowledge, is lined by destructive rocks, and also by inlets that run within where safe possession may be taken.

In accepting evolution, it is well to remember that we make no greater change than has several times been made in all the leading departments of human knowledge. In sociology the despotic idea yielded to the monar-

* See "Immortality and Modern Thought," by the same author, in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1885.

chical idea, which in turn is now yielding to the democratic idea. In philosophy the deductive method has yielded to the inductive. In religion the priestly idea is yielding to the ministerial. So in accepting evolution as the general method of creation in place of that which has prevailed, we only repeat the history of the exchange of the Ptolemaic system for the Copernican, and of those new theories of astronomy and geology that forced us to redete the age of the world and of man's life upon it. The wrench to faith and the apparent violation of experience are different, but no more violent than were those of the past. The present incompleteness of evolution has its analogy in the Copernican system, which waited long for the additions of Kepler and Newton; and geology is still an unfinished story. Nor are we justified in withholding our assent to evolution because we cannot each one for ourselves verify its proofs. The vast majority of men could not now verify the Copernican system; it has not even won recognition in human speech; — the sun "rises" and "sets," and will so be spoken of while men watch its apparent motion. Evolution is an induction from many sciences, — chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, geology, botany, biology, — and it is impossible that any but the special student should critically make the induction. But the Copernican system was an induction from mathematics, and even from those higher forms of it that ordinary men never have traced. Its acceptance was, and is still, an act of faith. Belief in evolution should be easier because it is confirmed by several sciences working on independent lines. It is not the biologist alone who proposes evolution, but the astronomer, the chemist, the geologist, the botanist, and the sociologist. I cannot examine and test their processes, but I can trust their conclusions. I do not, however, thus make myself the slave of their opinions, for these opinions run off into other fields where I may be as good a judge as they. I may represent a science as real as theirs, and possibly larger and more authoritative. Hence, in accepting evolution as a probably true history or theory of the method of creation, we do not necessarily yield to all the assumptions and inferences that are often associated with it. It is not above criticism. Like the germ-seeds of which science treats, each one of which threatens to possess the whole earth, and would do so if not checked by other growths, so evolution — shall we say through affinity with its chief theme? — threatens to take possession of the universe. But its myriad thistledown, blown far and wide by every breeze, meets at last the groves of oak and pine that limit and de-

fine its spread. All about these various sciences stands the greater science — philosophy — under which they are included, from which they draw their life, and to which they must bow. Evolution is to be feared not in its bare doctrine of development, but in the scope and relations assigned to it. If it be regarded as universal instead of general, as inclusive of all things instead of a part of all things, it is fatal to morals and religion. If it be regarded as supreme, it gives its own law of necessity to all else. But if it is subordinate to philosophy, if it is considered as under thought-relations, if it is held as finite and relative, it carries no danger to morals or religion or faith. It may possibly modify but it cannot overthrow them, simply because they stand in a larger order.

But evolution is not to be accepted in a simply negative way, because it can no longer be resisted. We are under no obligation to accept any truth until it is serviceable. It is possible to conceive of truths that would be of no value to men, — such as the constitution of other orders of beings; if made known, it might be passed by. But evolution, properly regarded, is becoming tributary to society, and seems destined to clarify its knowledge, to enlarge and deepen its convictions, to set it upon true lines of action, and to minister to the Christian Faith.

Amongst the important services it has begun to render is that it is removing a certain empirical thread that has been interwoven with previous theories of creation. The unity of creation has never been seriously denied except by extreme thinkers of the dualistic school. But the principle of unity has not been recognized until of late. The bond or ground of unity was justly found in God, but that conception merely asserted that because God is one there is unity in all created things. This may be faith, but it is not philosophy. May not faith become also philosophy? Unity exists not only because one God created all things, but because He works by one process, or according to one principle. As knowledge broadens and wider generalizations are made, we find a certain likeness of process in all realms that indicates one law or method; namely, that of development or evolution. One thing comes from another, assumes a higher and finer form, and presses steadily on towards still finer and higher forms. We find the same method in matter, in brute life, in humanity, in social institutions, in government, in religions, in the progress of Christianity. Let not this thought disturb us. Do we not see that otherwise the universe could have no unity? If God worked on one principle in the material realm, on another in the vital, on another in the social, governmental,

and moral realm, there would not be a proper universe. These realms might indeed be regulated and kept from conflict, but they would break up the universe into parts separated by chasms, render knowledge difficult, vain, and disjointed, and create a certain antagonism opposite to the nature of mind. Man would be correlated not to a universe, but to separate systems and orders, and these varied correlations would have no underlying unity. It would be difficult to prove the unity of God as against a harmonious polytheism or sovereign Jove. We might believe in one God, but we could not prove our faith. If matter has one principle in its process, and life another, and morals another, why not as many gods? It has not been easy to keep dualism out of philosophy. But, with one principle or method in all realms, we have a key that turns all the wards of the universe, opens all its doors in the past, and will open all in time to come. Knowledge becomes possible and harmonious; a path opens everywhere; the emphasis of the whole universe is thus laid on the unity of God. And when we find not only one method or principle, but the direction of its action, we obtain a prophecy and assurance of the final result of creation that falls in with the highest hopes of Christianity; for the process tends steadily towards the moral. The Church has hoped and striven for a righteousness that shall fill the earth. It may need only its faith to animate and guide it, but it is not amiss to lay its ear upon the earth, and hear, if it can, the same word. It is not amiss to see men in prehistoric ages, forsaking caves and living in huts, using first a club and then a bow, ores and then metals, nomadic and then in villages. It is not unhelpful to the hope of mankind to see despotism yielding to a class, and the class yielding to the people; personal revenge passing into social punishment of crime by law, and justice slowly creeping to higher forms; penalty first as vindictive, then retributive, and now at last reformatory; first a conception of God as power, then as justice, and finally as love. These evolutionary processes may be woven into the cord by which the Church binds itself to its mighty purpose. It thus secures a broader base for the generalization of its working truths; for the pyramid will not pierce heaven unless it rests upon the whole earth. No truth is perfect that is cut off from other truths.

Evolution not only perfects our conception of the unity of God, but it strengthens the argument from design by which his goodness is proved. This argument may be based on the course of civilization, or on the structure of the eye, or on the working of love. Paley's

argument, as Bishop Temple has well shown, stands, with slight modifications, on as strong a basis as ever. But if we can look at the universe both as a whole and in all its processes and in all ages, and find one principle working everywhere, binding together all things, linking one process to another with increasing purpose and steadily pressing towards a full revelation of God's goodness, we find the argument strengthened by as much as we have enlarged the field of its illustration. But if one part of the universe is abruptly shut off from another, if no stronger bond of unity be assigned to it than that of creative energy, and only the near-lying fields of design are used, then the argument is abridged and may even fall short of an absolute conclusion.

It is felt by some, especially on the first contact with evolution, that it puts God at a distance and hides him behind the laws and processes of nature. The apprehension is worthy, for we need and crave a near God, and may well dispute any theory that puts him at a distance or fences him off by impenetrable walls. The universal and unappeasable cravings of the heart may always be opposed to what seem to be the laws of nature; for there is a science of the spirit that is as imperative and final in its word as the observed processes of nature. But evolution, properly considered, not only does not put God at a distance, nor obscure his form behind the order of nature, but draws him nearer, and even goes far towards breaking down the walls of mystery that shut him out from human vision. In other words, in evolution we see a *revelation* of God, while in previous theories of creation we had only an *assertion* of God. In evolution we have the first cause working by connected processes in an orderly way; in former theories we had a first cause creating the universe by one omnipotent fiat, ordaining its laws, and then leaving it to its courses or merely upholding it by his power. In respect of nearness, we at once see that evolution brings God nearer than do the other theories. Their hold upon the mind is not at this point, but at another mistaken for it. The religious mind delights in mystery; it is an unconscious assertion by the highest faculties of our nature that we transcend the knowable — that we belong to, and live and have our destiny in, the infinite. Hence we shrink from theories that seem to undertake to explain God and his working, and repeat with complacency the ancient phrase, "It is impossible; therefore, I believe." It gratifies our reverence to abuse our reason. There is in all this a thread of truth, but the fine thread of reverence is not cut nor drawn out of the web of faith by transferring the mystery of creation from a point

of time and space beyond creation and putting it continuously into the processes of creation. Mystery enough there is and always will be, and God's ways will never become so familiar and plain that they shall "fade into the light of the common day." Instead, this drawing God down and into the processes of creation as a constant and all pervasive factor, deepens the sense of mystery and awe when we have turned our eyes in that direction. The poet plucks a flower out of the crannied wall, holds it in his hand, and says:

"Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

In these simple lines we have an expression of the true ground of that form of reverence which is bred by mystery. It is not wonder at primal creation that moves the poet, but the creating power lodged and at work in every roadside flower. Goethe puts the same thought into statelier lines:

"No! Such a God my worship may not win
Who lets the world about His finger spin
A thing extern; my God must rule within,
And whom I own for Father, God, Creator,
Hold nature in Himself, Himself in nature;
And in His kindly arms embraced, the whole
Doth live and move by His pervading soul."

Milton built his great epic of creation upon an original creative fiat, but his conception is like his cosmology, traditional and unshaped by poetic insight. The greatest poet in these later centuries, he still lacked the highest of poetic qualities — sympathetic insight into nature. Tennyson in his one line,

"Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than
hands and feet,"

betrays a truer sense of God in creation than is to be found in "Paradise Lost."

It is true that a change in our conception of creation requires a readjustment of our feelings of reverence; and in the transition there may be danger of losing it altogether. It is always easier to change our beliefs than our feelings, and the mind more readily accommodates itself to necessary changes than do the sensibilities. But, whatever the danger and cost, such changes must be made, and in the end there is gain. The eyes are dazzled when a new window lets in more sunshine, and light does the work of darkness, but soon all things are seen more clearly. It cannot be said that, as yet, the conception of creation by evolution touches the mind so deeply and reverently as the former conception. We are still occupied by the details and by the wonder of the truth, and have not connected it

with its relations, nor learned to think and feel under it. When a meteor falls to earth, men at first take more heed of its shape and composition than of its origin. It will be found that as we live on under the great truth and discern increasingly its wisdom and harmony, the old sense of reverence will come back to us and become a finer, deeper, intenser feeling than it was under the old conception of creation. It will also be a more intelligent and better-proportioned reverence. It may be questioned if the reverence excited by the bare fact of creation has any great value. That God created the universe is a truth of supreme importance in philosophy and religion, but a valuable reverence is to be drawn from the later phases and outcome of creation rather than from its beginning and its earlier stages. The first active law in creation of which we know is that of gravitation, but no moral feeling is awakened by the fact that matter attracts inversely to the square of distance. The condition of the world as it first took spherical shape could only be regarded with horror, and animal life in the paleozoic ages repels us by its amorphous shapes; nor is it pleasant to picture our not very remote ancestors. Reverence is not to be stirred by that part of creation which is behind us, but by creation as a whole, and by its end. It is only under a theory of evolutionary creation that we can truly wonder and adore God. Otherwise, how shall we think, how feel, before the Power that created those long orders of beings that simply ravened and devoured one another? If those orders were created independently, if they are not necessary links of a whole united in an evolutionary process, their creation cannot be rationally reconciled with any worthy conception of God. But seen as transient forms in an ever-growing process, thrust aside and buried under Devonian strata, and yielding to more shapely and complex orders, and so climbing by an ever-finer transition to some final and perfect end, we not only can tolerate them in thought, but adore the directing Power and delight in his method. But the feeling of reverence only possesses us as we discern the creative process issuing in man as a moral being. Were creation cut short at man as a physical being, there would be nothing in it to command our reverence, as there would be nothing to satisfy our reason.

Nor should it disturb us to find that our moral qualities have their first intimations in the brute world; that we find in the higher animals hints, forecastings of moral faculty and actions; that as our bodies bear some organic relation to the brutes, so also may our minds. Body is not mind, but they are organi-

cally related; sensation is not consciousness, but the latter is conditional on the former. So man is not a brute, but he is organically related to the brute, and the relation may touch his whole nature. Our feeling on this point should be determined not by the first look, but by its final bearing. If it invalidated our moral faculties, or robbed them of their dignity, or made them less imperative, or separated them in any degree from God, we should be justified in rejecting the theory on the simple ground that these faculties constitute a science in themselves, as commanding and real as physical science. To disown mind before matter is stultification. But there is no such alternative. A relation of the moral faculties to brute qualities may exist without impairing the divineness of conscience and reverence and love. But whatever our feeling, we cannot ignore the fact that in the brute world there are intimations or semblances of moral faculties; nor need we hesitate to say that they are united by the secret cord of the creative energy. The man of science, observing the development, says that it is brought about by natural forces; the philosopher may grant it, but adds that it is brought about by an intelligent force working freely and progressively, and therefore possibly by increments. Moral qualities are not found in the brutes, but there are the grounds of them—the stuff, so to speak, out of which they are constituted, though not the essence that gives them their particular nature. Their presence there is only an indication that the moral is in the mind and purpose of God, even so far back as in the brute world—a foregleam of the approaching issue. They show the divine purpose to crowd in the moral as soon and as fast as possible, prophesying it long before it can appear, impatient, as it were, with the dull processes behind, and pressing on with yearning speed towards his moral image. We have spoken altogether too long of the brutes with contempt—as though they had nothing of God in them, and were wholly alien to ourselves. It is no degradation of human love that it is organically linked with the brooding care of a brute for her young, nor of self-sacrifice that it is so related to a lioness dying for her whelps, nor of fidelity that it is akin to that of a dog dying for his master. They are not identical, but they are related: they spring from one root, but they reach forth to different issues; they have one motive in common, but in man they have also other motives and other relations. The rudimentary forms of moral qualities in the brute world simply show that the moral element and purpose is present in the entire creative process. For it was not power

that brooded over the elements at the beginning, but love; and the laws of nature are not the cold formulæ of mathematics, but are laws of righteousness and truth. In the most absolute sense these laws are holy, and when they begin to work in the higher brutes, they must by their very nature assume a moral aspect or semblance; it cannot be kept out. Life, in its more complex forms, is so dependent upon the moral, or what is practically moral, that it cannot be maintained without it. There could be no gregariousness in the animal world without the action of principles that are essential to morality. It is no impeachment of the dignity or value or imperativeness of a moral faculty, that it has come about by growth and differentiation. Indeed, it may stand all the firmer if its root reaches through all grades of life, and strikes down to the center of the earth. If I can trace my moral qualities throughout the universe, I certainly will not respect them less than if I found them only in some corner of it. We are on false lines of thought when we try to divide creation; more and more does it appear to be an indivisible thing bound together by some mysterious, internal bond of unity.

It does not follow that because a moral faculty is brought to full appearance by a combination of qualities or feelings, it has its origin or its essential potentiality in those qualities and feelings, or that it contains no more than is formed in them. A combination of two things that produces an effect that neither could produce alone, implies more than is to be found in the two things: there is the *idea* or the *proportion* of the combination upon which the effect depends; and this must come from some mind that ordained the proportion, and not from the things themselves. An acid and a base when mingled precipitate a salt, but they are not the authors of the salt; the law of the relation between the acid and the base is the author. The whole process may be set down in mathematical terms, but all the more is it evident that the product originates in the mathematical thought underlying it.

The same may be true of the moral faculties; they may appear as the results of brute qualities through long growth and differentiation, but they are not on that account to be regarded as the product of brute qualities, but of the law under which they have come about. And so far from moral faculties originating in brute qualities, though their history may lie in them, they do not become moral except as they cease to be brute qualities. A flower is a flower only by refusing to be a leaf, though it comes about by differentiation from a leaf. So conscience or reverence may have come

about by evolution through brute qualities, but they become themselves only by ceasing to be what they were. They get their real and essential nature from the mind that is behind — *in, cum et sub* — the whole process.

If the conclusion disturbs us, if we shrink from linking our nobler faculties with preceding orders, it is because we have as yet no proper conception of the close and interior relation of God to all his works; nor do we stop to see that our attempts to separate ourselves from the previous creation are reflections upon God's handiwork. Much of the talk upon the theme has a Pharisaic taint. Let us be thankful for existence, however it came about, and let us not deem ourselves too good to be included in the one creation of the one God.

The fact that man may be organically related to the material and brute world does not in itself determine either his nature or his destiny. So long as he is what he is, it does not matter what his history has been, though it may be a matter of consequence how — by what agency — he is differentiated from the brute. But the bare fact of his development from lower nature is not itself a fact that determines anything. It is a hasty and imperfect logic that conjures dark visions out of the relation, and reasons that if man is developed from the brutes he will share their fate. Origin has nothing to do with destiny; we can measure one as little as the other, and we know too little of either to use them as terms of close argument. I may be bound to physical and brute nature by the cord of origin, but that cord does not bind my destiny. A bird might be tied to the earth by a thread of infinite length and the knot never be unloosed, yet it might fly forever into the heavens and away from its source. It is an unreasonable contempt of lower nature that makes us fear it. As we find God in destiny, so we may find him in origin — present at both ends of his own process and in equal power. Indeed, our chances destiny-wise may be all the better because we are thoroughly interwoven with the whole creation. It is possible that we must be organically connected with the previous creation in order to share in the eternal order before us; that only thus can we be included in the circle of endless existence. If man is a sporadic and unrelated creation, his destiny hangs upon the arbitrary will that so created him, and gets no promise or assurance from the great order of the universe and its Creator.

Nor need we be disturbed by the claim of an organic relation between the various orders of existence, lest no place be found for the truths and doctrines of religion. This has been

the chief ground of alarm in the past. This firm linking of creation into one, this eduction of one phase from another by a natural process, seems to many to shut off the possibility of a revelation, of miracle, of an incarnation, of moral action, of immortality. It seems easier to defend these truths when a creative chasm, so to speak, has been placed between man and the rest of creation; man is more easily handled as a moral and spiritual being when he is treated as an independent creation. It has been feared that if such a chasm were not insisted on, man as a moral being would fall under the laws of the previous creation, and be swamped in necessity, and swallowed up in the general destruction of the previous orders; that so unique a fact as the incarnation could have no justification; that miracle could not be defended in the presence of hitherto universal law; that moral action could not be discriminated from the instinctive action of the brutes, whose action in turn could not be discriminated from the chemic and dynamic action of matter, thus throwing the chain of materialism about mind and spirit. I grant that these fears would be well grounded if certain theories of evolution were to be accepted as settled — such as the theory that matter has within itself the potentiality of all terrestrial life, and goes on in its development alone and by its own energy; a theory that may stand for the various mechanical and atomic doctrines that deify force and dispense with cause. But this theory is now an outcast in the world of thought, and is branded with rejection by every science that uses thought, for the simple reason that it is a theory that renders thought impossible.

These fears would also be well grounded if the theory were established that what is called *force* or the *forces* were invariable — never more nor less; that they worked only by transmutation and within the original limits; that force itself is an entity. This theory also has no tenable place in philosophy. What is called *force* is the method of the action of a cause, and is not a self-acting entity. Force can proceed only from a will. It is absurd to say of any inanimate thing that it is a force; it may transmit force, but only as it has first received it. Force cannot be conceived except as proceeding from a will; nor can it be observed except as acting under a thought-relation — that is, intelligently towards an end by design. Nor is it the invariable and eternal thing it is claimed to be. Matter existed — logically if not otherwise — before force, and must therefore have received its force from some source or reservoir; and as it works in thought-relations it must have come from an intelligent source that cherishes a design. The

claim that force is invariable because it is so observed is fallacious, simply because observation is limited. In the morning we see the sun go up, and till noon we might say that it will go up forever, but night reverses our observation. It would have been necessary to be present when the foundations of the earth were laid, to be able to say that as the chemic and dynamic passed into the organic there was not an addition of a force. Indeed, when the origin of force is considered, we need not think of it as forever exactly so much and no more, but only as the steady pressure of the Eternal hand upon matter, working uniformly indeed because there is an affinity between force and steadiness, and a Divine wisdom in uniformity; but we are under no compulsion either of reason or of observation to assert that this force is without variation. Force begins — where we know not till we postulate God; and it ends — how and where it goes we know not. That it is without play, that it may not be rhythmic and so analogous to the divinest of arts, that it is worked by necessity and not by freedom, is an assumption that is contradicted by every conscious act of the human will. A system that works by law or apparent necessity towards will or freedom as an end, must be grounded in freedom. In the early orders of creation, the Divine hand held steadily and evenly the lever of the great engine as it ran along the grooves of changing matter; but when a brute, seeing an enemy in one path, chooses another, there is a hint at least of self-generated force. And it is idle to say that the changes wrought by man on the face of the earth are not the products of his creative will. These phantoms of necessity, of materialized virtues, of instinctive morality, need no longer disturb us; they are vanishing before the growing light of reason. It is not the better way to assail them with indignant denial; our fierce weapons cleave them through, but they stand, like Miltonic devils, as before. Nor can we exorcise them by the magic of faith; they thus cease to frighten us, but they are not dispelled. The light only will drive them to their caves, and the light is growing.

When evolution is regarded, not as a self-working engine,—an inexorable and unsupervised system, a mysterious section of creation assumed to be the whole,—but rather as a process whose laws are the methods of God's action, and whose force is the steady play of Eternal will throughout matter, there need be no fear lest man and religion be swallowed up in matter and brute life. In other words, man is not correlated to the *process* of creation, but to the *Creator*. Man may bear a certain relation to the process, but his real and absolute relation

is to the power over and in the process. We may have come to be what we are through a process of development; much of it may linger on in us; some of its laws still play within us: we eat and procreate as do the brutes; chemical action builds up and takes down our bodies; analogies of its processes reappear in us: evil to be put away, good to be perfected. But we are cut off from our previous history quite as much as we are bound to it, because, the whole process being one of design and man being its fulfillment, he drops away from it as the apple drops from the tree. The fruit when it is ripe is no longer related to the branch but to its use; it no longer belongs to the tree but to him who planted the tree, and he will use it as seems to him fit. It may be set down as an axiom that *the end of a process cannot be identified with the process*. Man is the final and perfect fruit of creation and belongs to whatever has the best claim upon him—to morals, if he is found chiefly to belong there. However he came about, out of whatever depths of seeming necessity he has been drawn, he has freedom, consciousness, moral sense, personality. He can obey and disobey, love and hate, do right and wrong. These powers may engender a history that requires all that religion demands—even to a doctrine of the fall, if any care to insist upon it. There is no scientific reason to be ascribed against the theory that when a free agent finds himself crowned with moral sovereignty,—it matters not how,—he trifles with it, puts his crown under his brutish feet and not on his godlike brow. His past may follow him as a temptation, a deceiving serpent; his future may stand before him as duty upborne by a hope; he may at first drop back towards his past and not hold himself steady to duty. And as in creation the chemic needed more of God in order to become organic, and as the organic needed more of God than could be found in the chemic in order to become vital and conscious, so man may need God in all his fullness and in the perfection of his manifestation in order to become perfectly man. Hence a revelation; hence the incarnation. If the whole progressive creation is a progressive revelation of God, when its process culminates and ends in man, it is the very thing we might expect; namely, that there should be a full and perfect manifestation of God in the form and with the powers needed to lift humanity up to the level of its destiny. The very thing to be expected, after man has been drawn out of the processes of matter and brought to the verge of the moral and spiritual world, is that he should be provided with a moral and spiritual environment for feeding and protecting his moral nature. However

else Christianity may be defined, it is the moral environment of humanity — the bread of its life. Without it the fulfillment and completion of man's destiny as a spiritual being could not be secured. He may have all spiritual faculty within him, but he lacks environment: the spiritual world must be opened to him, it must infold him; and this is done in a real way and by an actual process in the Christian facts.

If it should appear that these facts and the theory of evolution were incompatible, and the question were raised which must be given up, the answer would be—hold on to the moral and spiritual claim, and let the scientific theory go; for the simple reason that the moral facts involved in Christianity are more stable and trustworthy than those of physical science. The unknowable thing is matter. It is often said that theories of religion cannot stand up against ascertained knowledge. Doubtless, for nothing can stand up against the truth. But the real question is, what is ascertained knowledge? There is a solidity, a certainty in moral truth that cannot be claimed for the verdicts of physical science, because moral truth is the direct assertion of personal identity, which is the only thing that we absolutely know; but matter—who can tell us what it is, or trace our relation to it beyond uniformity of impression? Morals are absolute; man knows them because he knows himself, and he can know nothing opposed to them; but physical science is the merest kaleidoscope—turn the tube and you see a new picture. The surest and most universal law in the material world is that of gravitation, but it is unique; it contradicts other laws, and is so mysterious that it can hardly be included in science. As for all else, we wait while the physicists strip from matter one husk after another, and change our definitions accordingly.

The world of mind and morals is not only the authoritative world, but it gives the law to science; the thought of a law of nature goes before the process of the law and determines it. To set physical science and its ascertained knowledge against mental and moral truth is like a shadow turning against the light, or like a flower contradicting the root. It is only by mind that we know matter, and to use a product for discrediting its source is absurd.

Science is all the while solving physical mysteries, not by bringing them within its present terms, but by enlarging its boundaries. There are still many mysteries that sit in the clouds and laugh at our science with its doctrines of force and environment, and there they are likely to remain till science can in-

fold them within a larger circle. The key to the whole subject is a broader generalization; think far and wide and high, enlarge your science, and perplexity will vanish.

At the cost of repetition I will state the generalization that contains a solution of the questions that put religion in apparent conflict with evolution and its laws. The main fact in evolution is force working uniformly; but evolution does not explain force; it receives it from some will, which is its only possible origin. But will is an attribute of personality, and is the basis and a large part of religion. We have, therefore, in religion an original factor which is found in the process of evolution—not as an essential element, but simply as a method of operation. Religion, therefore, is not compassed by the evolutionary process and laws, but is directly related to the eternal will that imparts its force to the process of evolution. In other words, religion is not correlated to a method of force, but to force itself, *i. e.*, to the eternal will. Religion therefore stands in freedom, for will is free. Nature seems to be under apparent necessity, but only apparent because of the uniformity of its action, behind which lies the absolute free will of God. If we were under a different sense of time, a woodsman felling a tree would seem to be acting under necessity, so uniform and sustained are his strokes; he can stop at any moment, but his purpose keeps his action constant for an hour, which might seem an æon to a differently constituted being.

But if man is involved in the evolutionary process, where and when and how does the free will come in, with all the facts and duties of religion? We may not be able to say when and where, but possibly we can tell how, *viz.*, in the progressive working of God. To produce a will or a person seems to be the end in view of the whole process, and at last it is gained. It is often said that freedom cannot come out of necessity, nor altruism out of egoism; doubtless, if necessity and egoism are absolute, and not phases of a process. The very uniformity of force may be a condition of the result—freedom, and egoism may be the path to altruism. The difficulty of getting from one to the other is no greater than in passing from the chemical to the vital. But when the result is reached, the conditions under which it was produced may be relaxed. And so we have man—a free will, himself a force acting in creative ways. If it be asked where he gets his free will, the answer is, from the same source from which matter gets its force—God. He may get it *through* nature, but he gets it *from* God working by nature. Hence, when we come to dis-

cuss the problems of religion,—duty, conscience, faith, prayer, reverence, love,—we are at full liberty, if we see fit, to turn our back upon that uniformity of nature which is called a law. Man stands before the Eternal One, and not before a method of nature. Nature is all about him, but his real relation is to God. His moral qualities may have been evolved through natural process, but they do not originate there. The flower is evolved through the differentiation of leaves, but it does not originate in them, nor can it be compassed in their differentiation. Not only is science unable to explain the *why* of the differentiation, but it is still less able to give any account of the idea of the flower. It may possibly learn to penetrate the process by which leaves become flowers, but it must go to other schools than its own to get the *idea* of the flower as a germ of life and fruit and seed.

I have endeavored to show that the influence of evolution upon the faith turns upon the form or definition of the theory. If evolution be held as simply a mechanical process; if force be regarded as an independent thing, or be blankly named as proceeding from an unknowable cause; if an observed section of the universe in time and space be considered as the whole; if an acknowledged essential factor be left out of account because it seems to be unknowable; if the observed uniformity of nature be interpreted as proof of necessity; if the laws seen in the earlier periods of creation be regarded as universal and incapable of yielding to other possible laws and forces; if, in brief, there is not a Power before, under, and in all these natural laws and processes, inclusive of them,—a Power working intelligently towards an end, and therefore progressively, and therefore in ways that seem new and even antagonistic to previous methods,—then evolution is dangerous to the faith. It is, of course, illogical to assert that because such theories are dangerous they are untrue—the standing argument of bigotry and ignorance. The path of truth always winds through dangers—abysses below and crumbling cliffs above. We base our protest against these theories on the ground that the logic and the science of the subject are against them. In that court of reason to which men in all ages have repaired for final verdicts—a court not of mere sensations, but of the combined faculties and whole nature of man, where reason, imagination, reverence, love, and all the passions of human nature, stern logic, mathematics, and universal knowledge are the judges—no verdict for these theories can be found. It can be secured only in a specific school of philosophy known as positivism—a philosophy

that postulates reason and then uses it to discredit it—a philosophy of the senses that plays in a pool within the sand-bar, with no eye for the ocean beyond. I would not speak disrespectfully of this school nor of their methods, but I deny their claim to a philosophy. They are useful in their way, and their method is a wise check upon other and better schools of thought. They are good sentries about the castle of truth, quick to descry and drive off the prowling theosophies and demiurgisms that swarm in from the limbo of unreason and wild imagination; wise, instinctive geese that cackle loudly when Rome is endangered; good beacons that warn against the reefs and shallow waters of half-way thought and imperfect knowledge; but they are not philosophers, nor is their method one that suits the human mind. If logically held, it runs into pessimism, where it meets its end, for mankind cannot long be induced to think ill of itself. It is enough to say of it here that it is narrow; it does not cover the facts of its own field; it ignores factors that are beyond the limits it has imposed upon itself, and denies the reality of phenomena that may be referred to those factors; it attempts to measure the universe by a rod no longer than the eye can see, and by mathematical laws with total disregard of the thought in these laws. The conflict of the faith is not with the science of evolution, but with the school of thought that claims to be its exponent—a claim, however, that we can with ill grace resist so long as we spend our time in casting theological stones at evolution. It is time to remember that evolution is the exclusive property of no one school of thought; least of all can it be compassed by a few unquestioned methods of nature, such as a struggle for existence, natural selection, and variation by environment—a process which, if taken by itself, has more of chance in it than order, and hence is exclusive of a definite end. Evolution may embrace these methods, but it is not only not defined by them, but they do not contain its secret.

The few principles that have guided and determined the thought of all ages in respect to creation, and, we venture to say, will guide and determine it in all ages to come, are these: A cause must be assumed as soon as an effect is observed; force cannot originate itself, and must proceed from a self-acting agent; a law in action, as in gravitation or crystallization, must be preceded by a thought of the law, and hence the priority of mind; forces working towards an end in a complex and orderly way presuppose a mind and force ordaining the order and the end. These are the granitic foundations underlying evolutionary creation, and they can no more be overlooked or set

aside than the process itself. To refer them to an unknowable cause may possibly be correct if we know only what our five senses tell us; if

"All we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool."

But to think in this way is to deliberately build a wall around ourselves and then assert that we know nothing of the outside; it is to deny cause and effect, by resolutely ignoring cause, and dwelling only on effects under the plea that the senses give us only effects and say nothing of cause. The human mind refuses to think in this way, and it disdains to be regarded as a Cerberus that can be appeased by morsels of empty phrase flung to it under the stress of logical demand. The human mind is patient with truth-seekers, but it will not tolerate a philosophy which asserts that because a straight staff seems bent in a pool, it is actually crooked.

Turning from this philosophy in search of one more consonant with reason, we do not expect to reach the mystery of creation, but we may be able to find lines along which we can travel even though it be forever — an "endless quest," but still one that we can follow without wronging our rational nature. Under what conception, then, can we best contemplate creation? What theory best covers the facts? What do the facts require? The one impregnable position, the *fons et origo* of thought upon the subject is this: Forces that work in complex order and with design are sequents of the thought in the order and design. Before the morning stars sang together some master prepared the measure. Before matter began to gravitate inversely as the square of distance, some mathematician fixed the problem. Before homogeneous matter at rest became unstable, some will disturbed its equilibrium. Starting thus with One who is Force and Thought and Order, how can we best connect him with creation and its methods? Shall we conceive of him as simply thought, and so have a mere idealism — an unreal world? or as force, and so bring up in necessity and the confusion of pessimism that turns on us with furious denial of the validity of reason? or as a mechanician, and so make him external to the world? or as an arbitrary ordainer, forcing on us the question why he did not ordain better and omit the needless early stages of cruelty? Or shall we accept the conception of Immanence, and so have a Thought and Will and Order who is continuously in the processes of creation, and is revealing himself in a real way in them — a true manifestation? Such a conception covers the facts; under it creation is thinkable. It meets that most imperative of questions —

What is the bond or relation between creation and its source? For we cannot escape the conviction that the relation is organic. We may not be able thus to compass the mystery of creation and lift the whole veil from Isis, but we can at least withdraw a corner and discover the golden feet that uphold it. Our highest possible achievement will be to think rationally of the universe — not to explain it. Science may carry us far; it may be able to link all phases and orders of creation into one whole, and explain the links; it may be able to bring matter and mind, force and feeling, sensation and consciousness, desire and duty, attraction and love, repulsion and hatred, pain and pleasure and conscience, fear and reverence, law and freedom, into some natural relation evolutionary in its character. As all these things are bound up in one human organism, so they may be united in creation as a whole. As man is a microcosm, so the universe may be the analogue of the human cosmos. In this direction we can think at least without violation of reason, — if forever without reaching a final solution, so be it. But so thinking we escape at least the absurdity of picking up creation at a point given by the senses and propounding the fragment as a theory of the universe. By so thinking we find that we are constantly transcending limits. The simple fact that we reach a limit implies a knowledge beyond it; and so we find at last that we are correlated to the limitless and have knowledge of it. Thus we learn to pronounce easily and with confidence the Infinite Name; and so naming it, we find it a revelation to us; under it creation gets meaning. We no longer stand on a headland and view creation as a ship rising out of the horizon and sailing past till it sinks again beneath the sky, port whence and port whither unknown, whether swept by currents or guided from within also unknown. Rather do we tread the deck, mark the hand that holds the helm, hear the word that shapes the voyage, and so journey with it to the harbor.

In closing this essay, in which I have attempted merely to show that the Christian Faith is not endangered by evolution, and to separate it from a narrow school of thought with which it is usually associated, it may not be amiss to indicate in a categorical way the lines upon which further study should be pursued:

I. The respects in which evolution as a necessary process in the natural and brute worlds does not wholly apply to man.

1. Instinct yields to conscious intelligence.
2. The struggle for existence yields to a moral law of preservation, and so is reversed.

3. Intelligence takes the place of natural selection.

4. The will comes into supremacy, and so there is a complete person; man, instead of being wholly under force, becomes himself a force.

5. Man attains full, reflective consciousness.

6. Conscience takes the place of desire.

7. The rudimentary and instinctive virtues of the brutes become moral under will and conscience.

8. Man comes into a consciousness of God.

9. Man's history is in freedom.

10. Man recognizes and realizes the spirit.

II. Contrasting phenomena of evolution under necessity, and evolution under freedom.

1. Man changes and tends to create his environment; achieves it largely, and so may

improve and prolong it. The brute adapted itself to environment, but had no power over it.

2. Man progresses under freedom. The brute progressed under laws and environment; man, under will and moral principles of action.

3. Man thinks reflectively, systematizes knowledge and reasons upon it; the brute does not, except in a rudimentary and forecasting way.

4. Man has dominion; the brute is a subject.

5. Man worships, having become conscious of the Infinite One; the brute does not.

6. Man is the end of creation, and the final object of it; the brute is a step in the progress.

The end of a process cannot be identified with the process.

T. T. Munger.

ZWEIBAK; OR, NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE. III.

HEIRESES are thick here. An heiress is a humorous object. She is such a mixture of conventional with natural and necessary attributes. She is made up of stocks, smiles, tears, mining property, blushes, real estate, a complexion and hair dark or blonde, as the case may be. When she falls in love she is extremely interesting. It is affecting to see the hopes and fears of that passion rising in her heart in complete independence of those weighty matters which control men in great cities. The man honored with her affection feels that it is very good of her. But some heiresses are very rude. Diana D., a Boston girl with a million or two, clever and learned, they say, and handsome as well, is staying here. She plainly regards herself as something very desirable, and considers men proper objects of suspicion. She takes a solitary morning walk in the gardens, keeping her veil down. If you meet her and regard her with a natural and proper curiosity, she returns your glance with an expression of countenance like that of the ladies of Constantinople, who exclaim on meeting an infidel,—particularly if some of the male faithful happen to be in sight,—“Dog of a Christian, how dare you look at me!”

. . . The characters of women change very much with years. Imagination and feeling are so large a part of them that they are liable in age, through mental peculiarities, to present a great contrast to their youth. It might be interesting to make guesses as to the old age of certain heroines of history and romance, of whose later days we have insufficient accounts. Héloïse became the mother

superior of a convent, noted for her sour temper and hard rule. Laura turned out a vegetarian and a practical dress-reformer.

The later career of Helen of Troy affords a good subject for speculation. One account is as follows: On her return to Sparta she was generally received, her little adventure having been overlooked. During the remainder of her career her life was perfectly correct. But shortly after her return she became impoverished by the collapse of certain properties, and went to live in a neighboring city. For some time she was in great vogue here, but after the first season or two she began to descend. Second-rate people got hold of her for their afternoon teas. In this world, of course, she remained for some time a considerable person. Many parties were given “to meet Helen of Troy.” Men who could not have got near her in her greater days were glad of the chance to give her a cup of tea. They thought as they looked at and talked with her: Is this Helen of Troy? Is this indeed the very woman? But even these men, when they had once “done” her, ceased to take any interest in her. It was at this period of her career that she made the acquaintance of a certain Myrrha, a woman of somewhat dubious social position, with whom by degrees she contracted a friendship which was of life-long duration. This Myrrha was at first greatly delighted with her extraordinary good fortune in having attracted the notice of so celebrated a person. The good-natured Helen was on her part pleased to condescend. This state of feeling, however, soon wore away, and before many months they were

quarreling with a cozy equality which left nothing to be desired. But Helen soon began to lose caste. People came to think they were having too much of her. The neglect from which she now suffered had the effect of making her self-assertive. She began to divide the world into those who did and those who did not acknowledge the claims of Helen of Troy, and got to speaking of herself in the third person. Her countenance in time acquired an expression of settled discontent. A really kind-hearted and magnanimous creature, she had taken on a warlike appearance from her being ready at all times to take arms in defense of her cause. Ten years passed away. A battered old wreck, she now spent her time in traveling about the country, living mostly in hotels. By this time she had got so low that she would talk to the reporters.

I am happy to record, however, that towards the close of her career her days seemed to brighten. The young people of that time, whose grandfathers had fought for possession of her, whose fathers had flirted with and neglected her, began to think that, if they were to know Helen of Troy, they must make her acquaintance as soon as possible. She was fond of young people and took a lively interest in their affairs, and never tired of answering their questions about the great events and the great characters of her youthful days. Indeed, she was almost too obliging in this way. Her memory, if "marvelously retentive," became also somewhat elastic. Not only was she ready to tell you all about the characters of the period of the war, but would give you also her personal recollections of Pitheus, Dædalus and Rhadamanthus, and other individuals whom any school-boy knew she could never have been acquainted with. The last years of her life were happy.

Some people are very troublesome and unreasonable. Charlie S—, a nice fellow, has pestered me to take him to a certain house where there is a young lady whom he had heard of as pretty but had not seen. I did so, and have not been able to get him to go with me there again. The fact is, I suppose, that no girl is so pretty as one you have not seen and only know by hearsay. You see her, and recognize one of the many modifications with which you already are familiar, a certain kind of nose or complexion, a make-up of face which you are able at once to classify,—altogether something considerably like what you have seen before. Another vagary of the masculine judgment is this, that a young woman met in the street or on the railway seems prettier than she would have been thought had she been met at an evening party. I think the reason of this is that in

the one case you may know her, while in the other case you may not. The mere fact that you cannot be introduced seems to make her eyes blacker and her nose straighter.

I have said a good deal about a variety of women, and, at the risk of being sentimental, I shall try to describe a very good one, who by chance is passing through here, and who was yesterday at the music. I met her first a summer ago by the shores of Lake Geneva: a slight person, with a gray dress and simple girdle—a small figure by the side of a big blue lake. She was not tall, the face and features being rather large for the body. The light and vigorous carriage denoted energy, and the countenance expressed duty, truth, and decision of character. I was told, and I could well believe it, that she was devoted to works of charity, night-schools and the like, and that she had done a great deal of good, and was the best creature in the world. I saw her later in the country in England. One can get a pretty good notion of people in a three-days' visit in an English country-house. That goodness which her friends attributed to her was always evident. Her figure, carriage, and attitude expressed it. Her voice, pitched in a high, brave tone (her manner of speaking, by the way, had a pleasant conventionality such as I imagine the saints themselves might have found it convenient to use), expressed it. I happened while at this house to stumble into a meeting of some half-dozen ladies who were of the neighborhood and who were the committee of a charitable society to which she belonged. Being interested in the proceedings, I remained; which perhaps I should not have done. The society was the Y. F. G. S. (I don't know what these initials meant.) There were present Miss Anderson, Mrs. Thomson, Lady Angela White, Miss Longley, and two or three others. Miss Longley acted as honorary secretary *pro tem*. The lady I met on the shore of the lake had prepared a report, which for precision of statement would serve as a model to certain wordy people of my acquaintance. But could they emulate at the same time the writer's tenderness embedded among the figures, her winged benevolence and vigor and beauty of soul?

The document was not less interesting because its phraseology seemed occasionally to the uneducated ear to be of a somewhat special character. Thus, of some recommended action which the writer thought should be general rather than local, she said, with emphasis, "It must be diocesan."

The person I have here described was extremely attractive. But I have seen some good women that were positively plain, who were pleasant to look at. What a relief it is,

after a surfeit of a certain kind of frivolous society, to come across some good person who makes a business of not being pretty. You often meet with such a woman. She is nearly always a lady, and she makes you look upon want of grace as almost necessary to a ladylike character. Her clothes hang about her like planks. Her appearance announces that she is a spinster and that she accepts the part; that love and lovers are things which she has heard of, it is true, but which do not in the least pertain to her. Such a woman is, at times, really most acceptable to the eyes.

. . . I am apt to be much perplexed by the way in which, here as elsewhere, good people and the other kind consort together. They are such friends and are so glad to see one another. A little while ago I went to dine with Michael; he had a great mixture of people. Satan came, and, being the person of the highest rank, took in the hostess. The party consisted of Gabriel, Raphael, Moloch, Beelzebub, and Mammon. Among the ladies were Rebecca, Mary and Martha, Sappho and Aspasia. There were other ladies and gentlemen less known than these, but presenting quite as violent contrasts of character. Satan excused himself and left early.

I said, "I suppose your Excellency is off to H——?"

He replied, "That's what you foolish boys think; I'm going to bed."

After the ladies had left the table, Michael called out, "Moloch, help yourself, and send the wine this way."

I wanted much to get some talk with Gabriel, whose admirable writings and superior character I had long been familiar with; but he was so deeply engaged in conversation with Mammon about things in the city, that I could not get near him. I could only speculate what had been the behavior of the ladies to one another after they had withdrawn. Later I saw Mary and Martha, good souls, with perceptions about as sharp as the big end of an egg, and who on that account look rather askance at me, in the friendliest chat with a certain black sheep, a man who shall be nameless. On leaving the house I fell in with Moloch and walked a few steps with him. We mentioned Raphael, whom he praised warmly, saying, "A charming man, Raphael—charming man!"

I found all this very confusing, but did not think for a moment the characters of these people similar because the people appeared so much alike. On the contrary, I am sure they were in reality just as far apart as if they had brought their wings, crowns, and harps, their horns, hoofs, and tails with them.

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

"O WORLD, O glorious world, good-bye!"
Time but to think it—one wild cry
Unuttered, a heart-wrung farewell
To sky and wood and flashing stream,
All gathered in a last, swift gleam,
As the crag crumbled, and he fell.

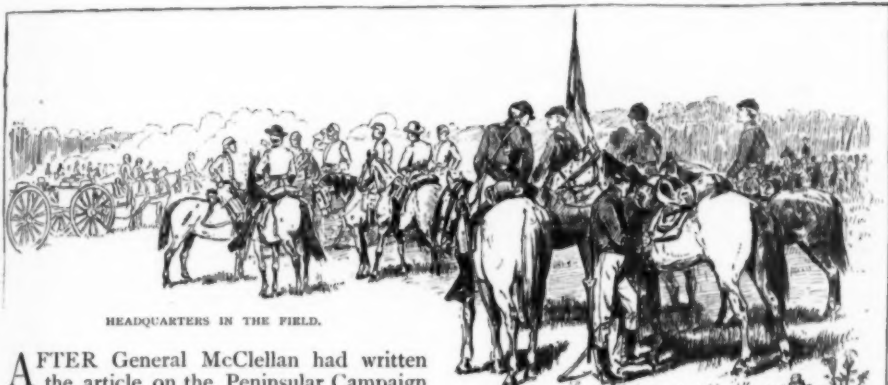
But lo! the thing was wonderful!
After the echoing crash, a lull:
The great fir on the slope below
Had spread its mighty mother-arm,
And caught him, springing like a bow
Of steel, and lowered him safe from harm.

'Twas but an instant's dark and daze:
Then, as he felt each limb was sound,
And slowly from the swooning haze
The dizzy trees stood still that whirled,
And the familiar sky and ground,
There grew with them across his brain
A dull regret: "So, world, dark world,
You are come back again!"

Anthony Morehead.

FROM THE PENINSULA TO ANTIETAM.

POSTHUMOUS NOTES BY GENERAL McCLELLAN,—
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY GENERAL McCLELLAN'S LITERARY EXECUTOR.



HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD.

AFTER General McClellan had written the article on the Peninsular Campaign (published in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1885), he was requested to write an account of the battle of Antietam, which he promised to do at his leisure. He had kept the promise in mind, and as occasion served had sketched introductory portions of the proposed article. In the morning, after his sudden death, these manuscript pages were found on his table, with some others freshly written, possibly on the previous day or evening. There was also an unsealed note to one of the editors (in reply to one he had received), in which he said that he would at once proceed with the article and finish it.

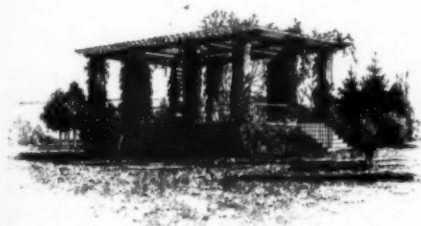
It was his custom in writing for the press to make a rapid but complete sketch, often abbreviating words and leaving blanks for matter to be copied from documents, then to rewrite the entire article for publication. It would seem that in this case he had first in

mind the consideration stated in the second paragraph of the article, and had given his attention to the history of the army, from the close of the Seven Days' battles to the advance from Washington toward South Mountain and Antietam. There was no manuscript relating to later events. He had commenced what appears to be his final copy of this first portion of the article, but had completed only about three pages of foolscap, which extend in the print below to a place indicated.

It is an interesting fact that in this final copy the paragraph commencing with the words "So long as life lasts" was apparently the last written, being on a separate page and indicated by a letter A for insertion where it stands. This tribute of admiration for the army which loved him as he loved them was among the last thoughts, if it was not the very last, which his pen committed to paper.

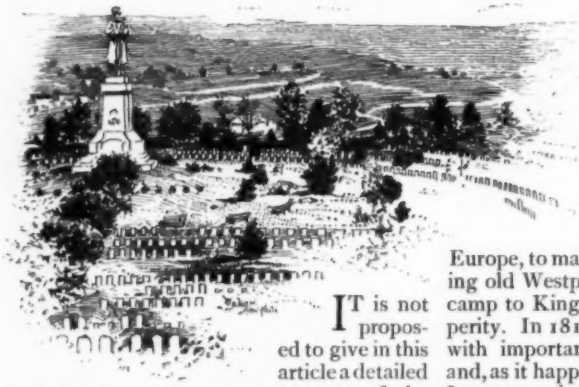
Although this introduction to the account of Antietam is but his first sketch, and not in the final shape he would have given it for publication, it is so comprehensive and complete, and contains so much that is of historical importance, his literary executor has considered it his duty to allow its publication in *THE CENTURY* in the form in which General McClellan left it, and thus as far as possible fulfill a promise made in the last hours of his life.

William C. Prime.



ROSTRUM IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT SHARPSBURG.
(FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

On Memorial Day of last year, General McClellan addressed from this rostrum a large assembly of members of the "Army of the Republic."—EDITOR.



THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT SHARPSBURG—OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF THE ANTIETAM.

Antietam, but simply a sketch of the general operations of the Maryland campaign of 1862 intended for general readers, especially for those whose memory does not extend back to those exciting days, and whose knowledge is derived from the meager accounts in so-called histories, too often intended to mislead and pander to party prejudices rather than to seek and record the truth.

A great battle can never be regarded as "a solitaire," a jewel to be admired or condemned for itself alone, and without reference to surrounding objects and circumstances. A battle is always one link in a long chain of events; the culmination of one series of manoeuvres, and the starting-point of another series—therefore it can never be fully understood without reference to preceding and subsequent events.

Restricted as this narrative is intended to be, it is nevertheless necessary to preface it by a brief story of the antecedent circumstances.

In an article already published in *THE CENTURY* [May, 1885], I have narrated the events of the Peninsular campaign up to the time when, at the close of the Seven Days' battles, the Army of the Potomac was firmly established on its proper line of operations, the James River.

So long as life lasts the survivors of those glorious days will remember with quickened pulse the attitude of that army when it reached the goal for which it had striven with such transcendent heroism. Exhausted, depleted in numbers, bleeding at every pore, but still proud and defiant, and strong in the consciousness of a great feat of arms heroically accomplished, it stood ready to renew

the struggle with undiminished ardor whenever its commander should give the word. It was one of those magnificent episodes which dignify a nation's history, and are fit subjects for the grandest efforts of the poet and the painter.

[Many years ago it was my good fortune, when in

Europe, to make the acquaintance of a charming old Westphalian Baron who was aide-de-camp to King Jerome in the days of his prosperity. In 1813 my friend was sent by his king with important dispatches to the Emperor, and, as it happened, arrived while the battle of Lutzen was in progress. He approached from the rear and for miles passed through crowds of stragglers, feeling no doubt that the battle was lost, and that he was about to witness the crushing defeat of the French. Still keeping on and on, he at last found the Emperor at the front, and to his great surprise discovered that the battle was won. Thus it very often happens in war that there are on each side, two armies in the field, one of the fighting men with the colors, the other of stragglers and marauders in the rear; the relative strength of these two armies depends upon the state of discipline and the peculiar circumstances of the time.*]

At the close of such a series of battles and marches the returns of the killed, wounded, and missing by no means fully measure the temporary decrease of strength; there were also many thousands unfitted for duty for some days by illness, demoralization, and fatigue. The first thing to be done was to issue supplies from the vessels already sent to the James, and to allow the men some little time to rest and recover their strength after the great fatigue and nervous tension they had undergone.

In order to permit a small number to watch over the safety of the whole army, and at the same time to prepare the way for ulterior operations, so that when the army advanced again upon Richmond by either bank of the James its base of supplies might be secure with a small guard, the position was rapidly intrenched, the work being completed about the 10th of July.

Prior to the 10th of July two brigades of Shields's division, numbering about 5300 men, had joined the army, bringing its numbers for duty up to 89,549, officers and men, about the same strength as that with which it entered upon the siege of Yorktown, the reën-

* The paragraph enclosed by brackets was in the first sketch of the article but was omitted by General McClellan in the final manuscript.—W. C. P.

forcements received in the shape of the divisions of Franklin and McCall, the brigades of Shields, and a few regiments from Fort Monroe having slightly more than made good

the losses in battle, and by disease. But among these 89,000 for duty on the 10th of July were included all the extra duty men employed as teamsters, and in the various ad-

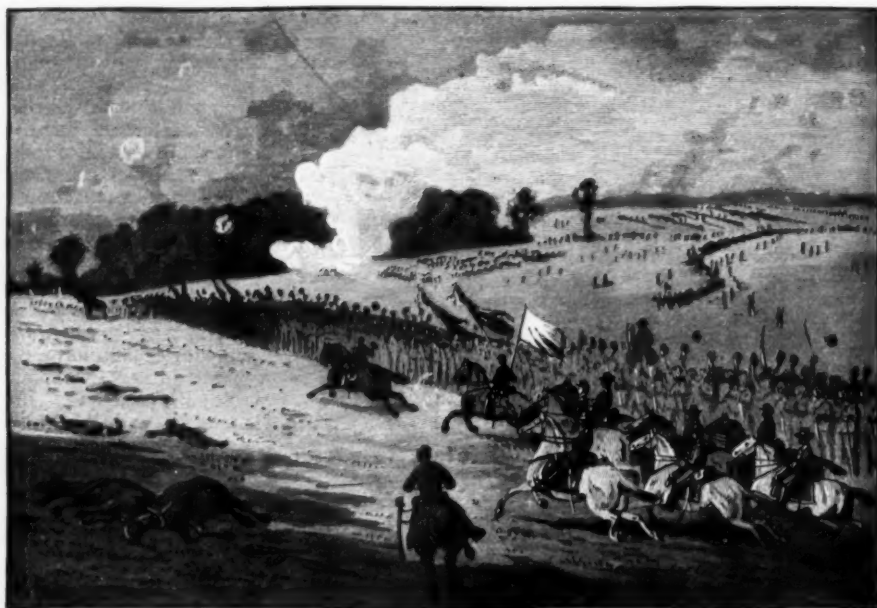
ministrative services, and with the further deductions necessary for camp guards; guards of communications, depots and trains, flank detachments, etc., reduced the numbers actually available for offensive battle to not more than [60,000 ?]

A few days sufficed to give the men the necessary rest, and to renew the supplies exhausted on the march across the Peninsula; the army was once more in condition to undertake any operation justified by its numbers, and was in an excellent position to advance by either bank of the James. [End of finished draft.]

It was at last upon its true line of operations, which I had been unable to adopt at an earlier date in consequence of the Secretary of War's peremptory order of the 18th of May requiring the right wing to be extended to the north of Richmond in order to establish communication with General McDowell. General McDowell was then under orders to advance from Fredericksburg, but never came, because, in spite of his earnest protest, these orders were countermanded from Washington, and he was sent upon a fruitless expedition towards the Shenandoah instead of being permitted to join me, as he could have done, at the time of the affair of Hanover Court House.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PART OF GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S MANUSCRIPT. (SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.)

A. So long as life lasts the running of that glorious day will
remember with exultant pulses the attitude of that army of the
~~past~~ when it reached the goal for which it had striven with such
transcendent heroism. Exhausted, depleted in number, bleeding at every
pore, but still proud and defiant, & strong in the consciousness of a great
feat of arms heroically accomplished, it stood ready to meet the struggle
with undiminished ardor whenever its commander should join the world.
It was one of those magnificent episodes that dignify a nation's history,
and are fit subjects for the proud efforts of the poet & the painter.



GENERAL MCCLELLAN RIDING THE LINE OF BATTLE AT ANTIETAM.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The troops were Hooker's and Sedgwick's, and the time about 11 A. M. of September 17. General McClellan rode his black horse, "Daniel Webster," which, on account of the difficulty of keeping pace with him, was better known to the staff as "that devil Dan."—EDITOR.

in possession of the Government. Had the Army of the Potomac been permitted to remain on the line of the James, I would have crossed to the south bank of that river, and while engaging Lee's attention in front of Malvern, have made a rapid movement in force on Petersburg, having gained which, I would have operated against Richmond and its communications from the west, having already gained those from the south.

Subsequent events proved that Lee did not move northward from Richmond with his army until assured that the Army of the Potomac was actually on its way to Fort Monroe; and they also found that so long as the Army of the Potomac was on the James, Washington and Maryland would have been entirely safe under the protection of the fortifications and a comparatively small part of the troops then in that vicinity; so that Burnside's troops and a large part of the Union army of Virginia might, with entire propriety, have been sent by water to join the army under my command which—with detachments from the West—could easily have been brought up to more than one hundred thousand men disposable on the actual field of battle.

In spite of my most pressing and oft-repeated

entreaties, the order was insisted upon for the abandonment of the Peninsula line and the return of the Army of the Potomac to Washington in order to support General Pope, who was in no danger so long as the Army of the Potomac remained on the James. With a heavy heart I relinquished the position gained at the cost of so much time and blood.

As an evidence of my good faith in opposing this movement it should be mentioned that General Halleck had assured me, verbally and in writing, that I was to command all the troops in front of Washington, including those of Generals Burnside and Pope—a promise which was not carried into effect.

As the different divisions of the Army of the Potomac reached Acquia Creek and the vicinity of Washington they were removed from my command, even to my personal escort and camp guard, so that on the 30th of August, in reply to a telegram from him, I telegraphed General Halleck from Alexandria, "I have no sharp-shooters except the guard around my camp. I have sent off every man but those, and will now send them with the train as you direct. I will also send my only remaining squadron of cavalry with General Sumner. I can do no more. You now have



GENERAL MCCLELLAN AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT ANTIETAM. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

After the battle of Antietam, President Lincoln was impatient because Lee was not followed across the Potomac. He visited the army to see for himself if it was in no condition to pursue. General McClellan thought it necessary to wait for supplies and reinforcements. On the return of President Lincoln to Washington General Halleck telegraphed to General McClellan under date of October 6:

"The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south," etc.

every man of the Army of the Potomac who is within my reach." I had already sent off even my headquarters wagons—so far as landed—with ammunition to the front.

On the same day I telegraphed to General Halleck, "I cannot express to you, etc."

[The dispatch which General McClellan here indicates, as intending to insert when revising the manuscript, proceeds as follows:

In his volume of reports General McClellan says: "On the first day of October, his Excellency the President honored the Army of the Potomac with a visit, and remained several days, during which he went through the different encampments, reviewed the troops, and went over the battle-fields of South Mountain and Antietam. I had the opportunity during this visit to describe to him the operations of the army since the time it left Washington, and gave him my reasons for not following the enemy after he crossed the Potomac."—EDITOR.

"I cannot express to you the pain and mortification I have experienced to-day in listening to the distant sound of the firing of my men. As I can be of no further use here, I respectfully ask that if there is a possibility of the conflict being renewed to-morrow, I may be permitted to go to the scene of battle with my staff, merely to be with my own men, if nothing more; they will fight none the worse for my being with them. If it is not deemed best to intrust me with the command even of my own army, I simply ask to be permitted to share their fate on the field of battle. Please reply to this to-night.

"I have been engaged for the last few hours in doing what I can to make arrangements for the wounded. I have started out all the ambulances now landed. As I have sent my escort to the front, I would be glad to take some of Gregg's cavalry with me, if allowed to go.

"G. B. McCLELLAN, Major-General."

The dispatch was dated "Camp near Alexandria, Aug. 30, 1862, 10:30 P. M." On the following day he received this answer:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31, 1862, 9:18 A.M.

"MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN: I have just seen your telegram of 11:5 last night. The substance was stated to me when received, but I did not know that you asked for a reply immediately. I cannot answer without seeing the President, as General Pope is in command, by his orders, of the department.

"I think Couch's division should go forward as rapidly as possible, and find the battle-field.

"H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief."]

On the 1st of September I met General Halleck at his office in Washington, who by verbal order directed me to take charge of Washington and its defenses, but expressly prohibited me from exercising any control over the active troops under General Pope.

At this interview I informed General Halleck that from information received through one of my aides I was satisfied that affairs were not progressing favorably at the front, and urged him to go out in person to ascertain the exact state of the case. He declined doing this, but finally sent Colonel Kelton, his adjutant-general.

Next morning while at breakfast at an early hour I received a call from the President, accompanied by General Halleck.

The President informed me that Colonel Kelton had returned and represented the condition of affairs as much worse than I had stated to Halleck on the previous day; that there were 30,000 stragglers on the roads; that the army was entirely defeated and falling back to Washington in confusion. He then said that he regarded Washington as lost and asked me if I would, under the circumstances, con-

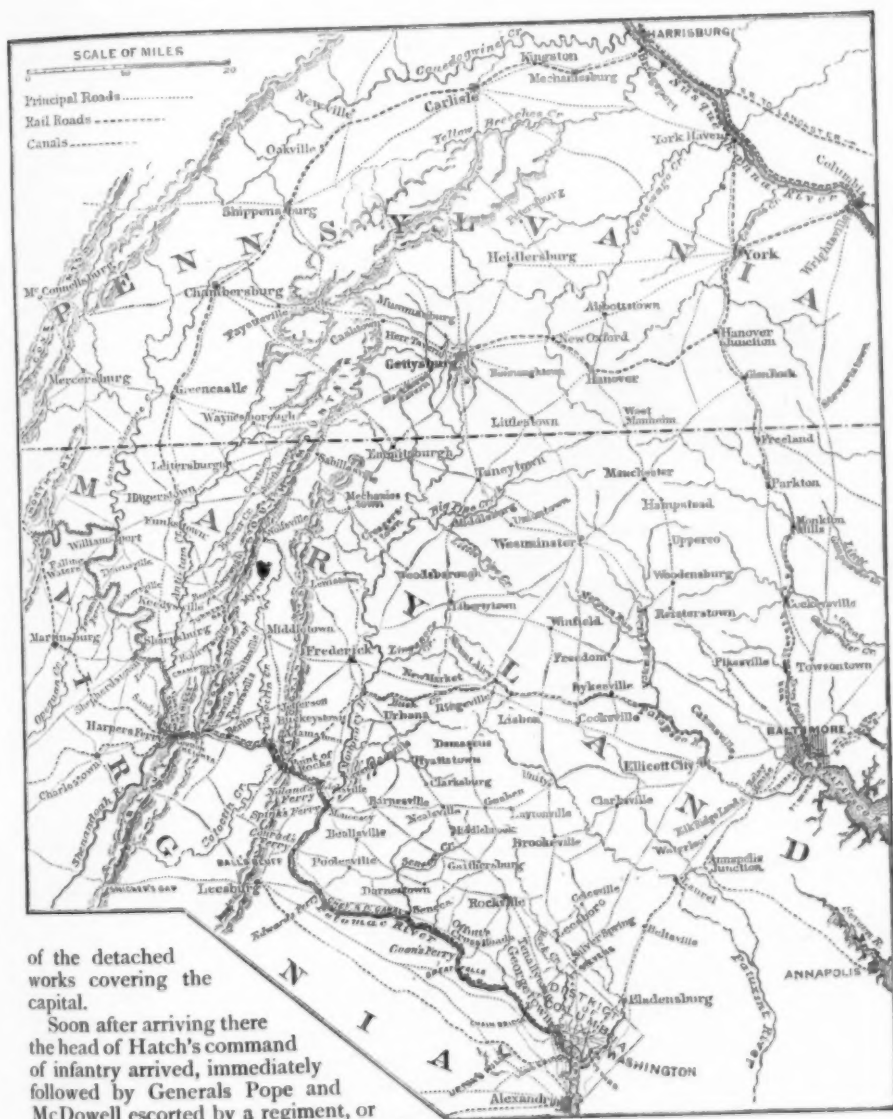
sent to accept command of all the forces. Without one moment's hesitation and without making any conditions whatever, I at once said that I would accept the command and would stake my life that I would save the city. Both the President and Halleck again asserted that it was impossible to save the city, and I repeated my firm conviction that I could and would save it. They then left, the President verbally placing me in entire command of the city and of the troops falling back upon it from the front.

I at once sent for my staff-officers and dispatched them on various duties; some to the front with orders for the disposition of such corps as they met, others to see to the prompt forwarding of ammunition and supplies to meet the retreating troops. In a very short time I had made all the requisite preparations and was about to start to the front in person to assume command as far out as possible, when a message came to me from General Halleck informing me that it was the President's order that I should not assume command until the troops had reached the immediate vicinity of the fortifications.

I therefore waited until the afternoon, when I rode out to Upton's Hill, the most advanced



PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN GENERAL McCLELLAN'S TENT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



of the detached works covering the capital.

Soon after arriving there the head of Hatch's command of infantry arrived, immediately followed by Generals Pope and McDowell escorted by a regiment, or part of a regiment, of cavalry. I obtained what information I could from General Pope and dispatched the few remaining aides with me to meet the troops on the roads leading in on the left, with final orders to them, when quite a heavy distant artillery firing broke out in the direction of the Chantilly and Vienna road. Asking General Pope what that was, he replied it was probably an attack on Sumner, who commanded the rear-guard in that direction; in reply to an-

other question he said that he thought it probably a serious affair. He and McDowell then asked if I had any objection to their proceeding to Washington. I said that they might do so, but that I was going to the firing. They then proceeded on with their escort while with a single aide (Colonel Colburn) and three orderlies, I struck across country to

intercept the column on our right by the shortest line. It was a little after dark when I reached the column.

I leave to others who were present the description of what then occurred; the frantic

sylvania by crossing the upper Potomac; I therefore moved the Second, Ninth, and Twelfth Corps to the Maryland side of the Potomac in position to meet any attack upon the city on that side.



THE PRY HOUSE, GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.
(FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

cheers of welcome that extended for miles along the column; the breaking of ranks and the wild appeals of the men that I should then and there take them back on the line of retreat and let them snatch victory out of defeat.* Let it suffice to say that before the day broke the troops were all in position to repulse attack, and that Washington was safe.

On the 3d it was clear that the enemy intended an invasion of Maryland and Penn-

sylvania by crossing the upper Potomac; I therefore moved the Second, Ninth, and Twelfth Corps to the Maryland side of the Potomac in position to meet any attack upon the city on that side.

As soon as this was done I reported the fact to General Halleck, who asked what general I had placed in command of those three corps; I replied that I had made no such detail, as I should take command in person if the enemy appeared in that direction. He then said that my command included only the defenses of Washington and did not extend to any active column that might be moved out beyond the line of works; that no decision had yet been made as to the commander of the active army. He repeated the same thing on more than one occasion before the final advance to South Mountain and Antietam took place.

I should here state that the only published order ever issued in regard to the extent of my command after my

interview with the President on the morning of the 2d, was the following:

"WAR DEPARTMENT.

"ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, September 2, 1862.

"Major-General McClellan will have command of the fortifications of Washington and of all the troops for the defense of the capital."

"By order of MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK.

"E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant-General."

"The two horsemen passed on to where the column of troops was lying, standing, or sitting, as pleased each individual, and were lost in the shadowy gloom. But a few moments had elapsed, however, when Captain John D. Wilkins, of the Third Infantry (now Colonel of the Fifth), came running towards Colonel Buchanan, crying out:

"Colonel! Colonel! General McClellan is here!"

"The enlisted men caught the sound! Whoever was awake aroused his neighbor. Eyes were rubbed, and those tired fellows, as the news passed down the column, jumped to their feet, and sent up such a hurrah as the Army of the Potomac had never heard before. Shout upon shout went out into the stillness of the night; and, as it was taken up along the road and repeated by regiment, brigade, division, and corps, we could hear the roar dying away in the distance. The effect of this man's presence upon the Army of the Potomac—in sunshine or rain, in darkness or in daylight, in victory or defeat—was ever electrical, and too wonderful to make it worth while attempting to give a reason for it."—EDITOR.

* Captain William H. Powell, of the Fourth Regular Infantry, described this meeting, in the January CENTURY, as follows:

"About four o'clock on the next afternoon, from a prominent point, we descried in the distance the dome of the Capitol. We would be there at least in time to defend it. Darkness came upon us, and still we marched. As the night wore on, we found at each halt that it was more and more difficult to arouse the men from the sleep they would fall into apparently as soon as they touched the ground. During one of these halts, while Colonel Buchanan, the brigade commander, was resting a little off the road, some distance in advance of the head of the column, it being starlight, two horsemen came down the road towards us. I thought I observed a familiar form, and turning to Colonel Buchanan, said:

"Colonel, if I did not know that General McClellan had been relieved of all command, I should say that he was one of that party," and adding immediately, "I do really believe it is he!"

"Nonsense," said the Colonel: "what would General McClellan be doing out in this lonely place, at this time of night, without an escort?"

A few days after this and before I went to the front, Secretary Seward came to my quarters one evening and asked my opinion of the condition of affairs at Harper's Ferry, remarking that he was not at ease on the subject. Harper's Ferry was not at that time in any sense under my control, but I told Mr. Seward that I regarded the arrangements there as exceedingly dangerous; that in my opinion the proper course was to abandon the position and unite the garrison (ten thousand men about) to the main army of operations, for the reason that its presence at Harper's Ferry would not hinder the enemy from crossing the Potomac; that if we were unsuccessful in the approaching battle, Harper's Ferry would be of no use to us and its garrison necessarily lost; that if we were successful we would immediately recover the post without any difficulty, while the addition of ten thousand men to the active army would be an important factor in insuring success. I added that if it were determined to hold the position the existing arrangements were all wrong, as it would be easy for the enemy to surround and capture the garrison, and that the garrison ought, at least, to be withdrawn to the Maryland Heights where they could resist attack until relieved.

The secretary was much impressed by what I said, and asked me to accompany him to General Halleck and repeat my statement to him. I acquiesced and we went together to General Halleck's quarters, where we found that he had retired for the night. But he received us in his bedroom, when, after a preliminary explanation by the secretary as to the interview being at his request, I said to Halleck precisely what I had stated to Mr. Seward.

Halleck received my statement with ill-concealed contempt — said that everything was all right as it was; that my views were entirely erroneous, etc., and soon bowed us out, leaving matters at Harper's Ferry precisely as they were.

On the 7th of September, in addition to the three corps already mentioned (the Second, Ninth, and Twelfth), the First and Sixth Corps, Sykes's division of the Fifth Corps, and Couch's division of the Fourth Corps, were also on the Maryland side of the river; the First and Ninth Corps at Leesboro; the Second and Twelfth in front of Rockville; the Sixth Corps at Rockville; Couch's division at Offut's Cross Roads; Sykes's division at Tenallytown.

As the time had now arrived for the army to advance, and I had received no orders to take command of it, but had been expressly told that the assignment of a commander had not been decided, I determined to solve the

question for myself, and when I moved out from Washington with my staff and personal escort I left my card, with *P. P. C.* written upon it, at the White House, War Office, and Secretary Seward's house, and went on my way.

I was afterwards accused of assuming command without authority, for nefarious purposes, and in fact, fought the battles of South Mountain and Antietam with a halter around my neck, for if the Army of the Potomac had been defeated and I had survived I would, no doubt, have been tried for assuming authority without orders and, in the state of feeling which so unjustly condemned the innocent and most meritorious General F. J. Porter, I would probably have been condemned to death. I was fully aware of the risk I ran, but the path of duty was clear and I tried to follow it. It was absolutely necessary that Lee's army should be met, and in the state of affairs I have briefly described, there could be no hesitation on my part as to doing it promptly. Very few in the Army of the Potomac doubted the favorable result of the next collision with the Confederate army, but in other quarters not a little doubt prevailed, and the desire for very rapid movements, so loudly expressed after the result was gained, did not make itself heard during the movements preceding the battles; quite the contrary was the case, as I was more than once cautioned that I was moving too rashly and exposing the capital to an attack from the Virginia side.

As is well known, the result of General Pope's operations had not been favorable, and when I finally resumed command of the troops in and around Washington they were weary, disheartened, their organization impaired, their clothing, ammunition, and supplies in a pitiable condition.

The Army of the Potomac was thoroughly exhausted and depleted by its desperate fighting and severe marches in the unhealthy regions of the Chickahominy and afterwards, during the second Bull Run campaign; its trains, administration services and supplies were disorganized or lacking in consequence of the rapidity and manner of its removal from the Peninsula, as well as from the nature of its operations during the second Bull Run campaign. In the departure from the Peninsula, trains, supplies, cavalry, and artillery were often necessarily left at Fort Monroe and Yorktown for lack of vessels, as the important point was to move the infantry divisions as rapidly as possible to the support of General Pope. The divisions of the Army of Virginia were also exhausted and weakened, and their trains and supplies disorgan-

ized and deficient by the movements in which they had been engaged.

Had General Lee remained in front of Washington it would have been the part of wisdom to hold our own army quiet until its pressing wants were fully supplied, its organization restored and its ranks filled with recruits—in brief, prepared for a campaign. But as the enemy maintained the offensive and crossed the Upper Potomac to threaten or invade Pennsylvania, it became necessary to meet him at any cost notwithstanding the condition of the troops; to put a stop to the invasion, save Baltimore and Washington, and throw him back across the Potomac. Nothing but sheer necessity justified the advance of the Army of the Potomac to South Mountain and Antietam in its then condition; and it is to the eternal honor of the brave men who composed it that under such adverse circumstances they gained those victories; for the work of supply and reorganization was continued as best we might while on the march, and after the close of the battles so much remained to be done to place the army in condition for a campaign, that the delay which ensued was absolutely unavoidable, and the army could not have entered upon a new campaign one day earlier than it did. It must then constantly be borne in mind that the purpose of advancing from Washington was simply to meet the necessities of the moment by frustrating Lee's invasion of the Northern States, and when that was accomplished, to push with the utmost rapidity the work of reorganization and supply so that a new campaign might be promptly inaugurated with the army in condition to prosecute it to a successful termination without intermission.

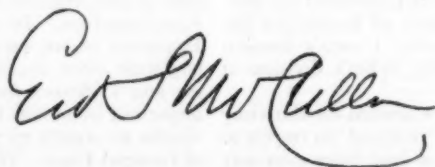
The advance from Washington was covered by the cavalry, under General Pleasanton, pushed as far to the front as possible, and soon in constant contact with the enemy's cavalry, with whom several well conducted and successful affairs occurred.

Partly in order to move men freely and rapidly, partly in consequence of the lack of accurate information as to the exact position and intention of Lee's army, the troops ad-

vanced by three main roads: That near the Potomac by Offut's Cross Roads and the mouth of the Seneca; that by Rockville to Frederick, and that by Brookville and Urbana to New Market. We were then in condition to act according to the development of the enemy's plans and to concentrate rapidly in any position. If Lee threatened our left flank by moving down the river road or by crossing the Potomac at any of the forks from Coon's Ferry upward, there were enough troops on the river road to hold him in check until the rest of the army could move over to support them; if Lee took up a position behind the Seneca near Frederick the whole army could be rapidly concentrated in that direction to attack him in force; if he moved upon Baltimore the entire army could rapidly be thrown in his rear and his retreat cut off; if he moved by Gettysburg or Chambersburg upon York or Carlisle we were equally in position to throw ourselves in his rear.

The first thing was to gain accurate information as to Lee's movements, and meanwhile to push the work of supply and reorganization as rapidly as possible.

General Lee and I knew each other well in the days before the war. We had served together in Mexico and commanded against each other in the Peninsula. I had the highest respect for his ability as a commander, and knew that he was not a general to be trifled with or carelessly afforded an opportunity of striking a fatal blow. Each of us naturally regarded his own army as the better, but each entertained the highest respect for the endurance, courage, and fighting qualities of the opposing army; and this feeling extended to the officers and men. It was perfectly natural under these circumstances that both of us should exercise a certain amount of caution; I in my endeavors to ascertain Lee's strength, position, and intentions before I struck the final blow; he to abstain from any extended movements of invasion, and to hold his army well in hand until he could be satisfied as to the condition of the Army of the Potomac after its second Bull Run campaign, and as to the intentions of its commander. . .



McCLELLAN AT THE HEAD OF THE GRAND ARMY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—VII.†



A DISORGANIZED PRIVATE.
(FROM A PHOTO.)

Whether it is a defeat or a victory, are always very great; but there is no disorganization of the machine known as a brigade, regiment, or company, except in case of utter rout, when the army becomes a mob. As soon as a vacancy occurs in battle the officer next in rank, without assignment or orders, fills the place. An officer, perhaps, finds fighting does not agree with his peculiar temperament, and resigns, or is taken sick and puts himself under the care of some sympathetic surgeon; or the demoralized private, during the fight, throws away his knapsack and fighting equipments in order to increase his speed for the rear. The sick and foot-sore straggle, the cowards skulk, and a more vicious class willfully desert. Those who have by casualty of battle been deprived of gun, or knapsack, or haversack, or canteen, or tin cup, have to be re-supplied. A private, perchance, sees where a bullet has entered his neatly rolled blanket, which when opened out is found better adapted for ventilation than bedding. The whole military machine must be lubricated with general, special, necessary and unnecessary, ornamental and practical orders, and bound together, more or less, with red tape. Incapable officers who have been promoted by the accident of battle are restored to their former positions, and competent ones advanced.

Companies are filled up with recruits. Sometimes two or more companies, thinned by the casualties of battle, are merged into one.

In no direction was the ability of McClellan so conspicuous as in organizing. Even before the soldiers knew he was again in command, they began to detect a new influence around them. In order to bring the troops upon ground with which they were already familiar, they were as far as practicable ordered to the camping-grounds occupied by each corps before the movement to the Peninsula. In a few days the morale of the army underwent an astonishing change for the better.

On the 5th of September, with shoes worn out, clothing in rags, and destitute of the necessities for effective duty, the Army of the Potomac again left the defenses of Washington, while the work of reorganization went on as it marched into Maryland to meet the enemy.

Lee had transferred the theater of operations from the front of Richmond to the front of Washington. The harvest of the fertile valley of the Shenandoah had fallen into his hands, together with stores and munitions of war of great value to the impoverished Confederacy. To secure, as he thought, the full benefit of his victory, he crossed the Potomac into Maryland. By this movement he hoped to arouse a deep sentiment against the war at the North by bringing it nearer to our own hearthstones; to enable the secession element in Maryland to raise the standard of revolt, and recruit his army; and so to manoeuvre as to seize Baltimore or Washington. It was a bold undertaking, and his army was poorly equipped for the task. At no time had it been so destitute and ragged, and so little calculated to impress the imagination of "My Maryland" with the fact that the despot's foot was on her soil. The western counties of Maryland were loyal or lukewarm in their rebel sympathies, and the result showed they hardly aspired to become as miserable as the hungry, tattered horde let loose among them. Yet at no time in its previous history was the Confederate army so worthy of admiration, and of the name of Chivalry. They were heroes in rags!*

* Lieutenant Robert Healy, of the Fifty-fifth Virginia, in Stonewall Jackson's corps, tells the following incident of the march into Maryland. The day before the corps waded the Potomac at White's Ford, they marched through Leesburg, where an old lady

with upraised hands, and tears in her eyes exclaimed: "The Lord bless your dirty, ragged souls!" Lieutenant Healy adds: "Don't think we were any dirtier than the rest, but it was our luck to get the blessing."
—EDITOR.

McClellan, in taking command, had to confront both the enemy and Halleck. The latter was constantly telegraphing his doubts, and fears, and advice. September 9th, he telegraphed that he feared the enemy's object was to draw off the mass of our forces and then attack from the Virginia side. As late as the 13th, he telegraphed: "Until you know more certainly the enemy's force south of the Potomac, you are wrong in thus uncovering the capital." On the 14th, "I fear you are exposing your left and rear." As late as the 16th, he wrote: "I think you will find that the whole force of the enemy in your front has crossed the river."

On September 10th, McClellan wrote to Halleck asking that the ten thousand men garrisoning Harper's Ferry be ordered to join him by the most practicable route. Before he left Washington he had advised that the garrison be withdrawn by way of Hagerstown to aid in covering the Cumberland valley; or cross the river to Maryland Heights, the military key to the position. Halleck chose to consider the possession of the town as of the first importance, and the whole campaign pivots around this fact, which resulted, as might have been expected, in the capture of the garrison. But it also had another far-reaching result not intended, for Harper's Ferry was the point whereon Lee miscalculated and miscarried in his plans. He did not propose to make any direct movement against Washington or Baltimore, but first establishing his communications with Richmond by way of the Shenandoah Valley, and by menacing Pennsylvania, he expected that McClellan would uncover Washington, and be led from his base of supplies. Then if he could defeat McClellan he might seize Baltimore or Washington, or both. Imagine his surprise after he had crossed the Potomac above Harper's Ferry, and rendered the place useless, to find it still occupied. The Federal advance had been up to this time so timid that Lee believed he could capture the garrison and again concentrate his columns before being called upon to give battle. He forthwith ordered Jackson to move by way of Williamsport across the Potomac, advance upon Martinsburg and then descend to Harper's Ferry and attack from the rear, while McLaws should capture Maryland Heights, and a force, under Walker, crossing below, should seize the heights of Loudon. Before the plan succeeded McClellan had arrived at Frederick, and on the 13th, there fell into his hands a copy of Lee's official order, fully disclosing this movement in all its details. Here was an opportunity seldom presented to a general, of throwing his forces between the now

divided army of his antagonist, and destroying him in detail. McClellan ordered a movement towards Maryland Heights, but not rapid enough to effect his purpose. On the 15th, Jackson, having surrounded Harper's Ferry, opened with artillery. In an hour Colonel Dixon S. Miles, who was in command, was killed, the Union guns were silenced, and the post with its twelve thousand men (including two thousand under General Julius White, who had retreated from Martinsburg), and seventy-three pieces of artillery, surrendered at eight o'clock in the morning. Leaving General A. P. Hill to receive the surrender, and losing not a moment, Stonewall Jackson, on the night of the 15th, marched his men seventeen miles, and on the morning of the 16th had united his force with Lee at Sharpsburg.

Behold the contrast between the swift energy of the Confederates, and the leisurely march of the Union force in this great emergency! McClellan, to whom the plans of the Confederates had been revealed by Lee's captured order, was by this knowledge master of the situation. Resolved to avail himself of its advantage, he decided to move his left through Crampton's Gap and debouch into Pleasant Valley in rear and within five miles of Maryland Heights; also with a large force to seize Turner's Gap, six miles further north, before the enemy could concentrate for its defense.

At 6:20 in the afternoon of the 13th, he directed Franklin to march at daybreak upon Crampton's Gap, and closed by saying: "I ask of you, at this important moment, all your intellect and the utmost activity that a general can exercise." With such an immense stake upon the boards, we wonder he did not command Franklin to move that night, immediately on receiving the order. The distance from Franklin's position near Jefferson to the top of Crampton's Gap was but twelve miles. The roads were in good condition, the weather was fine, and we now know that had he marched to the foot of the mountains during the night, he could have debouched into Pleasant Valley, in rear of the Confederates, with little or no opposition, on the morning of the 14th. McLaws, while directing the guns from Maryland Heights upon the defenders of Harper's Ferry, learned of Franklin's advance, and at once sent back Howell Cobb, with instructions to hold the pass to the last man.

Upon Franklin's arrival at the foot of the mountain at Burkittsville, at noon of the 14th, he found the enemy posted behind a stone wall, while the artillery were on the road, well up on the heights. About 3 P. M., Bartlett's brigade, supported by the brigades of Newton and Torbert, all of Slocum's division, advanced upon the enemy, and a severe



Gen. Pope

During the war Major-General Pope wore a full beard. This portrait is from a somewhat recent photograph.—EDITOR.

contest ensued. The enemy, overpowered, fell back up the hill, firing upon our men from behind rocks and the natural defensive positions presented by the ground, until they reached their artillery, where they made a more decided stand. Their riflemen took advantage of every possible cover of ledge and rock and tree. When Slocum's division had become actively engaged Brooks's and Irwin's brigades, of Smith's division, were sent forward and bore a part in the final struggle. Hancock's brigade was held in reserve. After a sharp action of three hours the crest was

carried,—four hundred prisoners, seven hundred stand of arms, one piece of artillery, and three colors were the prizes of the Union army. Our loss was 113 killed, 418 wounded, and 2 missing.

A Vermont soldier told me that during this up-hill fight, while climbing over a ledge, he slipped and fell eighteen or twenty feet between two rocks. Rapid as had been his tumble, upon his arrival he found himself preceded by a Confederate soldier. For an instant they glared angrily at each other, when the "reb" burst out laughing, saying: "We're

both in a fix. You can't gobble me, and I can't gobble you, till we know which is going to lick. Let's wait till the shooting is over, and if your side wins I'm your prisoner, and if we win you're my prisoner!" The bargain was made. "But," said my informant, "didn't that reb feel cheap when he found I'd won him!"

That night the advance of Franklin's corps rested on their arms within three and a half miles of McLaws on Maryland Heights. During the night Couch joined him, and had he attacked McLaws early in the morning (September 15th), it is possible that the garrison at Harper's Ferry would have been saved. An hour after midnight of that morning McClellan had sent orders for Franklin to occupy the road from Rohrer'sville to Harper's Ferry, and hold it against an attack from Boonsboro', or in other words from Longstreet and Hill, and to destroy such force as he found in Pleasant Valley. "You will then proceed," ordered McClellan, "to Boonsboro', . . . and join the main body of the army at that place. Should you find, however, that the enemy have retreated from Boonsboro' towards Sharpsburg you will endeavor to fall upon him and cut off his retreat." But from one cause and another the plans for an overwhelming defeat miscarried.

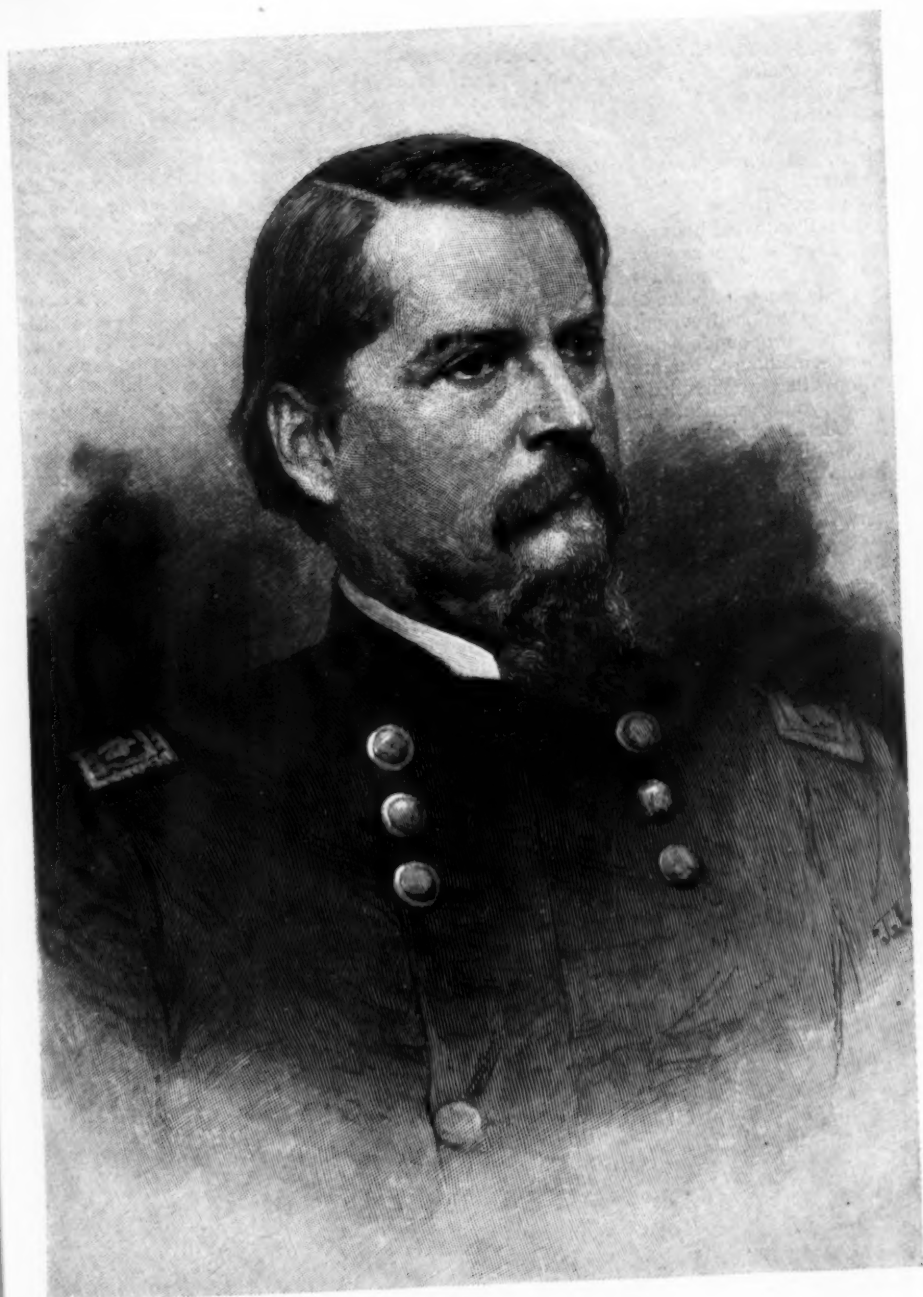
Our corps (Sumner's) was following Reno's and Hooker's in the advance upon Turner's Gap, five miles north of the fight described above, but I individually did not get up in time to see the last blows struck. Until our arrival at Frederick, and even later, I was a straggler.* The circumstance which caused me to become a demoralized unit of the army may be creditable or otherwise, but I will tell it. Just before the battle of Chantilly (September 1), I, with Wad Rider, and "Joe," the recruit, had retired to the seclusion of a neighboring wood to engage in a war of extermination against an invader of the Union blue. I had partly resumed my clothing but not my shoes. Joe had entirely re-dressed, but Wad Rider was still on undress parade. Suddenly Joe, whose quickness of sight and hearing were remarkable, shouted, "Rebs! Rebs!" Down a cross-road on our left came a squad of the enemy's cavalry. I ran barefoot, with my

cartridge-box and belt over one shoulder, my musket in one hand, and my other hand holding my garments together. As I ran I heard a musket-shot, and turned to view the situation. Wad Rider, dressed in nothing but his cuticle and equipments, had killed the leading cavalryman in the pursuit, and shouting like mad for reinforcements, was retreating in light marching order upon the camp. I dashed through a stump lot, with Joe on my flank and Wad in the rear, still pursued by the enemy, who were calling upon us to surrender. The noise brought the boys swarming from the camp, and when I regained my feet, after a collision with the root of a stump, the rebels were making for the woods. Under a strong escort of comrades we returned to reclaim Wad's uniform and my shoes, but the enemy had gobbled them. Wad stripped the dead cavalryman, and assumed his clothing without saying so much as "poor fellow," and looked grotesque enough in his gray suit. "First thing you'll hear of," said Wad, "some blank fool will be shooting me for a reb!"

As the result of my fall I had the sorest foot in camp. I was ordered to report to the hospital—a place I never had a liking for—but I preferred to limp along in rear of the army like a true straggler. I messed with darky teamsters, or with anybody who had eatables, and would receive me into good-fellowship. In some of the Maryland houses they were nursing the sick soldiers of the Union army, and many farmers gave to the hungry soldiers most of the food upon their farms. Near Middletown a woman gave me a pair of shoes, which I was not then able to wear; while at another place an old lady, after caring for my unheroic wound, presented me with a pair of stockings which she had knit for her own son, who was in the Union army. Maryland was the first place since I had come to the front where we were greeted with smiles from children and women. At a pleasant farm-house, near Damascus, where flowers grew in the garden, and vines climbed around the capacious veranda, a little girl peeped over the gate and said good-morning. I asked her if she was not afraid of so many passing soldiers, and she replied: "No, my father is a soldier in the army

* During the Maryland campaign the Confederates as well as the Federals were greatly weakened by straggling. General Lee advocated severe measures; yet in the face of remarkable discipline his ranks were thinned by straggling. On October 7, twenty days after the battle of Antietam, General Halleck, in a letter to General McClellan, said: "Straggling is the great curse of the army, and must be checked by severe measures. . . . I think, myself, that shooting them while in the act of straggling from their commands, is the only effective remedy that can be applied. If you apply the remedy you will be sustained here. . . .

The country is becoming very impatient at the want of activity of your army, and we must push it on. . . . There is a decided want of legs in our troops. . . . The real difficulty is they are not sufficiently exercised in marching; they lie still in camp too long. After a hard march one day is time enough to rest. Lying still beyond that time does not rest the men. If we compare the average distances marched per month by our troops for the last year, with that of the rebels, or with European armies in the field, we will see why our troops march no better. They are not sufficiently exercised to make them good and efficient soldiers."—EDITOR.



Wm. T. Hamrick

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY & SON, TAKEN IN WAR TIME, OR SOON AFTER.)

too," and then timidly, as if afraid to dazzle me with his exalted rank, said, "He's a corporal! Do you know him?" Of course we met with some decided contrasts smacking of disloyalty.

I picked up temporary acquaintances of all kinds, but during my third day's ramble I chummed with an artilleryman, who had lost his voice. Near Damascus, we called at a pleasantly situated house, belonging to an old man about sixty or seventy years of age. He was very non-committal in his sentiments. His wife was a lady-like old woman, and her two daughters had evidently seen good society. We propounded the usual conundrum about something to eat, and exhibited money to show that we intended to pay.

The young women, when speaking of the Confederates, spoke of them as "our army," and it leaked out that they had one brother therein, and another in the paymaster's department at Washington. After supper, we were invited into the reception-room, where there was a piano. I asked for a song. One of the young women seated herself at the piano and played "My Maryland" and "Dixie," and then wheeled as if to say: "How do you like that?" My chum hoarsely whispered a request for the "Star-Spangled Banner," and she obligingly complied, and then said in a semi-saucy manner: "Is there anything else?" My friend mentioned a piece from Beethoven. "I never heard of it before," said she; "perhaps if you should whistle it I would recognize it." But my friend's whistle was in as bad tune as his voice. "Perhaps you will

play it yourself!" said the black-eyed miss, for an extinguisher! To my astonishment, no less, seemingly, than theirs, the rusty-looking artilleryman seated himself at the piano and under his hands the instrument was transformed. He played piece after piece and finally improvised a midnight march in which a band of music was heard, receding farther and farther until the whole died away in the distance. Our parting was more cordial than our reception.

Two or three miles south of Frederick, my chum was peppered with pigeon-shot while gathering our supper in a farmer's sweet-potato patch and in the morning refused to march, so I pushed on without him. I joined a party who were driving a herd of cattle for the army. The guard hung their haversacks on the horns, and packed their knapsacks and muskets on the backs of the oxen and cows. It was in this company that I arrived at Frederick and wandered into the hospital, a church, where there were about two hundred sick inmates. Feeling lonesome, I pushed on after my regiment. A battle was imminent, and many stragglers were hurrying forward to be in the fight. It was about noon of the 14th when I caught up with my company, and fell in line, hobbling along towards Turner's Gap, where heavy firing could be heard. At ten in the evening we relieved the force holding the main road of the Gap. During the night we could distinctly hear the rumble of the enemy's artillery, and at early dawn found they had fled, leaving their dead and wounded to our care.

Warren Lee Goss.



RUSH'S LANCERS. FRANKLIN'S ADVANCE SCOUTS. (BY WINSLOW HOMER, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE DURING THE WAR.)



THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN, OR BOONSBORO'.

FIGHTING FOR TIME, AT TURNER'S AND FOX'S GAPS.

THE conflict of the 14th of September, 1862, is called the battle of South Mountain at the North, and the battle of Boonsboro' at the South. So many battle-fields of the Civil War bear double names that we cannot believe the duplication has been accidental. It is the unusual which impresses. The troops of the North came mainly from cities, towns, and villages, and were, therefore, impressed by some natural object near the scene of the conflict and named the battle from it. The soldiers from the South were chiefly from the country and were, therefore, impressed by some artificial object near the field of action. In one section the naming has been after the handiwork of God; in the other section it has been after the handiwork of man. Thus, the first passage of arms is called the battle of Bull Run at the North,—the name of a little stream. At the South it takes the name of Manassas, from a railroad station. The second battle on the same ground is called the Second Bull Run by the North, and the Second Manassas by the South. Stone's defeat is the battle of Ball's Bluff with the Federals, and the battle of Leesburg with the Confederates. The battle called by General Grant, Pittsburg Landing, a natural object, was named Shiloh, after a church, by his antagonist. Rosecrans called his first great fight with Bragg, the battle of Stone River, while Bragg named it after Murfreesboro', a village. So McClellan's battle of the Chickahominy, a little river, was with Lee the battle of Cold Harbor, a tavern. The Federals speak of the battle of Pea Ridge, of the Ozark range of mountains, and the Confederates call it after Elk Horn, a country inn. The Union soldiers called the bloody battle three days after

South Mountain from the little stream, Antietam, and the Southern troops named it after the village of Sharpsburg. Many instances might be given of this double naming by the opposing forces. According to the same law of the unusual, the war songs of a people have always been written by non-combatants. The bards who followed the banners of the feudal lords, sang of their exploits, and stimulated them and their retainers to deeds of high enterprise wore no armor and carried no swords. So, too, the impassioned orators, who roused our ancestors in 1776 with the thrilling cry, "Liberty or Death," never once put themselves in the way of a death by lead or steel, by musket-ball or bayonet stab. The noisy speakers of 1861, who fired the Northern heart and who fired the Southern heart, never did any other kind of *firing*. One of the most noted of them frankly admitted that he preferred a horizontal to a vertical death.

The battle of South Mountain was one of extraordinary illusions and delusions. The Federals were under the self-imposed illusion that there was a very large force opposed to them, whereas there was only one weak division until late in the afternoon. They might have brushed it aside almost without halting, but for this illusion. It was a battle of delusions also, for, by moving about from point to point and meeting the foe wherever he presented himself, the Confederates deluded the Federals into the belief that the whole mountain was swarming with rebels. I will endeavor to explain the singular features of the battle and what caused them.

In the retirement of Lee's army from Frederick to Hagerstown and Boonsboro', my division constituted the rear-guard. It con-

sisted of five brigades (Wise's brigade being left behind), and after the arrival at Boonsboro' was intrusted with guarding the wagon trains and parks of artillery belonging to the whole army. Longstreet's corps went to Hagerstown, thirteen miles from Boonsboro', and I was directed to distribute my five brigades so as not only to protect the wagons and guns, but also to watch all the roads leading from Harper's Ferry, in order to intercept the Federal forces that might make their escape before Jackson had completed the investment of that place. It required a considerable separation of my small command to accomplish these two objects, and my tent, which was pitched about the center of the five brigades, was not less than three miles from Turner's Gap on the National road crossing South Mountain.

During the forenoon of the 13th General Stuart, who was in an advance position at the gap in the Catocin Mountain, east of Middletown, with our cavalry, sent a dispatch to me saying that he was followed by two brigades of infantry and asking me to send him a brigade to check the pursuit at South Mountain. I sent him the brigades of Colquitt and Garland, and the batteries of Bondurant and Lane with four guns each. Pleasonton's Federal cavalry division came up to the mountain and pressed on till our infantry forces were displayed, when it returned without fighting. The Confederates, with more than half of Lee's army at Harper's Ferry, distant a march of two days, and with the remainder divided into two parts, thirteen miles from each other, were in good condition to be beaten in detail, scattered and captured. General Longstreet writes to me that he urged General Lee in the evening of the 13th to unite at Sharpsburg the troops which were then at Hagerstown and Boonsboro'. He said that he could effect more with one-third of his own corps fresh and rested, than with the whole of it, when exhausted by a forced march to join their comrades. Finding that he could not rest that night after retiring, General Longstreet arose and wrote to his commander presenting his views once more, for the abandonment of the defense of the mountain except by Stuart and the concentration at Sharpsburg.

I received a note about midnight of the 13th from General Lee saying that he was not satisfied with the condition of things on the turnpike or National road, and directing me to go in person to Turner's Gap the next morning and assist Stuart in its defense. In his official report General Lee says:

"Learning that the Harper's Ferry had not surrendered and that the enemy was advancing more rapidly than was convenient from Fredericktown, I determined to return with Longstreet's command to the Blue Ridge to strengthen D. H. Hill's and Stuart's divisions engaged in holding the passes of the mountains, lest the enemy should fall upon McLaws's rear, drive him from the Maryland Heights, and thus relieve the garrison at Harper's Ferry."

This report and the note to me show that General Lee expected General Stuart to remain and help defend the pass on the 14th. But on reaching the Mountain House between daylight and sunrise that morning, I received a message from Stuart that he had gone to Crampton's Gap. He was too gallant a soldier to leave his post when a battle was imminent, and it is therefore certain, that he believed there was but a small Federal force on the National road.* I found Garland's brigade at the Mountain House and learned that Colquitt's was at the foot of the mountain on the east side. I found General Colquitt there without videttes and without information of the Federals, but believing that they had retired. General Cox's division was at that very time marching up the old Sharpsburg or Braddock's road, a mile to the south, seizing the heights on our right and establishing those heavy batteries which afterwards commanded the pike and all the approaches to it. General Pleasonton of the Federal cavalry had learned the ground by the reconnaissance of the day before, and to him was intrusted the posting of the advance troops of Reno's corps on the south side of the pike. He says:

"I directed Scammon's brigade to move up the mountain on the left-hand road, gain the crest, and then move to the right, to the turnpike in the enemy's rear. At the same time, I placed Gibson's battery and the heavy batteries in position to the left, covering the road on that side and obtaining a direct fire on the enemy's position in the gap."

This shows that Pleasonton knew that the Confederate forces were at the foot of the mountain. However, I brought Colquitt's brigade back to a point near the summit and placed the Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth Georgia regiments on the north side of the pike behind a stone wall, which afforded an excellent fire upon the pike. The other three regiments, Sixth and Twenty-seventh Georgia, and Thirteenth Alabama, were posted on the south side of the pike, a little in advance of the wall and well protected by a dense wood. This brigade did not lose an inch of ground that day. The skirmishers were driven in, but the line of battle on both sides of the road was the same at ten o'clock at night as it was

* Generals Colquitt and Rosser have both written to me that General Stuart told them he had been followed by only a small Federal force.—D. H. H.

at nine o'clock in the morning. After posting Colquitt's brigade I went with Major Ratchford of my staff on a reconnaissance to our right. About three-fourths of a mile from the Mountain House we discovered, by the voices of command and rumbling of wheels, that the old road and heights above it were occupied, and took it for granted that the occupation was by Federal troops. We did not see them, and I suppose we were not

"The road on which *your* battery is," said he, "comes into the valley road near the church."

This satisfied me that the enemy was on our right, and I asked him: "Are there any rebels on the pike?"

"Yes, there are some about the Mountain House."

I asked: "Are there many?"

"Well, there are *several*; I don't know how many."

"Who is in command?"

"I don't know."

Just then a shell came hurtling through the woods, and a little girl began crying. Having a little one at home of about the same age, I could not forbear from stopping a moment to say a few soothing words to the frightened child, before hurrying off to the work of death on that calm, lovely Sabbath morning. I trust that the holy day may never again be desecrated by such bloody work, but that the blessings of peace may cover my native land forever.

The firing had aroused that prompt and gallant soldier, General Garland, and his men were under arms when I reached the pike. I explained the situation briefly to him, directed him to sweep through the woods, reach the road, and hold it at all hazards, as the safety of Lee's large train depended upon its being held. He went off in high spirits and I never saw him again. I never knew a truer, better, braver man. Had he lived, his talents, pluck, energy, and purity of character must have put him at the head of his profession, whether in civil or military life.

After passing through the first belt of woods Garland found Rosser, and conferring with him, determined to make his stand close to the junction of the roads, near the summit of the mountain (Fox's Gap). He had with him five regiments of infantry and Bondurant's battery of artillery—his infantry force being a little less than one thousand men, all North Carolinians. The Fifth Regiment was placed on the right of the road, with the Twelfth as its support; the Twenty-third was posted behind a low stone wall on the left of the Fifth; then came the Twentieth and Thirteenth. From the nature of the ground and the duty to be performed, the regiments were not in contact with each other, and the Thirteenth was two hundred and fifty yards to the left of the Twentieth. Fifty skirmishers of the Fifth North Carolina soon encountered the Twenty-third Ohio, deployed as skirmishers under Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Hayes, afterwards President of



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT
ON SOUTH MOUNTAIN.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

This monument, to the memory of George Washington, was first erected by the citizens of Boonsboro' and vicinity in 1827. It stands on the summit, one and a half miles north of Turner's Gap (see map, page 144). Originally it was twenty feet high, but as an old resident of the neighborhood said, eight or ten feet of it were tumbled down the steep mountain-side by "bad boys and wicked men who never knew there was a George Washington." In its tumble-down condition, as seen on the right of the picture, it served as one of the Union signal stations during the battle of Antietam. In 1882 the monument was rebuilt, as seen on the left of the picture, by the Odd Fellows of Boonsboro'. The present height of the tower, including the observatory, is forty feet.—EDITOR.

seen by them. Colonel T. L. Rosser of the cavalry had been sent that morning with his regiment and Pelham's artillery by order of General Stuart to seize Fox's Gap on the Braddock road. Cox had got to the heights first and confronted Rosser with a portion of his command, while the remainder of it could be plainly seen at the foot of the mountain. General Rosser writes to me that he reported the situation of things to Stuart, who was passing by on the east side of the mountain on his way south. He, Rosser, was not directed to report to me, and I did not suspect his presence. I do not know to this hour whether Ratchford and myself came near stumbling upon him or upon the enemy.

Returning through the woods we came upon a cabin, the owner of which was in the yard, surrounded by his children, and evidently expectant of something. The morning being cool, Ratchford was wearing a blue cloak found by him at Seven Pines. In questioning the mountaineer about the roads I discovered that he thought we were Federals.

the United States, and the action began at nine A. M. between Cox's division and Garland's brigade.

I will delay an account of the fight to give the strength of the forces engaged.* The Ninth Corps (Reno's) consisted of four divisions under Cox, Willcox, Sturgis, and Rodman, or eight brigades under Scammon and Crook (Cox); Christ and Welsh (Willcox); Nagle and Ferrero (Sturgis); and Fairchild and Harland (Rodman). It had twenty-nine regiments of infantry, three companies of cavalry, and eight batteries of artillery, three of them United States batteries of regulars under Benjamin, Clark, and Muhlenberg.

General Cox, who fought Garland, had six Ohio regiments under Brigadiers Scammon and Crook, and also the batteries of McMullin and Simmonds, and three companies of cavalry. The heavy batteries in position (twenty-pounder Parrotts) were of service to him also, in commanding the approaches to the scene of the conflict. The strength of the division is not given directly, but Scammon estimates his effectives at 1455. The other brigade was most likely equally strong, and I conclude that Cox's infantry, artillery, and cavalry reached three thousand. Garland's brigade is estimated at "scarce a thousand."

Scammon's brigade led the attack with great spirit. The Thirteenth North Carolina under Lieutenant-Colonel Ruffin, and Twentieth under Colonel Alfred Iverson, were furiously assailed on the left. Both regiments were under tried and true soldiers, and they received the assault calmly. Lieutenant Crome of McMullin's battery ran up a section of artillery by hand, and opened with effect upon the Twentieth North Carolina; but the skirmishers under Captain Atwell of that regiment killed the gallant officer while he was himself serving as a gunner. The section was abandoned, but the Confederates were unable to capture it. The effort seemed to be to turn the Thirteenth; and Colonel Ruffin in vain urged General Garland to go to the other part of his line. With him the post of danger was the post of honor. Judge Ruffin in a recent letter to me thus speaks of the fall of the hero:

"I said to him, 'General, why do you stay here? you are in great danger.'

"To which he replied: 'I may as well be here as yourself.'

"I said; 'No, it is my duty to be here with my regiment, but you could better superintend your brigade from a safer position.'

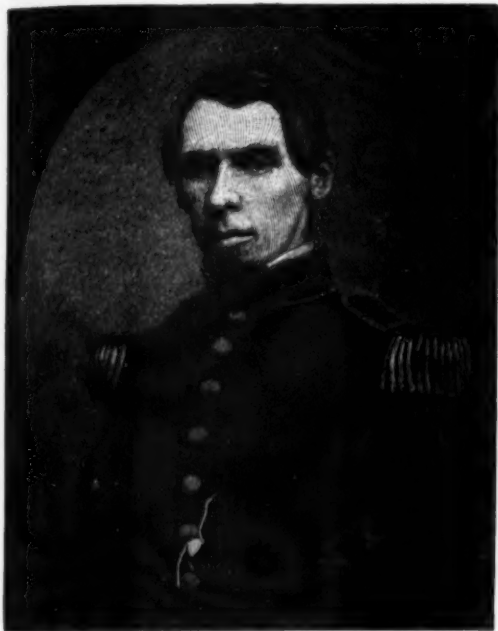
"Just then I was shot in the hip, and as there was no field-officer then with the regiment, other than myself, I told him of my wound, and that it might disable

me, and in that case I wished a field-officer to take my place. He turned and gave some order, which I have forgotten. In a moment I heard a groan, and looked and found him mortally wounded and writhing in pain. We continued to occupy this position for some time, when I sent my adjutant to the right to see what was going on (as the furious fighting had ceased in that direction). He returned and reported that the remainder of the brigade was gone and that the ground was occupied by the enemy. I then attempted to go to the left, hoping to come in contact with some portion of your command, but was again confronted by the enemy. I next tried to retreat to the rear, but to my dismay found myself entirely surrounded. The enemy in front was pressing us, and I saw but one way out, and that was to charge those in my front, repel them, if possible, and then, before they could recover, make a dash at those in my rear and cut my way out. This plan was successfully executed. I shall never forget the feelings of relief which I experienced when I first caught sight of you. You rode up to me, and shaking my hand said that you had given us up for lost and did not see how it was possible for us to have escaped. You then attached us to G. B. Anderson's brigade, which had come up in the meantime. . . . I remember one remark which you made just after congratulating me upon cutting my way out that surprised me very much. You said that you were greatly gratified to find that McClellan's whole army was in your front. As I knew how small your force was, I could not understand how it could be a source of pleasure to you to find yourself assailed by twenty times your number. In a moment you made it plain to me by saying that you had feared at first that McClellan's attack upon you was but a feint, and that with his main army he would cross the mountain at some of the lower gaps and would thus cut in between Jackson's corps and the forces under Lee."

A little before this I had seen from the lookout station near the Mountain House the vast army of McClellan spread out before me. The marching columns extended back far as eye could see in the distance; but many of the troops had already arrived and were in double lines of battle, and those advancing were taking up positions as fast as they arrived. It was a grand and glorious spectacle, and it was impossible to look at it without admiration. I had never seen so tremendous an army before. I did not see one like it afterward. For though we confronted greater forces at Yorktown, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and at Richmond under Grant, these were only partially seen, at most a corps at a time. But here four corps were in full view, one of which was on the mountain and almost within rifle range. The sight inspired more satisfaction than discomfort; for though I knew that my little force could be brushed away as readily as the strong man can brush to one side the wasp or the hornet, I felt that McClellan had made a mistake, and I hoped to be able to delay him until Longstreet could come up and our trains could be extricated from their perilous position.

When two distinct roars of artillery were heard south of us that morning, I thought

* From the advance sheets of Volume XIX., "Records of the Rebellion," kindly furnished me by Colonel R. N. Scott, a pretty accurate estimate can be formed.—D. H. H.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL GARLAND, JR., KILLED AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

that the nearer one indicated that McClellan was forcing his way across some gap north of Harper's Ferry with a view of cutting Lee's army in two. I suppose that Stuart believed that this would be the movement of the enemy, and for this reason abandoned Turner's Gap and hastened to what he believed to be the point of danger. McClellan was too cautious a man for so daring a venture. Had he made it, Jackson could have escaped across the Potomac, but the force under Lee in person (Longstreet's corps and my division) must have been caught. My division was very small and was embarrassed with the wagon trains and artillery of the whole army, save such as Jackson had taken with him. It must be remembered that the army now before McClellan, had been constantly marching and fighting since the 25th of June. It had fought McClellan's army from Richmond to the James, and then turned round and fought Pope's army reinforced by McClellan's, from the Rapidan to the Potomac. The order ex-cusing bare-footed men from marching into Maryland had sent thousands to the rear. Divisions had become smaller than brigades were when the fighting first began; brigades had become smaller than regiments and regi-

ments had become smaller than companies.* Dabney, a careful statistician, in his "Life of Jackson" estimates Lee's forces at Sharpsburg (Antietam) at 33,000 men, including the three arms of service. Three of Longstreet's twelve brigades had gone to Harper's Ferry with Jackson. He (Longstreet) puts the strength of his nine brigades at Hagerstown on the morning of the 14th of September at 13,000 men. Accepting the correctness of his estimate for the present (though I expect to prove it to be too large), I find that Lee had under his immediate command that morning but 18,000 men. McClellan gives his force at Sharpsburg at 87,164. Had he made the movement which Stuart and myself thought he was making, it was hardly possible for the little force under Lee in person, to have escaped, encumbered as it was with wagon trains and reserve artillery. Forming his infantry into a solid column of attack, Lee might have cut a way through the fivefold force of his antagonist, but all the trains must have been lost,—an irreparable loss to the South. Frederick the Great's

campaign against the allies shows what he would have done had he been in command of the Federal army. But the American soldier preferred to do sure work rather than brilliant work, his natural caution being increased by the carping criticisms of his enemies.

Upon the fall of Garland, Colonel McRae of the Fifth North Carolina Regiment assumed command, and ordered the two regiments on the left to close in to the right. This order was not received or found to be impossible of execution. The main attack was on the Twenty-third North Carolina behind the stone wall. The Federals had a plunging fire upon this regiment from the crest of a hill, higher than the wall, and only about fifty yards from it. The Twelfth North Carolina, a badly trained and ill-disciplined regiment, under the command of a young captain on that day, deserted the field of honor and danger, and sought more healthy quarters. The Twelfth Ohio, actuated by a different impulse, made a charge upon Bondurant's battery and drove it off, failing, however, to capture it. The Thirtieth Ohio advanced directly upon the stone wall in their front, while a regiment moved upon the Twenty-third North Carolina on each flank. Some of the

* Thus the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment (page 899 of the Rebellion Records) is put at 120 men; Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiment at 80; Eighth Virginia at 34; Hampton Legion (page 931) at 77; Seventeenth South Carolina Regiment at 59 (page 946).—D. H. H.

Thirtieth Ohio forced through a break in the wall, and bayonets and clubbed muskets were used freely for a few moments. Garland's brigade, demoralized by his death and by the furious assault on its center, broke now in confusion and retreated behind the mountain, leaving some two hundred prisoners of the Fifth, Twenty-third, and Twentieth North Carolina in the hands of the enemy. The brigade was too roughly handled to be of any further use that day. Rosser retired in better order, not, however, without having some of his men captured, and took up a position from which he could still fire upon the old road. This position he held until the order came at ten o'clock that night to cover the retreat of the infantry.

General Cox having beaten the force in his front, showed now a disposition to carry out General Pleasanton's instructions, and advance to the Mountain House by the road running south from it on the summit of the mountain. There was nothing to oppose him. My other three brigades had not come up; Colquitt's could not be taken from the pike except in the last extremity. So two guns were run down from the Mountain House and opened a brisk fire on the advancing foe. A line of dismounted staff-officers, couriers, teamsters, and cooks was formed behind the guns to give the appearance of battery supports. I do not remember ever to have experienced a feeling of greater *loneliness*. It seemed as though we were deserted by "all the world and the rest of mankind." Some of the advancing Federals encountered Colquitt's skirmishers under Captain Arnold, and apprehensive, apparently, of an attack in the rear, fell back again to their former positions.

General Cox seems not to have suspected that the defeat of Garland had cleared his front of every foe. He says in his report: "The enemy withdrew their battery to a new position on a ridge more to the front and right, forming their infantry in support and moving columns toward both our flanks." The *ruse* of the line of battle composed of staff-officers, couriers, teamsters, and cooks was happily seconded at the opportune moment by the advance of Arnold's sharpshooters. General Cox, a veteran soldier of approved valor and conduct, was completely deceived thereby.

It was more than half an hour after the utter rout and dispersion of Garland's brigade, when G. B. Anderson arrived at the head of his small but fine body of men. He made an effort to recover the ground lost by Garland, but failed and met a serious repulse. General Cox says of this attack: "The enemy made several attempts to retake the crest, advancing with great obstinacy and

boldness." Under the strange illusion that there was a large Confederate force on the mountain, the Federals withdrew to their first position in the morning to await the arrival of the other three divisions of Reno's corps. Willcox's arrived about noon, and Sturgis's and Rodman's between three and four o'clock, but there was no advance until five p. m. The falling back of Cox's division is alluded to by Colonel Ewing of Scammon's brigade and by Major Lyman J. Jackson of Crook's brigade. The former says: "We fell back to the original position until the general advance at five p. m." Major Jackson, after speaking of fighting the enemy behind a stone wall with the cooperation of two other regiments, adds: "We then fell back to the hillside in the open fields, where we were out of reach of their guns, and remained here *with the rest of our brigade* until an advance was made against the enemy by the Pennsylvania and Rhode Island troops on our right."

It was probably during this lull of active hostilities that General Hooker saw General Cox descending the mountain, for which statement he was rebuked by General Burnside. After the arrival of his whole corps General Reno arranged his line of battle as follows: Cox's division on his left, resting on the batteries in position; Willcox's on his right, supported by that of Sturgis. Rodman's division was divided; Fairchild's brigade was sent to the extreme left to support the batteries in position, and Harland's was placed on the extreme right.

In the meantime Rodes and Ripley, of my division, reported to me for orders. Rodes was sent with his brigade of twelve hundred men to a commanding knoll north of the pike or National road. Ripley was directed to attach himself to G. B. Anderson's left. Anderson being thus strengthened, and finding there was no enemy in his immediate front, sent out the Second and Fourth North Carolina regiments of his brigade on a reconnaissance to the front, right, and rear. Captain E. A. Osborne, commanding the skirmishers of the Fourth North Carolina, discovered a brigade in an old field south of Fox's Gap, facing towards the turnpike and supporting a battery with its guns turned in the same direction. Captain Osborne hastened back to Colonel Grimes, commanding the regiment, and told him that they could deliver a flank fire upon the brigade before it could change its position to meet them. But a Federal scout had seen the captain, and the brigade was the first to open fire. The fight was, of course, brief, the regiment beating a hasty retreat. The brigade halted at the edge of the woods, probably believing that there was a concealed foe somewhere in the depths



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE B. ANDERSON, KILLED AT ANTIETAM.
(FROM A PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.)

of the forest. This Federal brigade was, possibly, Benjamin C. Christ's of Willcox's division — the same which had made the successful flank movement in the previous fight.

About 3:30 P. M. the advance of Longstreet's command arrived and reported to me — one brigade under Colonel G. T. Anderson and one under General Drayton. They were attached to Ripley's left, and a forward movement was ordered. In half an hour or more I received a note from Ripley saying that he was progressing finely; so he was, to the rear of the mountain on the west side. Before he returned the fighting was over, and his brigade did not fire a shot that day.

The Federal commander intrusted to General Burnside the management of the fight, but under his own eyes; Burnside ordered a general advance on both sides of the pike. The First Corps, under Hooker, was to attack on the north side of the National road, while the Ninth Corps, under Reno, was to move forward, as before, on the south side. Hooker's corps consisted of three divisions, ten brigades,

or forty-two regiments, with ten batteries of artillery and a battalion of cavalry. General Meade, a division commander, had under him the brigades of Seymour, Magilton, and Gallagher, containing thirteen regiments with four batteries attached. General Hatch, division commander, had under him the brigades of Doubleday, Phelps, Patrick, and Gibbon — seventeen regiments and four batteries. General Ricketts, division commander, had under him the brigades of Duryea, Christian, and Hartsuff — twelve regiments and two batteries. From the nature of the ground, none of the artillery of Hooker's corps could be used, except that which went directly up the pike with Gibbon's brigade and one battery (Cooper's) on the enemy's right.

The hour for the general advance is not specified in the reports. Some of the Federal officers, as we have seen,

speak of the general advance at five P. M. General Sturgis says that he became engaged on the south side of the pike at 3:30 P. M. General Meade, on the north side, says that he moved toward the right at two P. M., while General Ricketts, who took part in the same movement, says that he did not arrive at the foot of the mountain until five P. M. If General Meade was not mistaken as to the time of his starting, he must have been long delayed in the thick woods, through which the first part of his march was made.

Here is probably the best place to explain the extraordinary caution of the Federals, which seemed so mysterious to us on that 14th of September. An order of General Lee, made while at Frederick, directing Jackson to capture Harper's Ferry, and Longstreet and myself to go to Boonsboro', had fallen into the hands of some Federals, who carried it to General McClellan. This order (known at the South as the Lost Dispatch) was addressed to me, but I proved twenty years ago that it could not have been lost through my neglect or

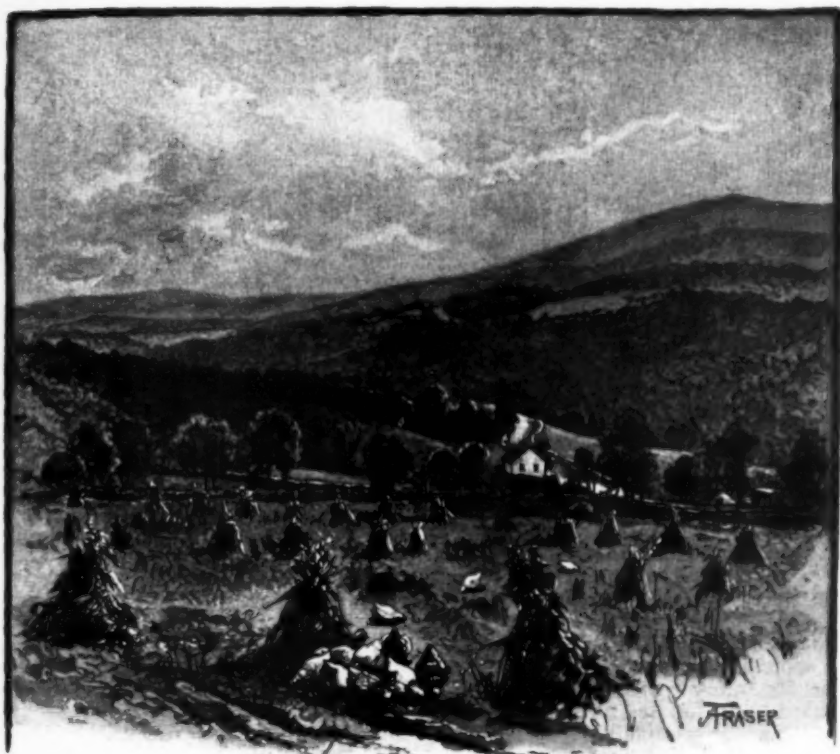


The fights of Sept. 14 were so distinct as to time and place, and the positions of the troops were so often changed that any single map would be misleading without analysis: (1.) The early morning fight was mostly on the south side of Fox's Gap, between Cox's two Union brigades and Garland's brigade, the latter being assisted on its left by a part of Colquitt's brigade which was at Turner's Gap. By ten o'clock Garland had been killed and his brigade routed. (2.) Then Cox encountered G. B. Anderson's arriving brigade, repulsed it and fell back to his position in the morning. (3.) G. B. Anderson was then posted at Fox's Gap on both sides of the old Sharpsburg road. D. H. Hill's two other brigades came up towards noon, Ripley being joined to G. B. Anderson, and Rodes being sent to occupy a hill on the north side of Turner's Gap, near where Garnett is placed on the map. (4.) About two o'clock, on the Union side, Cox's division was reen-

forced by the arriving divisions of Willcox, Sturgis, and Rodman; and Hooker's corps of three divisions was moving north of the National road by way of Mount Tabor Church (Hooker's headquarters) to flank the Confederate left. About the same time D. H. Hill's brigades at Fox's Gap were reinforced by Longstreet's brigades of G. T. Anderson, Drayton, Law, and Hood; and north of Turner's Gap three of Rodes's four regiments were sent still further to the left, and the defense afterwards strengthened by the posting of Longstreet's brigades of Garnett and Kemper supported by Jenkins, on the hill first held by Rodes. Evans's brigade arrived later, and was of assistance to Rodes when the latter had been thrown back by the flank movement of Meade's right. (5.) The last severe engagements began at both gaps after three o'clock and lasted until after dark. Colquitt and Gibbon, in the center, joined desperately in the battle.—EDITOR.

carelessness. The Federal commander gained two facts from the order, one of which was needless and the other misleading. He learned that Jackson had gone to Harper's Ferry — a truth that he must have learned from his own scouts and spies and the roar of artillery in his own ears. The cannonading could be distinctly heard at Frederick, and told that *some one* was beleaguering Harper's Ferry. The misleading information was that Longstreet was at Boonsboro'. The map of the battle-field of South Mountain, prepared in 1872, ten years after

the fight, by the United States Bureau of Engineers, represents ten regiments and one battalion under Longstreet at the foot of the mountain on the morning of the 14th of September, 1862. Longstreet was then an ordinary day's march from that point. In fact, after the removal of Colquitt's brigade, about seven A. M., there was not a Southern soldier at the foot of the mountain until three P. M., when Captain Park of the Twelfth Alabama Regiment was sent there with forty men. General McClellan in his report says: "The force op-



VIEW FROM TURNER'S GAP, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.—SEE MAP ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

The point of view is a little to the left of the Mountain House, now the home of Mrs. Dahlgren, widow of Admiral Dahlgren. Rhodes was first posted on the hill, the slope of which is seen on the left;

Gibbon was further down the road in the hollow. The white patch on the mountain to the south (on the right) is Wise's field at Fox's Gap, where Reno and Garland were killed.—EDITOR.

posed to me was D. H. Hill's corps (fifteen thousand) and a part if not the whole of Longstreet's, and perhaps a portion of Jackson's,—probably thirty thousand in all." (Page 13, Volume XIX.) The mistake of the Federal commander in regard to General Longstreet was natural, since he was misled by the Lost Dispatch. But it seems strange that the United States Engineers should repeat the blunder, with the light of history thrown for ten years upon all the incidents of the battle. It was incomprehensible to us of the losing side that the men who charged us so boldly and repulsed our attacks so successfully should let slip the fruits of victory and fall back as though defeated. The prisoners taken were from my division and the victors seemed to think that Longstreet's men lay hidden somewhere in the depths of those mysterious forests. Thus it was that a thin line of men extending for miles along the crest of the mountain could afford protection for so many hours to Lee's trains

and artillery and could delay the Federal advance until Longstreet's command came up, and joining with mine, saved the two wings of the army from being cut in two. But for the mistake about the position of our forces, McClellan could have captured Lee's trains and artillery and interposed between Jackson and Longstreet before noon on that 14th of September. The losing of the dispatch was the saving of Lee's army.

About four P. M. I saw what appeared to be two Federal brigades emerge from the woods south of Colquitt's position and form in an open field nearly at right angles to each other—one brigade facing towards the pike, and the other facing the general direction of the mountain. This inverted V-like formation was similar to that of the First Mississippi Regiment at Buena Vista. If it was made anywhere else during the Civil War, I never heard of it. The V afforded a fine target from the pike, and I directed Captain Lane to open



FOX'S GAP—THE APPROACH TO WISE'S FIELD.

This sketch and the one on the next page (from recent photographs) may be regarded as parts of one picture. The old Sharpsburg or Braddock road lies between the stone wall and the rail fence. The left distance shows the Middletown valley and the Catocin range, from which Reno approached.—EDITOR.

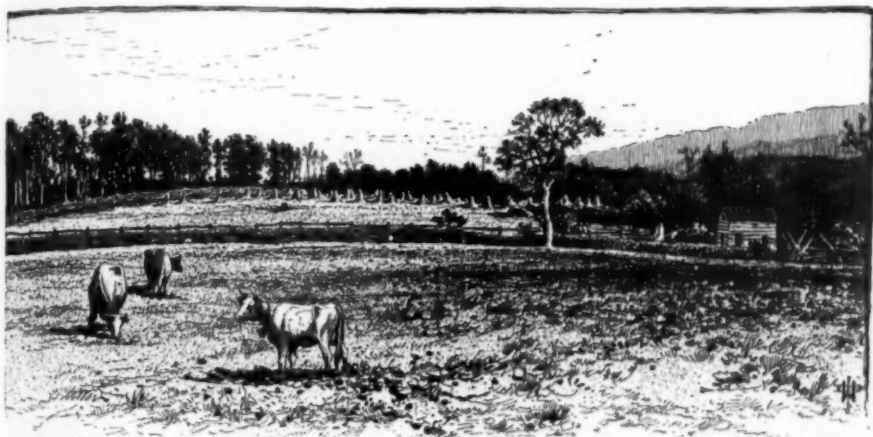
on it with his battery. His firing was wild, not a shot hitting the mark. The heavy batteries promptly replied, showing such excellent practice that Lane's guns were soon silenced. A small force in the edge of the woods on the west side of the old field opened fire upon the V. The Federals changed their formation, and advancing in line of battle, brushed away their assailants and plunged into the woods, when heavy firing began and lasted possibly half an hour.

I suppose that the Federal force which I saw was the division of General Sturgis, and that he left behind Harland's brigade of Rodman's division to guard his flank in his advance, since Harland reports that he had no casualties. General Sturgis claims that he swept everything before him. So do his comrades who fought on his left. On the other hand, General Hood, who came up a short time before this advance with the brigades of Wofford and Law, claims that he checked and drove back the Federals. G. T. Anderson reports that only his skirmishers were engaged. The surviving officers of G. B. Anderson (killed at Sharpsburg, and leaving no report) say that the same thing was true of their brigade in the afternoon. Ripley's brigade was not engaged at all. About dusk the Second and Thirteenth North Carolina regiments attacked Fairchild's brigade, and the batteries protected by it on the extreme Federal left, and were repulsed disastrously. Generals Burnside and Willcox say that the fight was continued until ten o'clock at night. Hood was mistaken, then, in thinking that he had driven back the Federal advance. The

opposing lines were close together at nightfall, and the firing between the skirmishers was kept up till a late hour. Equally erroneous is the claim that any Confederates were driven except Drayton's small brigade. We held the crests of the mountain, on the National road and the old Sharpsburg road until Lee's order for withdrawal was given. General Reno, the Federal corps commander on our right, was killed at seven P. M., in Wise's field, where the fight began at nine o'clock in the morning. But on our left a commanding hill was lost before night. Batteries placed upon it next morning, acting in concert with the heavy batteries placed on our right by General Pleasanton before we were aware of his presence, would have made any position untenable on the pike or the crest of the mountain. I made that statement to General Lee about nine P. M., when he consulted with Longstreet and myself in regard to renewing the fight the next morning. Longstreet concurred in this view, remarking that I knew the ground and the situation better than he did.

The story of the reverse on our left could best be told in the words of General Rodes, upon whose brigade the chief disaster fell. But our space requires its abridgment.

General Hooker detached Gibbon's brigade, consisting of three Wisconsin regiments and one Indiana regiment, from Hatch's division, and directed it to move directly up the pike with a section of artillery. Then the divisions of Meade and Hatch were formed on the north side of the pike, with the division of Ricketts in supporting distance in rear. A belt of woods had to be passed through, and



FOX'S GAP—WISE'S FIELD, AS SEEN FROM THE PASTURE NORTH OF THE ROAD.

The stump in the middle of the field is near where Reno fell. General Garland was killed near by. Part of the struggle was for the wooded crest on the left of the field. On the left of Wise's house is the ridge road, the Confederates at the house being posted behind a stone wall. The well at Wise's house was filled with the Confederate dead.—EDITOR.

then it was open field all the way to the summit, and the two detached peaks were in full view upon which the devoted little band of Rodes was posted—the Twelfth Alabama Regiment on one, and the Third, Fifth, Sixth, and Twenty-sixth Alabama regiments on the other. Under the illusion that there

were ten regiments and one battalion of Longstreet's command in those woods, the progress through them was slow, but when once cleared, the advance was steady and made almost with the precision of movement of a parade day. Captain Robert E. Park, of Macon, Georgia, who commanded the forty skirmishers in the woods, thinks that he delayed the Federal advance for a long time.*

It is not more improbable that a few active skirmishers north of the pike should prove an obstacle to progress through the forest there, than that a division on the south side should hesitate to penetrate a forest from which their foes had been completely driven. The success of the Federals on the north side was due to the fact that after getting through the belt of woods at the foot of the mountain, they saw exactly what was before them. The lack of complete success south of the pike was owing to the thick woods on that side which were supposed to be full of hidden,



MAJOR-GENERAL JESSE L. RENO.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

* Captain Park writes: "After passing through Boonsboro', en route to the scene of action, we met the dead body of the gallant General Garland, when an order from General D. H. Hill, through General R. E. Rodes, to Colonel B. B. Gayle of the Twelfth Alabama, directed that skirmishers should be deployed in front. Colonel Gayle hurriedly ordered captains of companies to send fourmen each to the front to report to Lieutenant R. E. Park as sharpshooters and I promptly reported for orders; was directed to carry my squad of forty men to the foot of South Mountain, 'and keep the enemy back as long as possible.' I hastily deployed the men, and we moved down the mountain-side. On our way down we could see the enemy, in two lines of battle, in the valley below, advancing, preceded only a few steps by their dense line of skirmishers. I concealed my men behind trees, rocks, and bushes, and cautioned them to aim well before firing. We awaited with beating hearts the sure and steady approach of the 'Pennsylvania Bucktails,' who were directly in my front, and soon near enough to fire upon. I gave the command, 'Fire,' and forty guns were almost simultaneously emptied with deadly effect, and the surviving skirmishers rushed



enemies. The imaginary foes of the Lost Dispatch were worth more to us than ten thousand men in the battle of South Mountain.

The advance of Hatch's division in three lines, a brigade in each, was as grand and imposing as that of Meade's division. Hatch's general and field officers were on horseback, his colors were all flying, and the alignment of his men seemed to be perfectly preserved. General Hooker, looking at the steady and precise movement from the foot of the mountain, describes it as a beautiful sight. From the top

back pell-mell to their main line, disordering it greatly. The solid, well-drilled line soon rallied, and advanced steadily forward, and my small party, as soon as they were near enough, fired again, and nearly every bullet did fatal work. At least thirty men must have been killed or wounded at the second fire, and perhaps more at the first. Though checked for some minutes, their officers cursing loudly and earnestly exhorting them to 'close up' and 'forward,' the enemy again advanced. I directed my men to fall back slowly, and to fire from everything which screened them from observation. I had lost only four men wounded up to this time, but six or eight more became demoralized and, despite my commands, entreaties, and threats, left me and hastily fled to the rear. With the brave squad which remained, we slowly retreated, firing as rapidly as we could load, and doing fatal work with every step. The advance was very slow and cautious. It was about three o'clock when we opened fire at the foot of the mountain, and now the sun was rapidly setting. Corporal Myers, of Mobile, at my request, aimed at and shot an exposed officer, receiving himself a terrible wound as he did so. I raised him tenderly, gave him water, and reluctantly was about to abandon him to his fate, when a dozen muskets were pointed at me, and I was ordered to surrender. There was a deep ravine to our left, and the Third

BRIDGE OVER THE ANTITAM, NEAR SHARPSBURG, BY WHICH THE CONFEDERATES RETREATED FROM SOUTH MOUNTAIN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN WAR TIME.)

of the mountain the sight was grand and sublime, but the elements of the pretty and

Alabama skirmishers having fallen back, the Federals had got in my rear, and at the same time closed upon me in front. If I had not stopped with Myers I might have escaped capture, but I was mortified and humiliated by the necessity of yielding myself a prisoner. Certain death was the only alternative. The enemy pushed forward after my capture, and came upon Colonel Gayle and the rear support. Colonel Gayle was ordered to surrender, but, drawing his pistol and firing it in their faces, he exclaimed: 'We are flanked, boys, but let's die in our tracks,' and continued to fire until he was literally riddled by bullets, and surrendered his pure, brave young spirit to the God who gave it.

"I was accompanied to the rear by three Federal soldiers, and could but notice, as I walked down the mountain, the great execution done by my little squad as shown by the dead and wounded lying all along the route. At the foot of the mountain ambulances were being loaded. From what I saw and gathered from my captors, my little party committed fearful havoc, and the Federals imagined that several divisions of Lee's army confronted them. . . . I was carried before some prominent officer (have heard it was General Hatch), who questioned me about my regiment, brigade, division, number of troops, etc. The information I gave could not have benefited him much."—D. H. H.

the picturesque did not enter into it. Doubtless the Hebrew poet whose idea of the awe-inspiring is expressed by "terrible as an army with banners," had his view of the enemy from the top of a mountain.

There was not a single Confederate soldier to oppose the advance of General Hatch. I got some guns from the reserve artillery of Colonel Cutts to fire at the three lines; but owing to the little practice of the gunners and to the large angle of depression, the cannonade was as harmless as blank-cartridge salutes in honor of a militia general. While these innocent missiles were flying, which the enemy did not honor by so much as a dodge, Longstreet came up in person with three small brigades, and assumed direction of affairs. He sent the brigade of Evans under Colonel Stevens to the aid of Rodes's men, sorely pressed and well-nigh exhausted. The brigades of Pickett (under Garnett) and Kemper were hurried forward to meet and check Hatch, advancing, hitherto, without opposition.

General Meade had moved the brigade of Seymour to the right to take Rodes's position in reverse, while the brigades of Magilton and Gallagher went straight to the front. Meade was one of our most dreaded foes; he was always in deadly earnest, and he eschewed all trifling. He had under him brigade commanders, officers and soldiers, worthy of his leadership. In his onward sweep the peak upon which the Twelfth Alabama was posted was passed, the gallant Colonel Gayle was killed, and his regiment was routed and dispersed. The four other regiments of Rodes made such heroic resistance that Meade, believing his division about to be flanked, sent for and obtained Duryea's brigade of Ricketts's division. It was pitiable to see the gallant but hopeless struggle of those Alabamians against such mighty odds. Rodes claimed to have fought for three hours without support; but an overestimate of time under such circumstances is usual and natural. He lost sixty-one killed, one hundred and fifty-seven wounded, and two hundred and four missing (captured), or more than a third of his brigade. His supports fought gallantly and saved him from being entirely surrounded, but got on the ground too late to effect anything else. Evans's brigade under Stevens had been wasted by two campaigns and was small when it left Hagerstown that morning, and many had fallen out on the hot and dusty forced march. Of the four regiments in the brigade, we find in Volume XIX. of the "Rebellion Records" only the report of one, the Seventeenth South Carolina Regiment under Colonel McMaster. That says that one hundred and forty-one men entered the fight on South Mountain, and of these seven are

reported killed, thirty-seven wounded, and seventeen missing (captured). Colonel McMaster writes to me that his was the largest regiment in the brigade; so it must have been about five hundred and fifty strong. General Meade says in his report that he lost three hundred and ninety-nine men, or ten per cent. of his division. As he received the support of Duryea before or about the time that Rodes got the aid of Stevens, he fought Rodes with the advantage all the while of three to one.

When Ripley came up, as before described, the pressure was all at Fox's Gap. He was sent in there and his brigade was uselessly employed by him in marching and counter-marching. Had it been sent to strengthen Rodes the key of the position might not have been lost. But the vainest of all speculations and regrets are about "the might have been."

Meade encamped that night on the commanding eminence which he had won.

The strength of the two brigades sent to check General Hatch did not exceed eight hundred men, as I will show presently. They must have performed prodigies of valor, and their praises can best be spoken in the words of their enemies. General Patrick, commanding the leading Federal brigade, tells of a race between his men and a strong force of the enemy for the possession of a fence. Patrick won the race and delivered his fire from it and picked off the rebel cannoneers at some guns. General Hatch was wounded at this fence, and the command devolved on General Doubleday. The latter speaks of lying down behind the fence and allowing the enemy to charge up to within fifteen paces, and then he opened a deadly fire. Colonel Wainwright, who succeeded Doubleday in command of his brigade, was also wounded here, and Colonel Hofmann assumed command of it. Colonel Hofmann tells us that the ammunition of the brigade was just giving out when Ricketts relieved Doubleday. Several of the reports speak of the "superior force of the enemy." General Ricketts says that "he relieved Doubleday hard pressed and nearly out of ammunition." Before Ricketts came in person with Hartsuff's brigade, he had sent Christian's brigade to the assistance of Doubleday. Every man in the brigades of Kemper and Pickett (the latter under Garnett) must have been a hero, else such results could not have been achieved. General Doubleday's report contains this curious story: "I learned from a wounded prisoner that we were engaged with four to five thousand under the immediate command of General Pickett, with heavy masses in their vicinity. He stated also that Longstreet in vain tried to rally the men, calling them his pets and using every effort to induce them to renew the attack."

That old rebel played off finely, but he ought to have explained whether he heard Longstreet's appeals to the pets while he was lying there on the ground, or whether he was the only pet to respond and come back to be knocked over for his pains. The astonishing thing is that General Doubleday should believe that there were four thousand or five thousand men before him under the immediate command of Pickett. Of course, the old rebel knew that Pickett was not there in person and that there were no heavy masses in the vicinity. But Doubleday's belief of the story is a splendid tribute to the efficiency of the eight hundred men, who fought a division of thirty-five hundred men (the number reported by Hatch after Gibbon had been detached), and fought it so vigorously that two brigades were sent to its assistance.

Jenkins's brigade, under Walker, came up at dusk, too late to be in the fight; but it went in on the right of Garnett and took part in the irregular firing which was kept up till a late hour. Colonel Walker's report shows a loss of three killed and twenty-nine wounded, which proves that he was but slightly engaged. The tired men of both sides lay down at last to rest within a hundred yards of each other. But now Gibbon was putting in earnest work on the pike. He had a choice brigade, strong in numbers and strong in the pluck of his men, all from the North-west, where habitually good fighters are reared. He had pushed forward cautiously in the afternoon with the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment, followed by the Sixth on the north side of the pike and the Nineteenth Indiana, supported by the Second Wisconsin, on the south side. The ten imaginary regiments of the Lost Dispatch retarded his progress through the woods; and at one time, believing that the Seventh Wisconsin was about to be turned on its right flank, he sent the Sixth to its assistance. There were only a few skirmishers on his right, but the Lost Dispatch made him believe otherwise. About nine p. m. the stone wall was reached, and several gallant efforts were made in vain to carry it. When each repulse was followed by the rebel yells, the young men on my staff would cry out: "Hurrah for Georgia! Georgia is having a free fight." The Western men had met in the Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth Georgia regiments men as brave as themselves and far more advantageously posted. Colonel Bragg, of the Sixth Wisconsin, says in his report: "We sat down in the dark to wait another attack, but the enemy was no more seen." At midnight Gorman's brigade of Sumner's corps relieved Gibbon's.

General Gibbon reports officially three hundred and eighteen men killed and wounded,—

a loss sustained almost entirely, I think, at the stone wall. The colonel of the Seventh Wisconsin reports a loss of one hundred and forty-seven men in killed and wounded out of three hundred and seventy-five muskets carried into action. This shows that he had brave men and that he encountered brave men. From his report we infer that Gibbon had fifteen hundred men. On our side, Colquitt had eleven hundred men and lost less than one hundred, owing to the admirable position in which he had been placed.

And now in regard to the numbers engaged. Longstreet sent to my aid eight brigades,—five belonging to the division of D. R. Jones, consisting of the brigades of Drayton, Pickett, Jenkins, G. T. Anderson, and Kemper; and three belonging to an extemporized division of N. G. Evans, including the brigades of Evans, Hood, and Law. On page 886, Volume XIX. of the "Rebellion Records," Jones says that after Toombs joined him from Hagerstown, his six brigades numbered at Sharpsburg two thousand four hundred and thirty men; *i. e.*, an average of four hundred and five men to each brigade. Now all Longstreet's officers and men know that the ranks were fuller at Sharpsburg than at South Mountain, because there were more stragglers in the forced march from Hagerstown to the battlefield of the 14th of September than there were casualties in the battle. The above average would give eight hundred and ten as the number of men in the two brigades which confronted the division of Hatch aided by two brigades from Ricketts. But it is well known that the Virginia brigades were unusually small, because of the heavy draughts upon them for cavalry, artillery, and local service. Between pages 894 and 902, Volume XIX., we have the strength at South Mountain of four of the five regiments of Pickett's brigade given officially,—the Nineteenth Regiment, one hundred and fifty men; Eighteenth Regiment, one hundred and twenty men; Fifty-sixth Regiment, eighty men; Eighth Regiment, thirty-four men. The strength of the other regiment, the Twenty-eighth, is not given; but assuming that it was ninety-six, the average of the other four regiments, we have four hundred and eighty as the number of men in Pickett's brigade at South Mountain. But the report of the colonel of the Fifty-sixth shows that he was turned off with his eighty muskets and did not go in with his brigade; so that Garnett had in the battle but four hundred of Pickett's men. From Kemper's brigade we have but one report giving the strength of a regiment, and that comes from Colonel Corse of the Seventeenth Virginia. He says that at Sharpsburg he had six officers and

forty-nine privates in his regiment. A calculation based upon this report would show that Kemper's brigade was smaller than Pickett's.

On page 907 we have the only report from Jenkins's brigade which gives any intimation of its strength. There the First South Carolina Regiment is said to have one hundred and six men at Sharpsburg. It is possible the five regiments of this brigade numbered five hundred and thirty in that battle. It is true that it was considerably larger at Sharpsburg than at South Mountain, because the stragglers from the Hagerstown march much more than made up for the small loss (32) in the battle of the 14th. But with due allowance for that gain, the brigade must have been four hundred and fifty strong at South Mountain. It is evident, then, that Kemper's brigade fell below four hundred at South Mountain; otherwise, the brigade average in Jones's division would have exceeded four hundred and six.

Longstreet thinks that he had four thousand men at South Mountain. His estimate is too high, according to the records as I find them. Accepting his numbers, I would place twenty-two hundred at Fox's Gap and eighteen hundred north of Turner's Gap. Colquitt fought mainly and Rodes entirely with Hooker's corps. Adding the twenty-two hundred men of these two brigades to Longstreet's eighteen hundred, we have four thousand as the number opposed to Hooker.

General McClellan puts the strength of the two attacking corps at thirty thousand. His figures are substantially corroborated by the reports of his subordinates,—division, brigade, and regimental commanders. They indicate, moreover, that there had been great straggling in the Federal army, as well as in our own. On page 97, General Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster, reports, October 1, 1862, means of transportation for 13,707 men in the First Corps; for 12,860 men in the Ninth Corps . . . , and for 127,818 men in the entire Army of the Potomac. This was after the wastage of the two battles (14th and 17th September) reported on page 204 as amounting to 15,203.

General Hooker was well pleased with the work of his corps. He says (page 215): "When the advantages of the enemy's position are considered, and his preponderating numbers, the forcing of the passage of South Mountain will be classed among the most brilliant and satisfactory achievements of this army, and its principal glory will be awarded to the First Corps." Undoubtedly that corps had gained important positions, but it is difficult to see how four thousand men could preponderate in numbers over 13,707. Hooker's division and brigade commanders, who

had been well up under musketry fire, do not speak in such glowing terms of the victory. The reports of the stubborn fighters in the Federal army on both sides of the pike are models of modest propriety. This is especially so with those who bore the heat and burden of the day,—Meade, Hatch, Cox, Willcox, Scammon, Crook, Gibbon, Ewing, Gallagher, Magilton, Phelps, White, Jackson, Callis, Bragg, etc.

In regard to the casualties of the opposing forces, the losses in killed and wounded were greater on the Federal side than on the Confederate, because the one thin line of the latter fired at the dense masses of the former, sometimes in two lines and sometimes in three. But from their weakness the Confederates took no prisoners, while they lost over four hundred within the enveloping ranks of their enemies. The revised statement of Federal losses in Volume XIX. gives the casualties in the First Corps as 923; of the Ninth Corps as 889. Total 1812, infantry and artillery; and to this number is added one cavalryman, how killed is not explained.

I lost two brigadiers and a large number of regimental commanders within three days, so that the division reports are very meager. Of the five brigades, there is a statistical report from that of Rodes alone. By means of a very extensive correspondence I have ascertained the casualties as nearly as they can be reached at this late day:

	<i>Killed and Wounded.</i>	<i>Missing.</i>
Rodes	218	204
Colquitt	92	7
Garland	100	200
Anderson	84	29
Ripley	0	0
	494	440

Longstreet's loss must have been less than mine, as he had but four small brigades seriously engaged. Walker reports only thirty-two casualties in Jenkins's brigade; G. T. Anderson had none. Hood speaks lightly of the fight of the two brigades under him. The exact losses can, however, never be known.

In the foregoing table reference is had to prisoners taken in battle. Some of our wearied men slipped off in the woods to sleep, and were not aroused when the orders came to fall back. Colonel Parker of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, a brave and efficient officer, writes to me that he could hardly keep his men awake even when the deadly missiles were flying among them. This is in confirmation of what General Hood, in charge of the rear-guard, told me when I passed him after daylight on the 15th. He said that he found it difficult to arouse and push on the tired men, who had fallen out by the wayside to get a few minutes' sleep.

If the battle of South Mountain was fought to prevent the advance of McClellan, it was a failure on the part of the Confederates. If it was fought to save Lee's trains and artillery, and to reunite his scattered forces, it was a Confederate success. The former view was taken by the President of the United States, for he telegraphed to General McClellan on the 15th of September: "God bless you and all with you. Destroy the rebel army, if possible."

But from whatever stand-point it may be looked at, the battle of South Mountain must be of interest to the military reader, as showing the effect of a hallucination in enabling nine thousand men to hold thirty thousand at bay for so many hours, in robbing victory of its fruits, and in inspiring the victors with such caution that a simple ruse turned them back in their triumphal career.

Every battle-field of the Civil War beheld the deadly conflict of former friends with each other. South Mountain may be taken as a specimen of this unnatural and horrible state of things. The last time I ever saw Generals McClellan and Reno was, in 1848, at the table of General G. W. Smith, in the city of Mexico. Generals Meade and Scammon had both been instructors while I was at West Point. Colonel Magilton, commanding a brigade in Meade's division, had been a lieutenant in my company in the Mexican war. General John Gibbon (whose brigade pressed up the pike on the 14th of September) and his brother Lardner had been best men at my wedding. They were from North Carolina; but one brother took the Northern side, while the other took the Southern.

There is another view of the picture, however. If we had to be beaten it was better to be beaten by former friends. Every true soldier loves to have "a foeman worthy of his steel." Every true man likes to attribute high qualities to those who were once friends, though now alienated for a time. The temporary estrangement cannot obliterate the recollection of noble traits of character. Some one attempted to condole with Tom Yearwood, a famous old South Carolina bully, upon the beating given him by his own son. "Hush up," said old Tom. "I am glad that no one but my own flesh and blood had a hand in my drubbing."

The sons of the South struck her many heavy blows. Farragut of Tennessee rose, as a reward of merit, to the highest rank in the Federal navy. A large number of his associates were from the South. In the Federal army there were of Southern blood and lineage Generals Thomas, Sykes, Reno, Newton, J. J. Reynolds, Canby, Ord, Brannan, William Nelson, Crittenden, Blair, R. W. Johnson,

T. J. Wood, N. B. Buford, Terrill, Graham, Davidson, Cooke, Alexander, Getty, French, Frémont, Pope, Hunter. Some of these doubtless served the South better by the side they took, but most of them were fine officers, and some of them were superb.

Then the South had three hundred thousand of her sons in the Federal army in more subordinate capacities. Her armies surrendered when a Southern-born President and a Southern-born Vice-President were at the head of the United States Government. Surely we have the comfort of old Tom Yearwood, and it is a comfort. That the wounds of defeat and humiliation have been so soon healed has been owing largely to this balm to mortified pride. The sting of shame to proud and sensitive Frenchmen is that their magnificent capital was captured by, and their splendid armies surrendered to, soldiers of an alien race and religion, speaking a different language, and unlike themselves in manners and customs and in all those characteristics which constitute their pride and their glory. On the other hand, the civil wars in England have left no bitter memories behind them. Who now knows or cares whether his ancestors fought on the side of the White Rose or the Red Rose? Who now knows or cares whether they were for King or Parliament; for James II. or for William of Orange? Compare this forgetfulness of civil strife in England with the bitterness which Ireland still feels over her subjugation; compare it with the fact that the Roman occupation of England for five hundred years made no impression upon the language of the natives, so little intercourse was there between them and their conquerors; compare it with the fact that for four hundred years after the Norman conquest there was no fusion between the Norman and Saxon tongues. In truth, all history teaches that the humiliation of defeat by a foreign foe is felt for ages, while that of defeat by the same race is temporary and soon forgotten. The late Civil War was relieved of very much of its sectional character by the presence of so many Southerners in the Union armies. Therefore, it will be in the United States as in all the unsectional civil wars of the world's history in which race and religion were not involved,—the waves of oblivion will roll over the bitter recollections of the strife. But we trust that fragrant forever will be the memory of deeds of heroism, patience, fortitude, self-denial, and constancy to principle; whether those deeds were performed by the wearers of the blue or the gray from their respective standpoints of duty.

D. H. Hill.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General W. F. Smith in Reply to General Grant.

THE assertion of a fact, even if it be an assertion involving a question of character, made by one of world-wide reputation, is generally accepted as true. A few interested in the individual who may be the subject of attack will hear his defense, if he make any; and perhaps a larger few whose sense of justice impels them to hear both sides, will listen before pronouncing sentence. To these two classes I address a few words. In the February number (1886) of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* is a paper written by General Grant, in which he says (page 576):

"General W. F. Smith, who had been promoted to the rank of Major-General shortly after the battle of Chattanooga, on my recommendation, had not yet been confirmed. I found a decided prejudice against his confirmation by a majority of the Senate, but I insisted that his services had been such that he should be rewarded. My wishes were now reluctantly complied with, and I assigned him to the command of one of the corps under General Butler. I was not long in finding out that the objections to Smith's promotion were well founded."

General Grant makes this general charge without assigning a reason for it or attempting to justify it by citing any instance in which I had failed in any duty I had been called upon to perform. This gives me the right to call General Grant himself as a witness in my own behalf, and to assert that the reasons which moved him to say that "the objections to my confirmation were well founded" were of a personal, and not of a public nature.

The battle of Chattanooga ended on the 25th of November, 1863 — my name was not sent to the Senate till the 15th of March, 1864. On the 18th it was returned to the President, with the request that the date of rank should conform to the date of nomination.

On the 23d of the same month it was again sent to the Senate, and my nomination was confirmed on the same day. It was therefore nearly four months after the battle when my name was sent to the Senate for promotion, and in three days thereafter the Senate asked the President to make the date of rank conform to the date of nomination; and on the same day that my name was returned to the Senate my nomination was confirmed. The question of my confirmation therefore was settled on the 18th of March, when the request was made to have the date of rank conform to the date of nomination, and during this time and up to the time of my confirmation General Grant was not in the city of Washington.

He left Washington on the night of the 11th of March for Nashville and did not return till some time during the 23d — the day on which the President returned my name to the Senate and upon which final action was taken. Shortly thereafter I was informed by a Senator that my name had passed the Senate without having been referred to the Military Committee, which he stated to be a "high compliment and one seldom paid by the Senate." As to the fact whether this confirmation was made without a reference to the Military Committee, the records of the Senate will show.

But much more important to me is the fact that this sweeping denunciation was not founded upon any failure on my part to perform the duty I owed to the country, then in its struggle for existence, and that no one knew this better than the general who was in

command of its armies. On the 12th of November, 1863, General Grant addressed the Secretary of War as follows:

"I would respectfully recommend that Brigadier-General William F. Smith be placed first on the list for promotion to the rank of major-general. He is possessed of one of the clearest military heads in the army — is very practical and industrious — no man in the service is better qualified than he for our largest commands."

On July 1st, 1864, General Grant, from City Point, Virginia, addressed a letter to General Halleck, Chief of Staff, from which the following extracts are taken:

"Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, has just returned. He informs me that he called attention to the necessity of sending General Butler to another field of duty. . . . I have feared that it might become necessary to separate him and General Smith. The latter is really one of the most efficient officers in the service, readiest in expedients, and most skillful in the management of troops in action. I would dislike removing him from his present command unless it was to increase it, but as I say, I may have to do it if General Butler remains. . . . I would feel strengthened with Smith, Franklin, or J. J. Reynolds commanding the right wing of this army. . . ."

So that on the 1st of July, 1864, General Grant thought he would be strengthened with General Smith commanding the right wing of that army. On the strength of that letter I was placed in command of the troops in the field belonging to the Army of the James, and General Butler was ordered back to administrative duty at Fort Monroe.

Being much out of health at this time, I had asked for a short leave of absence, to which this answer was returned:

"HEADQUARTERS, CITY POINT, July 2, 1864.

"TO MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH: Your application for leave of absence has just come to me. Unless it is absolutely necessary that you should leave at this time, I would much prefer not having you go. It will not be necessary for you to expose yourself in the hot sun, and if it should become necessary I can temporarily attach General Humphreys to your command."

"U. S. GRANT."

As my health did not improve I repeated my request for leave, and on the 9th of July I received the following from General Grant at City Point:

"General Ord can be assigned to the command of your corps during your absence if you think it advisable."

I left my command on that day, and City Point on the following day, and it is manifest General Grant up to that moment had not changed the opinion he had expressed in recommending my promotion. I returned to the army on the 10th of July, to find myself relieved from my command. During this absence of ten days, nothing connected with my military duties could have occurred to impair the confidence in me expressed in General Grant's communication of the 9th.

I sought an explanation from him on the day of my return, and he was as reticent in assigning any cause for his action then as he was twenty-one years after, when, in preparing a contribution to the history of the war, he again passed sentence upon me without assigning a reason of any kind for his condemnation. I am to-day as ignorant of the causes for his action as I was then. That they were purely personal, and had not the remotest connection with my conduct as a soldier, I submit is proved by his own testimony, and it is upon this question alone that I care to defend myself.

March 1, 1886.

William Farrar Smith.

THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO.

"How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever?" cried Don Quixote; "dost thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"I see what I see," replied Sancho, "and the devil

of anything can I spy but a fellow on such another gray ass as mine is, with something that glitters o'top of his head."

"I tell thee that is Mambrino's helmet," replied Don Quixote.—*Cervantes.*



DEAR DON HORACIO: You cannot have forgotten the morning we turned our backs upon San Francisco, and slowly rambled seaward through winding hollows of park, nor how the mist drooped low as if to hear the tones of fondness in our talk of Cervantes and the Don, nor how the approving sun seemed to send a benediction through the riven cloud-rack overhead.

It was after we had passed the westward edge of that thin veneer of polite vegetation which a coquettish art has affixed to the great wind-made waves of sand, and entered the waste of naked drift beyond, that we heard afar a whispered sea-plaint, and beheld the great

Pacific coming in under cover of a low-lying fog, and grinding its white teeth on the beach.

Still discoursing of La Mancha, we left behind us the last gateway of the hills, came to the walk's end and the world's end and the end of the Aryan migrations.

We were not disturbed by the restless Aryan who dashed past us at the rate of 2:20 with an insolent flinging of sand, a whirling cobweb of hickory wheel, and all the mad hurry of the nineteenth century at his heels.

For what (we asked one another as we paced the Cliff-House veranda) did this insatiable wanderer leave his comfortable land of Central Asia and urge ever westward through forty centuries of toilsome march? He started in the world's youth a simple, pastoral pilgrim, and we saw him pull up his breathless trotters at the very *Ultima Thule*, rush into the bar-room, and demand a cocktail.

Having quenched this ethnic thirst and apparently satisfied the yearning of ages, we watched him gather up his reins and start eastward again, as if for the sources of the sacred Ganges, and disappear in the cloud of his own swift-rushing dirt.

By the fire in our private breakfast-room we soon forgot him, and you led me again into the company of the good knight.

Even Alphonso must have felt the chivalric presence, for all unbidden he discreetly hispanized our omelet.

Years have gone since that Cervantean morning of ours, and to-day, my friend, I am come from our dear Spain.

As I journeyed in the consecrated realm of Don Quixote, it happened to me to pass a

night "down in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect."

Late in the evening, after a long day in the saddle, we had stopped at an humble posada on the outskirts of an old pueblo, too tired to press on in search of better accommodations, which we believed the town would probably afford. We were glad enough to tie our weary animals to their iron rings within the posada, and fling ourselves down to sleep in the doorway, lulled by the comfortable munching sound of the beasts, and fanned by a soft wind which came fitfully from the south.

The mild, dry night, wherein thin veils of cloud had tempered the moonlight and overspread the vacant plains with spectral shadows, was at length yielding to the more cheerful advance of dawn.

From the oaken bench on which I had slept, in the arched entrance of the posada, I could look back across the wan swells of plain over which my companion and I had plodded the day before, and watch the landscape brighten cheerfully as the sun rose.

Just in front, overhanging the edge of a dry, shallow ravine, stood the ruin of a lone windmill—a breach in its walls rendering visible the gnarled trunk of an old olive-tree, which hugged the shade of the ancient mill, as if safe under the protection of a veritable giant.

Oaken frames of the mill-arms, slowly consuming with dry-rot, etched their broken lines against the soft gray horizon. A rag or two of stained canvas, all that was left of the sails, hung yellow, threadbare, and moldering in the windless air.

The walls of our doorway seemed visibly to crumble. Here and there lingering portions of stucco still clung to a skeleton of bricks; and overhead, by the friendly aid of imagination, one could see that time out of mind the arch had been whitewashed.

Signs of life one by one appeared. From a fold somewhere behind the posada a small flock of gaunt, lately sheared sheep slowly marched across my narrow field of view.

Single file with heads down, they noiselessly followed a path faintly traced across the plain, the level sun touching their thin backs, and casting a procession of moving shadows on the gray ground. One or two stopped to rub against the foundation-stones of the mill; and presently all had moved on into a hollow of the empty land and disappeared.

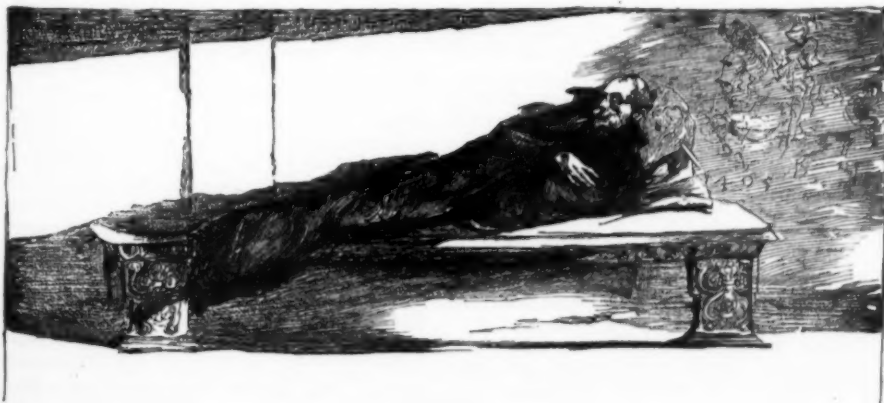
Later, at the same slow pace, and without a sound of footfall, followed a brown and spare old shepherd, with white, neglected hair falling over a tattered cloak of coarse homespun. His face wore a strange expression of imbecile content. It was a face from which not only hope but even despair had faded out under the burning strength of eternal monotony.

A few short, jerky, tottering steps, and he too was gone, with his crust of bread and cow's horn of water, his oleander-wood staff, and his vacant smile of senile tranquillity.

Then an old, shriveled parrot of a woman, the only other inhabitant of the posada, came from I never knew where, creeping in through the open portal, heavily burdened with an earthen jar of water for our beasts. "*Buenas dias!*" fell in a half-whisper from her lips, which held a burning cigarette. She too disappeared.

On the other side of the arched entry, against the opposite wall, on an oaken bench like mine, his head to the outer air, asleep on his back, lay my guide and companion, Salazar,—a poor gentleman, humbled by fate, yet rich in the qualities of sentiment which make good men and good friends.

His arms were crossed on his breast, after the manner of those pious personages who lie in their long bronze and marble slumber in church and chapel. His delicate constitution,



yielding at last to the wear of time, and now plainly declining, had decreed for him only a narrow margin of life. In a little while, in a few short years, he will lie as he lay that morning in La Mancha, and his countenance will wear the same expression of mingled pain and peace.

I had chosen him as companion for this episode of travel because of his fine, appreciative knowledge of Cervantes, and from his personal resemblance to the type of Don Quixote. He had listened affectionately to my talk of the Bachelor of San Francisco, and joined with zest in my search for a "Helmet of Mambrino," which I hoped to send as a gift to the gentleman by the western sea.

I scanned his sleeping features long and thought him a perfect Spanish picture. How sternly simple the accessories! Only a wall of time-mellowed brick, barred by lines of yellow mortar, and patched by a few hand-breadths of whitened plaster! Only a solid, antique bench of oak, weather-worn into gray harmony with an earthen floor! Nothing more!

His ample cloak of dark, olive-colored cloth, reaching from foot to chin, covered him, save for one exposed hand, completely, and hung in folds to the ground. There was nothing to distract from his face, now thrown into full profile against the rough wall.

Far back over the bald cranial arch, a thin coat of mixed gray and brown wiry hair covered the back of his head, just where it rested on the blue handkerchief he had carefully composed over an improvised pillow. The heavy eyebrow formed a particularly long, high bow, and ended abruptly against a slightly sunken bony temple. The orbital hollow, an unusually large and cavernous bowl, showed beneath the brow a tracery of feeble blue veins; but the closed eye domed boldly up, its yellow lids strongly fringed with long brown lashes. The hooked beak of a well-modeled but large aquiline nose curved down from the brow. Over his always compressed mouth grew a delicate, grizzled mustache, the ends of which turned up in the old Spanish way. His jaw was refined rather than strong, and bore on his long chin a thin tuft of hair, which grew to a point and completed a singularly chaste and knightly profile. The shallow thinness of his figure, the sunken yellow cheek, and emaciated throat, were all eloquent of decline.

Age, too, recorded itself in the exposed hand,—not so much in its pallor or slenderness of finger, as in the prominence of bony framework, which seemed thrust into the wrinkled muscular covering as into a glove which is too large and much outworn.

These are but material details, and only interesting as the seat and foundation of a

fixed air of gentlemanliness, which, waking or sleeping, never left his countenance.

He was, as he slept, the figure of the dead Quixote,—a gaunt face softened by a patient spirit, an iron frame weakened and refined by lifelong frugality, and now touched by the wintry frosts of age; but, above all, the sleeping mask, with its slightly curled lip, wore an aspect of chivalric scorn of all things mean and low. I watched the early light creep over his bald forehead, and tinge the sallow cheek with its copper warmth, and I marked how the sharp shadow of his nose lay like a finger of silence across his lips.

There lay one of those chance friends, whom to meet is to welcome from the heart, and from whom I for one never part without perplexing wonder whether chance or fate or Providence will so throw the shuttle through the strange pattern of life's fabric, that our two feeble threads will ever again touch and cross and interweave.

CHOCOLATE is the straw at which the drowning traveler catches in the wide ocean of Spanish starvation. Its spicy aroma, with that of a cigarette, announced the coming of the old posadera.

I reluctantly awakened Salazar, and we began the day by each pouring water from an earthen jar for the other's ablutions. From a leathern wallet my companion produced a few dry, crumbled little cakes, and my ulster pocket yielded up a bottle of olives I had brought from Seville. The woman squatted by us and smoked.

While waiting for his boiling beverage to cool, Salazar addressed our hostess. "This American gentleman has in his own country a friend of whom he is exceedingly fond, a certain Don Horacio, who, it seems, is in the habit of reading the adventures of Don Quixote, which you very well know, Señora, happened here in La Mancha. This Don Horacio has never seen one of our Spanish barbers' basins, such as the good Don Quixote wore for a helmet.

"It is to find him an ancient basin that we have come to La Mancha. There were plenty of new ones in Seville and Cordova, but they will not serve. We must have an ancient one, and one from this very land. Do you by chance remember where there is such an one?"

The good woman reflected, while we sipped the chocolate, and ate the cakes and the olives. She threw away the end of the cigarette, and began rolling another. This little piece of manipulation, well known as provocative of thought, was hardly accomplished when she exclaimed:

"Mira! I do know the very piece. Come to the door! Do you see that church in ruins? Bueno! Just beyond is an old posada. The

widow Barrilera, with her boy Crisanto, lives there. Poor people put up their beasts there. It used to be a great fonda many years ago, and ever since I was a child an old basin has hung in the patio. It ought to be there now." At this we were much gladdened; for our search all the day before among the villages and hamlets had been fruitless. The posadera was so dumb at the silver we gave her that she forgot to bid us "Go with God!" till we were mounted and moving away from her door toward the pueblo.

A Spanish town, especially in wide, half-waste regions between great cities, sometimes sinks into a slow decline, and little by little gives up the ghost of life; dying, not of sudden failure in the heart or central plaza, but wasting away by degrees around its outskirts, and shrinking by the slow ruin of block after block inward toward the center of vitality. This form of decay comes at last to girdle the whole town with mounds of fallen wall, vacant squares of roofless masonry, fragments of paved patio, secluded no more by inclosing corridors, but open and much frequented of drowsy goats, who come from their feeding-grounds to sleep on the sun-heated stones.

Here and there a more firmly founded edifice, like a church or a posada, resists the unrelenting progress of destruction, and stands for a few years in lonely despair among the leveled dust of the neighbor buildings.

If a church, it is bereft of its immemorial chimes, which are made to jangle forth the Angelus from some better-preserved tower on the plaza. Owls sail through the open door, and brush with their downy wings the sacred dust from wooden image of Virgin or Saviour; till at last the old towers and walls, yielding to rain and wind, melt down into the level of humbler ruin.

The old posadas, while they last, are tenanted by the poorest of the poor. Childless widows too old to work end here in solitary penury their declining days, sister tenants with wandering bats and homeless kids.

Past such an old and dying church Salazar and I rode, following the directions of our hostess, and soon drew rein before an old oaken gate in a high wall of ancient masonry. Upon the lintel was rudely cut, as with a pocket-knife, the sign "*Ferreje*." Half the double gate, fallen from its rusty hinges, lay broken and disused on the ground, its place taken by a ragged curtain of woollen cloth, which might once have been a woman's cloak. This, with the half gate still standing, served to suggest that the ruinous inclosure was to be respected as private ground.

My grave companion alighted from his horse, folded his cloak, which till now he had

worn against the morning cold, laid it carefully across his saddle, and knocked very gently; then after a pause, as if to give misery a time to compose its rags, he drew aside the curtain an inch or so, and after peering around the inclosed yard, turned to me with a mysterious smile, laid his finger on his lips, and beckoned to me to look where he pointed.

I saw a large, square, walled inclosure bounded on the right by a one-story house, with a waving, sagging, collapsing roof of red tiles. The left or eastern wall, which rose to a height of twenty feet or so, was pierced by two doorways and several second-story window-openings. Through these we looked out upon the open plain, for the apartments into which the doorways had once led were ruined and gone.

Over the eastern door was traced the half-faded word "*Comedor*," and over the other "*Barberia*." Still above this latter sign there projected from the solid masonry an ornamental arm of wrought iron, from which hung a barber's basin of battered and time-stained brass, the morning light just touching its disc of green.

Salazar knocked a little louder, when a cheery, welcoming woman's voice called out, "*¡Pasen, señores!*" We held aside the woollen curtain, crossed the inclosure, and entered a little door directly opposite the old barberia, scenting as we entered a rich, vigorous odor of onion and garlic.

There are nerves so degenerate, there are natures so enfeebled, as to fall short of appreciating, as even to recoil from, the perfume of these sturdy esculents; but such are not worthy to follow the footsteps of Don Quixote in La Mancha, where still, as of old, the breath of the cavalier is the savor of onions, and the very kiss of passion burns with the mingled fire of love and garlic.

From a dilapidated brick floor rose the widow Barrilera, a handsome, bronzed woman of fifty, with a low, broad brow, genial, round face, and stout figure; who advanced to meet us, and rolled out in her soft Andalusian dialect a hearty welcome, smiling ardently out of sheer good-nature, and showing her faultless teeth.

It did not seem to have occurred to her to ask, or even consider, why we had come. Our entrance at this early hour created no surprise, no questioning, not even a glance of curiosity. It was enough for her sociable, affluent good-nature that we had come at all. She received us as a godsend, and plainly proposed to enjoy us, without bothering her amiable old brains about such remote, intricate conceptions as a cause for our coming.

To one of us she offered a stool, to the other a square of sheepskin, and urged us to huddle down with her in the very focus of the

garlic pot, which purred and simmered and steamed over a little fire. She remarked in the gayest way that it was still cool of a morning, and laughed merrily when we assented to this meteorological truth, adding that a little fire made it all right, and then beaming on in silence, while she stirred the savory contents of the pot, never varying the open breadth of her smile, till she pursed up her lips as if about to whistle, and blew on a ladle full of the soup till it was cool, when she swallowed it slowly, her soft eyes rolling with delight at the flavorful compound.

"Señora," said my hollow-eyed and hollow-voiced comrade, "the gentleman is a lover of good Don Quixote."

The woman flashed on me a look of curiosity, as who should say, "So is every one. What of that?"

"My friend is *Americano*," continued Salazar. "*Valgame Dios!*" ejaculated the now thoroughly interested widow. "All the way from Buenos Ayres! No? Then from Cuba, of course! Yes, yes! My father's cousin was a soldier there, and married a woman as black as a pot."

"No, señora, my friend is from another part of America; and he has come here to buy from you the old brass basin above the barberia door."

Curiosity about America suddenly gave way to compassion.

"*Pobrecito!*" she said in benevolent accents. "You take care of him! He is"—making a grimace of interrogation, arching up her brows, and touching her head—"a little wrong here."

Salazar, with unbroken gravity, touched his own head, pointed to me, and replied, "Perfectly clear!"

"What in the name of the Blessed Virgin does he want of that old basin with a hole in it?" shrugging her fat, round shoulders till they touched her earrings, and turning up the plump, cushiony palms of her hands to heaven.

"It seems very droll, my good woman, does it not?" I interrupted, "but I have in my own country a charming friend whom I love very much. He is called the Bachelor of San Francisco, and he has never seen a Spanish barber's basin, so I want to carry this as a gift to him. We have no barbers' basins in America."

"*Caramba!*" she exclaimed, "what a land! Full of women as black as coals, and no barbers! My father's cousin had a beard like an Englishman when he came back, and his wife looked like a black sheep just sheared. As to the basin, señor, it is yours."

Then turning to a hitherto unnoticed roll of rags in a dark corner, she gave an affec-

tionate shove with her foot, which called forth a yawning, smiling lad, who respectfully bowed to us, while yet half asleep.

"Crisanto, get down the old barber's basin from the patio, and bring it here!"

In a moment the boy returned with the old relic, but seemed to hesitate before relinquishing it to his mother, who extended her hand to receive it.

"What are you waiting for, child?" said the woman.

"It is mine. You gave it to me," said the boy bashfully.

"My lad," said Salazar, "we shall give you two silver duros for it."

The boy at once brightened and consented. His mother seized the basin in one hand, a wet rag in the other, with her toe scraped out some ashes from the fire, and was about to fall upon it with housewifely fury, and in a trice, had I not stopped her, would have scraped away the mellow green film, the very writing and sign-manual of the artist Time.

A few silver duros in the smiling lad's palm, a bit of gold to the mother, a shudder of long unknown joy in the widow's heart, a tear, a quiver of the lip, then a smile,—and the bargain was made.

I was grasping her hand and saying "*Adios!*" she was asking the Virgin to give me "a thousand years," when Salazar said:

"No, no! it is not yet *Adios*. This basin and bargain must be certified to by the *ayuntamiento* in a document stamped with the seal of the pueblo, and setting forth that here in La Mancha itself was bought this barber's basin."

"*Seguro!*" replied the woman, who flung over her head a tattered black shawl, tossing the end over her left shoulder. We all walked, Salazar and I leading our beasts, to the door of the *alcalderia*.

The group of loungers who sat around the whitewashed wall of the chamber of the *ayuntamiento* showed no interest in our arrival. To our story the secretary himself listened with official indifference, sipped his morning coffee, only occasionally asking a question of idle curiosity, or offering objection to the execution of so trivial a document.

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed; "the authorities of Spain have not provided in the Codex for such jesting. What is all this for?"

"Señor Secretario," I replied, "I have conceived this innocent little caprice of legalizing my purchase of the basin, to gratify a certain Don Horacio, known in America as the Bachelor of San Francisco, a gentleman whose fine literary taste has led him to venerate your great Cervantes, and whose knightly sentiments have made him the intimate friend of Don Quixote."

"But," said the secretary, "no contract of sale with a minor for vendor can be legalized by me. The Codex provides —" He was going on to explain what the Codex did provide, when Salazar, who knew more about the legal practice of provincial Spain than the Codex itself, stepped forward, passed behind the august judicial table, and made some communication in a whisper, which was not quite loud enough to drown a curious metallic clink, as of coins in collision.

Thus softened, the cold eye of the secretary warmed perceptibly, and he resumed: "As I was about to say when my friend here offered me a—a—cigarette, the Codex does not in terms recognize the right of an infant to vend, transfer, give over, or relinquish real or personal property; but on reflection, in a case like this, I shall not hesitate to celebrate the act of sale."

A servant was dispatched for some strong paper, and the softened magistrate fell into general conversation.

"You have had a great war in your country."

"Yes," I replied, "very destructive, very exhausting; but, thank God, North and South are now beginning to be friends again."

"Are you of the North or of the South?"

"The North."

"Do you not find it very trying to have those Chilians in your Lima, señor?"

Weeks before this I had given up trying to stretch the Spanish conception of America to include a country north of Mexico, for the land of Cortes is the limit of imagination in that direction; so I helplessly assented. Yes, it was trying.

The boy returned with the paper; ink-horns and pens were successfully searched for, and the document was executed and sealed.

Salazar and I withdrew after saluting the upright official, mounted our beasts, received the soft benediction of the smiling widow, and pricked forward down a narrow way which led to the open plain. We were descending a gentle slope on the outskirts of the pueblo when we were overtaken by the secretary's servant, who charged down upon us, his donkey nearly upsetting mine in the collision.

Like a wizard in a show, he drew from under his jacket an incredibly bright and brand-new barber's basin.

"The secretary," he said, "remembered, just after you had gone, that the old Duchess of Molino had deposited with him, as security for a large loan, this basin, which is proved to have been the authentic and only one from which Cervantes was shaved every day while prisoner at Argamosillo. The secretary knew that you would like to see this valued relic, and to touch it with your own hand. The duchess, señor (lowering his eyes and face), is in *gloria*. For ten duros you can have this undoubted memento; and full documents shall follow you to Madrid or Lima by the next mail."

"*Hombre!*" I replied, "do me the favor to present to the secretary my most respectful compliments, and say that the supposed death of the duchess is a curious mistake. The old lady is living in great luxury in Seville, and her steward is already on the way to redeem her favorite relic."

The man, who saw the force of my pleasantry, laughed explosively, and shamelessly offered me the basin at two duros and a half. We shook our heads, and rode away. Having gone a hundred yards, we heard a voice, and looking back beheld the servant, who brandished aloft the basin and shouted, "One duro?" I answered "Never," and we rode out upon the brown and sunburnt plain.

Some sheep lay dozing, huddled in the shadow of a few stunted cork-trees. Brown and dim as if clad in dusty leather, the Sierra Morena lay sleeping in the warm light. Away up among the hazy summits were pencilings of soft, cool color; but we were too far away to discern the rocks and groves where Don Quixote did his amorous penance.

After riding long and silently, Salazar addressed me:

"Señor, this friend of yours, this Don Horacio, will he ever come to La Mancha?"

"*Quien sabe?*" I replied; "but if he comes you will certainly know him and love him as he is known and loved by his friend."

To the Bachelor of San Francisco.

K.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Mr. George Bancroft on the Legal-Tender Decision.

TWO notable and clear-sounding bugle-calls in the battle for honest money have caught the public ear within a few weeks; namely, Mr. George Bancroft's "Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America Wounded in the House of its Guardians" (No. 53, "Harper's Handy Series"), and Secretary Manning's letter of March 2d, in reply to the Bland resolution passed by the House of Representatives on the 3d of February. Very great importance attaches to Mr. Manning's deliverance, by reason of his public position and of his political affiliations and authority. This is not the first time that New York has thrown down the gauntlet to the Democratic party. The act was deliberately and effectively performed by Seymour and Tilden in 1868. In a different way, but with equal boldness, Mr. Manning has challenged all the forces of soft money and short-weight money to deadly combat, for he exposes the vice of legal-tender paper with the same freedom, though not to the same length, as that of eighty-cent silver dollars.

It is to Mr. Bancroft's monograph that the reader's attention is invited in this article. The Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of *Juilliard vs. Greenman*, March 3, 1884, decided that the Constitution gives to Congress the power to make Government notes legal tender for private debts contracted both before and after the emission of such notes, and to do this in time of peace as well as in time of war. In making this decision the Court reversed its former decision in the case of *Hepburn vs. Griswold*, and by inference reversed the decision in the *Legal-Tender Cases*, which had apparently restricted the issue of legal-tender notes to times of war. It should be remarked that the decision in the *Legal-Tender Cases* reversed the decision in the *Hepburn* case, but not so completely as is done in the *Juilliard* case. In short, the Court has been contradicting itself on this class of questions for seventeen years, and has now made the worst possible decision that the subject matter admits of; for surely nothing can be worse than the declaration that Congress has the power to issue, to-day or to-morrow, a billion of greenbacks, appropriate them to any purpose or persons it likes, make them legal tender for private debts, and accomplish in this way a transfer of all the capital in the country from one class to another class without merit on the part of the one or demerit on the part of the other. Thus, although private property may not be taken for public use without just compensation (Article V., Amendments), yet it may be taken for private use whenever Congress pleases.

Against this monstrous doctrine Mr. Bancroft brings the resources of history, political economy, and law. Historically he shows that when the framers of the Constitution came to that branch of the instrument which treats of the public finances, they solemnly, and by a vote of nine States against two, cast out of it the power to "emit bills of credit." What were bills of credit? So effectually were they then and there slain

that when the war broke out, and when disputes arose over the national bank bill and the proposed tax on State bank issues, hardly anybody in public life knew what sort of thing was referred to in that clause of the Constitution which prohibits the States from issuing bills of credit. Mr. Bancroft shows by a careful upturning of the colonial records that bills of credit were nothing else than Government legal-tender notes; in some cases legal tender only for private debts contracted after the passage of the acts, and in others for those contracted both before and after. In twelve of the thirteen colonies experiments of this kind had been repeatedly made. In several instances they had been vetoed by the King. In all cases they had produced incalculable mischief, and had bred a feeling of loathing and disgust so nearly universal that when it was proposed to confer upon Congress the power to issue bills of credit, the proposition was voted down by nearly five to one.

The Supreme Court could not avoid noticing this significant fact. Anybody who will take the trouble to read Mr. Bancroft's chapters I., II., and III., and compare them with that portion of the opinion of the Court which relates to this branch of the discussion, will perhaps infer that if Mr. Justice Gray had set about proving that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse, he could have accomplished the latter feat quite as conclusively.

Mr. Bancroft's argument is divided into three main parts, and the first has been already summarized. The second relates to the assumption by the Court that "the power of impressing upon bills or notes of the Government for money borrowed the quality of being a legal tender for the payment of private debts was a power universally understood to belong to sovereignty in Europe and America, at the time of the framing and adoption of the Constitution of the United States." So sweeping a statement, one would think, ought to be accompanied by the citation of at least one case of the exercise of such power, or of the asserted right to exercise it, contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the adoption of our Constitution. No such case is mentioned. Mr. Bancroft challenges the statement in its length and breadth, affirming that neither in Great Britain nor in any country of Europe was any such power either exercised or claimed as one of the attributes of sovereignty. And Mr. Bancroft is right. The old and often abused power of the sovereign to change the measure of value by altering the weight or fineness of the coin, which is merely another form of legal-tender chicanery, had fallen into disrepute and disuse, and the new fashion of replenishing the treasury by first cheating his subjects and then licensing them to cheat each other had not yet come in vogue. It was not until July, 1811, that England passed a *stay law*; she never passed a legal-tender law, in the sense that our Supreme Court says that all European countries were in the habit of doing, or claiming the right to do.

The bank restriction of 1797, which was first an

order in Council, afterwards confirmed by Parliament, did not make Bank of England notes legal tender. It merely exempted a debtor tendering notes in payment of his debt from liability to arrest and distraint by summary process, leaving the creditor to pursue his claim by ordinary process of law. (See *Tooke, v. 522*; also Sumner on the Bank Restriction, in his "American Currency.") Accordingly Lord King, who had been a strenuous opponent of the restriction act on principle, notified his tenants in 1811 that he should require payment of his rents in gold or in Bank of England notes of equal value. The notes were then at sixteen per cent. discount. Thereupon Lord Stanhope introduced a bill in Parliament, which passed both houses, making it illegal to pay or receive gold at more than its nominal value. Lord King was thus checkmated. A bill abolishing the courts of justice would have had the same effect.

When the bank charter was renewed in 1833, the notes were (for the first time, we believe) made legal tender between individuals, but under conditions which required and provided for their prompt redemption in gold. The history of the time shows that the legal-tender provision was adopted merely to prevent the needless transportation of coin from one place to another, and not for the purpose of asserting or exercising a "power universally understood to belong to sovereignty."

Mr. Bancroft's third point is a noble defense of the limitations of the Constitution. The Court has assumed that the Government of the United States has powers over and above those granted by the Constitution. Since the power to make its own notes legal tender is not one of the granted powers, it must be derived from some source outside of that instrument. This source is indicated by the Court as being the sovereignty which it possesses in common with other governments. But every jurist of eminence, from the foundation of the government down to the present Supreme Court, and including the latter, "composed identically, man for man, of the very same nine men who constitute it now," have, at one time or another, held that "the Government of the United States is one of delegated, limited, and enumerated powers; therefore every valid act of Congress must find in the Constitution some warrant for its passage." Where is the power to make its notes legal tender "enumerated"? When did the thirteen colonies "delegate" to it any such power?

Mr. Bancroft's words are those of sorrow rather than of anger. The gravity of the subject and the respect due to the institutions of one's country forbid the use of sarcasm in this discussion. Else how readily would such a paragraph as the following, from the second of the three decisions, lend itself to such treatment (the italics are our own):

"It is hardly correct to speak of a standard of value. The Constitution does not speak of it. It contemplates a standard for that which has gravity or extension; but *value is an ideal thing*. The coinage acts fix its unit as a dollar, but the gold or silver thing we call a dollar is in no sense a standard of a dollar. It is a representative of it."—*Legal-Tender Cases*, 12 Wallace, 553.

The possible consequences of the legal-tender decision are alarming. Granted the power to make Government notes legal tender in the discretion of Con-

gress, and granted that Congress agrees with the Court in holding that value is an ideal thing, and that the gold or silver thing we call a dollar is only a representative of a dollar, what may not happen? Just now silver is the popular delusion, but will it always remain such? It certainly will not if the public can ever be brought into personal contact with it so as to experience the inconveniences of weight and bulk which have caused it to be expelled from modern commerce. No, the cheapness and convenience of paper will outbid everything that silver offers to a generation well up in the philosophy of legal tender. As we write these lines (March 9), our eyes fall upon an interview in the daily papers with Mr. T. V. Powderly, Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, a person for whom we have considerable respect, although we never chanced to meet him. Mr. Powderly, pooh-poohing the suggestion of the reporter that the Knights might some time become a political party, speaks of himself as a Greenbacker. The thought occurs to us that if Mr. Powderly and his friends ever should change their minds so far as to go into politics, and if they ever should control the law-making power, they would find in the decision which Mr. Bancroft has so eloquently pleaded against the means and lawful warrant for more widespread and effectual spoliation than all the confiscations of the French Revolution.

James Russell Lowell's Bible Argument.

It is not too much to say that the scene in the room of the Senate Committee on Patents on the morning of Friday, January 29, 1886, was one of the most interesting and significant events of our generation. We refer to the hearing there given by committees of both Houses of Congress to James Russell Lowell, President of the American Copyright League, who presented in person his argument in favor of International Copyright. The journals of the country have already printed Lowell's words, but no report, verbatim or otherwise, could re-create the atmosphere of this remarkable scene. The legislative power, that very power hitherto appealed to in vain through generations of authors and Congressmen, was here confronted in behalf of the intellectual world, in behalf of public morality, and in the name of common honesty and common sense, by one of the chief living exponents of literature,—who is also one of the chief citizens of the Republic. Nothing could exceed the tact, good-nature, ready wit, and hurtling sarcasm with which Lowell took the field. A gentleman well known in the Washington lobby, and opposed to the measure, had been permitted to precede Mr. Lowell. This, as it were, gave for his lance, at the most fortunate moment, an embodied foe; though we doubt whether the subject of his genial and exquisite scorn will ever realize that, like one of the heroes of Dante's "Inferno," he was then and there transfixed for all time. The keenest thrusts were accompanied by a twinkle of the eye, a pleasant falling inflection of the voice, or a smile, that was like the glistening of a Damascus blade, with an edge as sharp as its glitter. It was not only in direct assault that Lowell proved his ability, but throughout the long session by answering quickly and ably the questions coming to him from every side, by turning off queries

too vague for answer with, for instance, some quotation from Charles Lamb, and himself asking questions that went to the marrow of the subject. When, in answer to a question, the President of the League answered, "I do not know of any way in which nations distinguish themselves except by their brains; that is, permanently to make an impression upon all mankind," those present could not help thinking how the truth of this statement was illustrated by the author of the "Biglow Papers" and the "Commemoration Ode," whose name to-day is known among the cultured throughout the world quite as familiarly as that of any battle ever fought under the American flag.

But the great value and force of Lowell's argument lay in the fact that he lifted up the whole discussion from the level of interests and expediencies into the clear air of duties and moralities. While he said with all distinctness and with iteration that, so far as human foresight could determine, the granting of foreign copyright would benefit American literature, would not make books dear, and would be for the good of the whole country, with still greater emphasis he upheld the leading issue. Said Lowell: "I myself take the moral view of the question. I believe that this is a simple question of morality and justice; that many of the arguments which Mr. — used are arguments which might be used for picking a man's pocket. One could live a great deal cheaper, undoubtedly, if he could supply himself from other people without any labor or cost. But at the same time — well, it was not called honest when I was young, and that is all I can say. I cannot help thinking that a book which was, I believe, more read when I was young than it is now, is quite right when it says that 'Righteousness exalteth a nation.' I believe this is a question of righteousness. I do not wish to urge that too far, because that is considered too ideal, I believe. But that is my view of it, and if I were asked what book is better than a cheap book, I should answer that there is one book better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by."

The moral question is, and always has been, the leading issue in this controversy, so long left unsettled through the clamoring of narrow and selfish interests — interests too often able to command the degrading subserviency of brains fitted to nobler uses. It is the moral question that has most interested the thoughtful and honorable portion of the community — which, let us not doubt, is, in fact, the great body of the reading public of these United States.

The American Opera Company.

AFTER one of the early rehearsals of "The Taming of the Shrew," by the American Opera Company, a member of the orchestra said, "That's splendid music; it's too good for opera." The remark shows what opera is often supposed to be — an exhibition of a few stars against an insignificant background. The interest of the performance is monopolized by three or four artists; the orchestra is only an accessory; the chorus only bridge over intervals, and help things along. For this kind of opera the elaborate instrumental music of "The Taming of the Shrew" would perhaps have been too good. But our contemptuous

fiddler found out presently that opera was not to be given by the American company on the easy old plan. The representations under Theodore Thomas's direction were distinguished for the careful manner in which all the agencies of musical and dramatic expression were fitted together in an organized work of art. Parts which are commonly neglected as subordinate were raised to their proper rank as factors in the general result. Principals, chorus, and orchestra, poetry, action, and decoration, blended harmoniously in the complex structure. Some of the individual artists were excellent; but when we recall the performances, it is not so much of *Orpheus*, *Elsa*, and *Lohengrin* that we think, as of the perfect and finely balanced combination which gave to the interpretations as a whole their beautiful expressiveness.

This close knitting together of all the parts — something much more than we usually mean when we speak of the *ensemble* — was the characteristic note of the representations which Thomas began at the New York Academy of Music last January. He plays opera as he would play a symphony. To him it is a symphony of voices and instruments. The incomparable orchestra, the fresh young chorus, always correct, sure, and in tune, the whole assembly of stars and satellites, respond to his command, and respond together, exactly as the well-trained band answers him, as if by one impulse, in Beethoven's "Eroica." Thus it is not only in the singing of soprano or tenor that we feel the glow of passion, but the whole mass is burning with magnetic fervor. There is an eloquent description of the proper manner of directing an orchestral performance in the preface to one of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems," and we often thought of it as we watched Thomas last winter. Assigning to each voice, each instrument, each group of voices and instruments, the prominence and the special style of delivery which befitted each at the moment, the conductor brought out those elusive refinements of expression which convey the changing emotion, those subtle variations of color, rhythm, emphasis, and contrast which give nerve and accent to the music, and those nice distinctions between the graces which adorn a score and the broadly marked phrases which carry its essential meaning. This symphonic method of playing an opera cannot be taught by written directions on the musical page; it depends upon the conductor's insight, sympathy, and poetical temperament, together with an exceptional power of control over his subordinates. Many intelligent conductors who have the requisite delicacy of feeling never acquire the art of communicating their intentions to the performers, and so they fail.

There was a remarkable example of Thomas's control of the whole stage in the Invocation of the first act of "Lohengrin." With slight gestures he restrained one part, enlivened and accented another, disentangled the theme from the crowded score, heaped effect upon effect until the swelling orchestra quivered with sensibility; then, lifting his hand towards the scene, he loosed little by little the growing tide of voices, and at last hurled all the impatient forces together in an outburst which thrilled the house. Of course this remarkable crescendo is indicated in the score; but just think how many years we had to wait before a conductor brought out its full splendor. The "Lohen-

grin" was far as's signal as nob of Mistake slurred perfect of the lent in and h perform place place direct orches emy o in ex been had se both lovely tranqu for hu and ev purer scene what itram tenders was! donna The also a the ne An A with s impor

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grin" effect, however, which was mainly dynamical, was far surpassed in Gluck's "Orpheus," where Thomas's capacity as an interpreter of great music was signally illustrated. The very simplicity of the music, as noble and severe in its outlines as the sculptures of Phidias, makes it peculiarly difficult of execution. Mistakes cannot be covered up; phrases cannot be slurred; in Gluck's open scores every technical imperfection shows like a great blot. The poetical spirit of the work, moreover, is in total contrast with the violent impulses which dominate the modern lyrical stage and have formed the style of nearly all our operatic performers. Here we have deep natural feeling in place of fiery passion, an almost religious solemnity in place of sensuous excitement, and a rigidly plain and direct mode of expression both on the stage and in the orchestra. Yet the exquisite performance at the Academy of Music was as true in sentiment and as perfect in execution as if the American Opera Company had been studying Gluck all their lives. The public, who had seen nothing like this before in New York, were both fascinated and astonished—most of all by the lovely third act, where the sense of repose, of dreamy tranquillity, of beauty almost too serene and delicate for human enjoyment, broods over the Elysian Fields, and even the grief of Orpheus seems to burn with a purer light in the presence of the Happy Shades. The scene is filled with exquisite passages, all of a somewhat ethereal character; and it does not end with a dramatic situation, but fades away like a vision. How tender and gentle, yet how profoundly emotional it all was! It was not a performance to bring a prima donna before the curtain, but it left people in tears.

There we saw great conducting! There we had also an earnest of the high artistic purpose with which the new enterprise seems to have taken up its work. An American Opera Company which begins its career with such an achievement takes rank at once as a very important institution.

A Readjustment of the Industrial Order.

In the present crisis of the labor agitation, one of the encouraging signs is the earnestness with which the clergy as a class are taking hold of the matter. Not long ago one of the professional labor reformers made the assertion that there were but one or two clergymen in the country who had given any serious attention to the labor question. The remark was very far from being true at the time when it was made: apart from the professors of political economy, the ministers of the gospel have given the subject more intelligent study than any other class of professional men. But during the last year their interest in the matter has been greatly quickened; it is the uppermost theme in their assemblies; and the duty of the Christian church to enforce the obligations which wealth and power involve, and to preach to all classes the gospel of goodwill, is clearly discerned. Whatever reason there may have been for the charge that the church was on the side of capital in this conflict, it is evident that the pastors of the churches are now generally and heartily endeavoring to remove that reproach, and to assert with all fidelity the rights of the weak and the duties of the strong. The fact that the moral power of the

Christian church is now exerted in behalf of justice and humanity encourages the hope that a peaceful solution of the difficulty may be reached in due season.

The state of the public mind with respect to this question is indicated by a remarkable series of letters published during the past three or four months in "The Age of Steel," a journal of St. Louis devoted to the interests of the iron manufacturers. This journal had sent out a large number of circulars to men of all callings in all parts of the country, asking these five questions.

"1. Are strikes and lockouts a necessary feature of the wage system?

"2. Is arbitration the necessary coupling between capital and labor?

"3. May we not hope to discover some more satisfactory and equitable basis for the division of the profits arising from industrial enterprises?

"4. Does the remedy lie in the direction of industrial partnerships—a mutual participation of all concerned in the profits arising from production?

"5. Is productive coöperation possible in the United States?"

These questions were addressed to manufacturers, merchants, ministers, teachers of political economy, the heads of the labor bureaus of the several States, the chiefs of the various labor unions, intelligent workmen whose names were known, and many others who were supposed to be interested in the subject. The great majority of the answers are full, frank, and intelligent, and it would be a good service if they could be compiled in tract form and widely distributed among workmen and employers. The general impression among the workmen that employers as a class are altogether conscienceless and careless of the interests of those whom they employ, would be modified by the reading of these letters.

It is true that the letters contain some stupid and heartless utterances; but most of these employers of labor show a true apprehension of the seriousness of the situation, and a disposition to consider the interests of their men. Some of them frankly concede that the condition and prospects of the laboring classes are not all that could be desired, and that civilization owes to them a fairer chance and a larger hope. As for the experts who take part in this symposium,—the economists and the statisticians,—they generally agree in the opinion that there is a labor question of great urgency. Not one of them appears to think the prevailing discontent unreasonable; the opinion that something ought to be done and can be done to improve the condition of the working people is freely expressed. To the question whether some more satisfactory and equitable division of the product of labor may not be found, Professor Henry Carter Adams replies that "such a discovery is essential to the further development of our Christian civilization"; and Professor J. B. Clark answers: "The competition which is the basis of the orthodox political economy is already a thing of the past in the sphere of wage-adjustments. It has been vitiated by combinations on both sides. True competition gave a rude approximation to justice in assigning the rewards of industry. The wreck of a competitive system, with the true competition left out, approaches more and more to the ignoble condition from which civilization has emerged.

. . . The wage-system, from which the redeeming element has departed, ought to give place, in many industries, to a system based partly on the coöperative principle."

Nearly all of these writers urge the arbitration of labor disputes. The workmen and the employers are about equally unanimous in the opinion that reason is better than force in the adjustment of these difficulties. As to the feasibility of pure coöperation there is much doubt, but the method of profit-sharing is strongly advocated by most of them. Out of forty-two replies five pronounce this system impracticable, seven have no opinion about it, and twenty-seven are clear in their affirmation of the wisdom of the method. This expression reveals a remarkable advance of public opinion. During the last few months the thoughts of men have ripened fast. Those who have long been urging the principle of participation, and who have been accustomed to hear an almost unbroken chorus of skeptical and contemptuous dissent, will read these letters with considerable satisfaction. The St. Louis organ of the Knights of Labor, in referring to this series of letters, is not far from the mark when it says: "Taken altogether, it is a very cheering output of public sentiment in favor of considering the workingman's rights. Many of those who speak out so boldly in favor of arbitration and industrial partnership now, would a few years ago have scoffed at the idea."

Some of the employers in this list show by their works their faith in the participatory method. A few of the

iron-masters mention the fact that wages are regulated by the price of iron. A great firm of merchant millers in Minneapolis testify that they have practiced profit-sharing for several years with excellent results. Mr. J. G. Batterson, President of the New England Granite Company, forwards a sketch of the plan on which the quarries of his company at Westerly are now worked, by which the workmen have a stipulated share in the net profits of the business, in addition to their regular wages. The letter of Mr. Batterson, in which he explains this method to his men, is full of a humane and benignant wisdom. "I sympathize," he says, "with the laudable ambition of the skilled workman to emancipate himself from the thralldom of a service in which he has no other interest than the daily wages and who aspires to that identity of interest in results which begets self-respect, and a worthy pride in the success of his own company or corporation." It is a mistake, he insists, for labor to suppose that by any kind of combinations it can coerce capital into its service, and equally a mistake for capital to assume that it can force labor into its service and monopolize the profits; satisfaction and contentment will only come "when there is a just recognition of the values contributed by each, and an equitable division of the same."

Such utterances are full of promise. If the spirit that breathes through them should find constant and consistent expression in the words and the conduct of all our employers, the labor question would soon have a complete and final solution.

OPEN LETTERS.

The True South vs. The Silent South.

BURKE said that no man could draw an indictment broad enough to cover a whole nation, but Mr. G. W. Cable has accomplished it in very brief space, in "The Silent South." One charge in substance is that the Southern courts and juries, not in a few scattered and occasional cases, but habitually and generally, prostitute their offices and perjure themselves to convict the blacks of crime; that they affix a punishment, on the average, five times as great upon a negro as upon a white man for the same offense in the same courts; that whereas the penalty for burglary is greater than for larceny, the courts indict and convict a negro of burglary who has only committed larceny, or, indeed, no offense at all; and that these enormities are perpetrated in obedience to a public sentiment in favor of oppressing the negro.

That far more blacks than whites, in proportion to numbers, in the Southern States are convicted of crime, is unhappily only too true. This must of necessity result from one of two causes: either the blacks are the criminal class, or justice is prostituted, and judges, witnesses, jurors, and people indulge easily and without scruple in perjury. Mr. Cable rejects the former solution and accepts the latter, and this in face

of the fact that no man anywhere in the United States can be tried for felony without being furnished with a copy of the indictment and confronted with his accusers, and having the aid of counsel and the right to summon witnesses.

I propose to test the truth and accuracy of Mr. Cable's statements by official documents, which happily are at hand, and to show that he has made the grossest misstatements, to the prejudice of the Southern whites, in many important particulars.

He opens his indictment by charging that for larceny alone "such sentences are imposed as twelve, fourteen, fifteen, twenty, and in one case forty years of penal service, whose brutal tasks and whippings kill in an average of five years."

No such penalties as these are allowed by law in any Southern State, unless for a second offense. I have examined the criminal codes of most of them, and find that in Georgia, to which Mr. Cable particularly refers, the general crime of larceny is divided into: 1. Theft or larceny from the person. 2. Simple theft or larceny. 3. Theft or larceny from the house. 4. Theft or larceny after a trust or confidence has been delegated or reposed.

The penalties are: Horse-stealing—confinement in the penitentiary not less than four nor more than

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twenty years. Cattle-stealing—not less than two nor more than four years. Hog-stealing—not less than two nor more than four years. Larceny from the person—not less than two nor more than five years. Larceny from the house—not less than one nor more than ten years.

Want of space prevents similar quotations from other codes in the South, but in none of them are such penalties allowed as Mr. Cable indicates, and it is not credible that any judge would venture to put upon the records of his court a sentence against a prisoner for a longer term than the law affixed.

Proceeding with the counts of the indictment in the order made, we come to this:

"Larceny is the peculiar crime of the poorest classes everywhere. In *all* penitentiaries out of the South, the convicts for this offense *always* exceed, and generally double, the number of convicts for burglary. Larceny has long been called the peculiar crime of the negro criminal. What then shall we say to the facts, deduced from official records, that in the Georgia penitentiary and convict camps there were, in 1882, twice as many colored convicts for burglary as larceny, and that they were, moreover, serving sentences averaging nearly twice the average of the white convicts in the same places for the same crime."

Not only in the South, but everywhere else, burglary is regarded as a more serious offense than larceny, and the penalty affixed to it is greater. But Mr. Cable says that the courts, the officers of the law, and the juries take advantage of this difference of penalty to send a negro to the penitentiary who has been guilty of larceny or some other inferior crime. Fortunately, the records are accessible to refute this statement, and the examples of the two great States of New York and Ohio are sufficient for the purpose.

Official reports give the following facts on this point: That in the two Northern States of New York and Ohio there were eight hundred and ninety convicts for burglary and only seven hundred and seventy for larceny; and in the four Southern States of South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, and Georgia there were seven hundred and forty-seven for burglary and seven hundred and eighty for larceny. In the Northern States quoted the convicts for burglary outnumber those for larceny, and in the Southern States just the reverse is the case, and thus this count in the indictment is successfully refuted.

The next count states, "We are far from overlooking the depravity of the negro. But those who rest on this cheap explanation are bound to tell us which shows the greater maliciousness: for one man to be guilty of hog-stealing, or for twelve jurors to send him to the coal-mines for twenty years for doing it?" I have already shown that such a sentence as this could not be rendered in any Southern State; unless possibly in a rare and occasional case, where the convict, after being once tried and sentenced, continued to repeat the offense, each time incurring an increased penalty. And the world—even its philanthropists—will not be inclined to think that a persistent and irreclaimable criminal like this is entitled to expect anything but the maximum punishment.

Next comes this from Mr. Cable's prolific reservoir:

"In Georgia, outside of her prisons, there are eight whites to every seven blacks. Inside, there are eight whites to every eighty blacks. The depravity of the negro may explain away much, but we cannot know how much

* Italicized only here.

while there also remain in force the seductions of our atrocious convict-lease system, and our attitude of domination over the blacks, so subtly dangerous to our own integrity."

By this he means to say that courts and juries in Georgia send colored men to the penitentiary merely to afford a few citizens the opportunity of getting convict labor.

But if it can be demonstrated that in the Northern States as well as in the Southern crime is much more common and flagrant among the colored race than the white, and that in this respect the sections stand on a common platform, then Mr. Cable will be compelled to fall back upon the proposition that the black man and woman are more prone to crime than the white. Once more the official records are needed, and referring to them, and taking some of leading States, both North and South, what is developed?

In the Alabama penitentiary there are about seven and a half colored convicts to one white. In Georgia the ratio is nine colored to one white. But in the District of Columbia, according to the census of 1880, there are 115,446 whites and 62,596 blacks, or nearly two whites to one black. And yet from January, 1881 (I quote from data given in the "Agricultural Review" for May, 1884, the accuracy of which I have verified by personal examination), to November, 1882, there were two hundred and fifty-three convictions for felony in the District of Columbia—sixty-four whites and one hundred and eighty-nine colored.

In the State of New York there are 5,016,022 whites and 95,104 colored people,—a proportion of about seventy-seven to one. But in the three State prisons of Sing Sing, Auburn, and Clinton there are 2395 whites and 178 blacks—about thirteen and a half whites to one black. Or, to state it as Mr. Cable does, in New York, outside of her State prisons, there are seventy-seven white persons to one black; inside, there are only thirteen and a half to one.

In Ohio there are 3,117,920 whites and 79,900 blacks—a ratio of thirty-nine to one. In the penitentiary there are six hundred and three white convicts and ninety-four colored—a ratio of six and a half to one. And in all the State prisons there were 1081 white convicts and 190 colored—a ratio of five and two-thirds to one. Again stating it as Mr. Cable does, in Ohio, outside of prisons, there are thirty-nine whites to one black; inside, six whites to one black.

In the city where our national Government is located, where Congress is effusive in its care of the colored people, where Howard University bestows its benign influence, and in the great States of New York and Ohio, substantially the same state of things exists, as to the conviction of the colored race, as prevails in the Southern States. This being the case, there can be but one explanation: North as well as South the colored race furnishes largely more criminals than the white, and Southern courts, juries, witnesses, and people must stand acquitted in the minds of all fair men of the charges Mr. Cable brings against them.

It is in Georgia that Mr. Cable fancies he finds most to condemn. One of his main causes of complaint is that the courts inflict on colored convicts for larceny sentences five times as great as on white convicts at the same places. But the official report of the Georgia penitentiary and convict-camps for the period from

October 20, 1882, to October 20, 1884, is conclusive on the subject. I took one of the penitentiaries, where there were five hundred and thirty-five convicts, and went carefully through the sentences for larceny, putting the whites in one column and the blacks in another, and then ascertained the average of each. I found the average sentence of the white convicts for larceny was actually greater than of the blacks! That for the whites was six years and one month, and for the blacks five years and six months.

The most cruel of all the charges which Mr. Cable has published against the people of the South is when he characterizes its penal service as one "whose brutal tasks and whippings kill in an average of five years." This is predicated specially of Georgia, but the official reports are once more available to contradict and disprove, in the most conclusive manner possible, this dreadful aspersion. Dr. Westmoreland, the physician having general charge of all the penitentiaries, reports that from the 1st of January, 1884, to October 20th of the same year there were sixteen hundred and thirty-nine convicts in all the penitentiaries, and during that period there were only thirty-eight deaths—twenty-eight from acute or ordinary diseases, five from chronic or malignant diseases, and five from accidents or violence. This is really a low rate of mortality, and will compare favorably with that existing in any city in the United States, among the colored people. It is only twenty-two to the thousand, while the mortuary reports for the cities named below show in every case a greater percentage:

Richmond	37	to the 1000
Norfolk	34	" "
Lynchburg	30	" "
Washington	32	" "

Mr. Cable speaks of the mines at which some of the convicts are employed, in Georgia, as particularly fatal to life, and denounces the treatment that the colored convicts receive there. But let Dr. Westmoreland and Mr. Helms, the Marshal of Georgia, tell the facts about these mines. I quote from the report relative to the Dade coal-mines. There were three hundred and seventy-five convicts working at these mines, and from January 1, 1884, to October 20, 1884, there were only two deaths—one from cancer and one from accident. The physician says:

"The above table of sanitary statistics shows most excellent results, particularly as to the mortuary list, as not one death has occurred from ordinary camp or acute diseases—nothing, certainly, that could be attributed to the management of the camps or their surroundings. One was killed from slate falling on him, and the other died from cancer. These favorable results, in my opinion, are due to three causes: First, to the humane and intelligent management of the officers directly in control of the camps,—I mean the physician and superintendent of the camps; secondly, to the well-arranged and roomy prisons and hospitals; and thirdly, not the least, and perhaps above all, to the existence of a vegetable garden convenient to the camps, of one hundred acres, in the highest state of cultivation, thus furnishing the year round that variety of fresh vegetables so essential to the health of men in confinement."

And Mr. Helms, the Marshal of Georgia, in reply to a question asked him by myself as to the relative advantages and disadvantages of the old penitentiary system and the convict-lease system, answers:

"Your second question is, Is the treatment of the convicts as humane under the present system as under the former penitentiary system? I have no hesitation in

answering that it is more humane. They have a great deal more outdoor exercise, they are as well fed, they are as comfortably clad, they are as humanely treated, and worked as moderately, as they ever were within the walls of the penitentiary, under the former system; and being out in the open air a great deal more, their health is generally better, and they are more cheerful and contented than the convicts under the former system were."

The two races are nearly equal in numbers in the Southern States; the blacks have the right of suffrage and all the other political rights that belong to the whites. Upon the conduct of the negro depends in a large degree the destiny of the white man; and no one who is not given over to a blind hatred of the Southern white race can believe that they desire anything but the success and prosperous advancement of those who are to be their neighbors and coadjutors in the matters that interest both.

Mr. Cable imputes much "domination" over the blacks to the Southern whites. If he means this term as synonymous with oppression or wrong, I deny it emphatically. But the Southern whites are Anglo-Saxons, and in one sense that race dominates all others with which it comes in contact—red, black, or white. By virtue of superior energy and force of character they remand other people to a secondary and subordinate position. In this sense, and this only, does "domination" exist in the Southern States.

I ask fair and candid men everywhere to judge the Southern whites by official facts, which certainly afford the best tests by which to measure their conduct to their colored fellow-citizens.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

John W. Johnston.

EX-SENATOR JOHNSTON seems to me to be a very careless reader. In "The Silent South" I presented certain official facts which on their face appear to justify the complaints of the colored people that they do not get justice in court in the Southern States. And then I wrote, "Shall we from these facts draw hasty conclusions? We draw none. If any one can explain them away, in the name of humanity let us rejoice to see him do so. We are far from charging any one with deliberately prostituting justice." Does that sound like an indictment?

The utmost I can be said to have charged I can condense here into an axiom: that nowhere on earth can one people hold another people in political or civil subjection, and forcibly monopolize the administration of the laws, without putting judges and juries into constant imminent peril of distorting justice. If an axiom is an indictment, what does the gentleman propose to do?

That he reads without due care is still plainer when he reports me as charging Georgia courts with "affixing an average punishment five times as great upon a negro as upon a white man," etc. I did and do say that for burglary the average sentence of the colored Georgia convict (1880-82) was twice as great as the white convict's; a statement the gentleman makes no attempt to refute. "This, too,"—I quote from "The Silent South,"—"notwithstanding a very large number of short sentences to colored men, and a difference between their longest and shortest terms twice as great as in the case of the whites."

Neither does the gentleman attempt to refute this. Now the difference between the average sentences of

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white and colored convicts for *larceny* is almost nothing; but the preposterous difference between *lowest* and *highest* sentences of colored convicts for larceny was thirty-nine years, while in the case of white convicts for the same crime it was but eight years; and thirty-nine lacks but one-fortieth of being five times eight; which is what I say in "The Silent South": "For larceny the difference is five times as great." One has only to add this short, simple sentence on to Mr. Johnston's first fine-print quotation of me, to see how unnecessary it was for him to have misconstrued its meaning; for that is its place in the original text.

I shall assume that all Mr. Johnston's citations of law are correct; but when he cites the letter of law merely to follow it with the assumption that because the laws are so and so therefore judges and juries could not and do not pass excessive sentences upon colored men, I can only point him to the official reports of the prisons, and without venturing to impeach any one pray him to explain them away. He offers but one explanation, and takes no pains to make it good. It is merely his assumption that the heavy sentences of black men are in cases "where the convict, after being once tried and sentenced, continued to repeat the offense, each time incurring an increased penalty." But what are the facts? Even this would not explain the gross difference between white and black men's sentences, for surely the reconvictions are not all and always black. But what are the facts? In the Georgia penitentiaries, October, 1882, there were 1243 convicts; 736 of the 1074 adults were under sentences of seven years and upward, yet only four per cent.,* 50, were reconvicted criminals. One child of thirteen years was under a twenty years' sentence for burglary, and one youth of seventeen was serving twenty-six years for the same crime committed in the night. It is a confession of fatal weakness for the gentleman to appeal only to laws that prescribe what must be, and pass by the official reports that tell what actually is. If the laws say one thing and the prison reports say another, why are not the *prisons* called upon to explain? But in all this controversy the prison lessees are treated as tenderly as though they were honorable men engaged in a decent calling; and my critics spend their diligence to show that the cruelties officially recorded in these prison reports are fortified by statutes. Truth is, slavery and slave-holding fostered, and has bequeathed to the population of the Southern States, both black and white, a crudity and cruelty of criminal laws foreign to the humane spirit of the times. For stealing a horse a man can, under these laws, be sent for 20 years to a penitentiary, where in October, 1882, among the 218 convicts on sentence of 20, 30, 35, and 40 years, and for life, *not one had survived over 19 years of sentence*, and only four had lived out 17 years. There were then 1126 convicts under time sentences, of whom 162 were under sentences of 15 to 40 years—that is, about every seventh man; yet in the whole two years preceding that date, out of 390 prisoners discharged only *two* had served 15 years of prison life, and none had been in longer. In Virginia, the *least* penalty for a larceny of fifty-one dollars' worth of property is three years in one of these penitentiaries.

* See Biennial Report of the principal keeper of Georgia Penitentiary, October, 1882, p. 7.

Law or no law, the facts are terrible. In October, 1882, there were in the Georgia penitentiaries (among many others under higher sentences) 79 convicts under sentences of from only one to only three years for committing and for attempts to commit all the gravest and foulest crimes on the calendar. One ought to suppose, therefore, that for first offenses in the various forms of pilfering called larceny three years would be deemed an excessive sentence; and yet, of the 216 convicts for larceny, only 37 were under sentence of less than three years, while 62 were serving terms of from 10 to 40 years. If men found guilty of murder—let the palliations be what they may—can expiate their fault in two years, how much or often must a poor wretch steal to deserve a sentence which no physical strength can live out?

It has not been my choice to lay special stress upon criminal affairs in Georgia. In South Carolina the law is, in one direction, at least, more cruel than in Georgia. In my essay on the Convict Lease System a passage that to the hasty eye seems to apply to the Georgia prisons is meant, as a more careful reading will show, to apply to the system at large. The statement is that "Six men were under sentence for simple assault and battery—mere fisticuffing—one of two years, two of five years, one of six years, one of seven, and one of eight." This record really belongs to the South Carolina penitentiary for the year. I make these statements because I am an American citizen, and these things are happening in America, and are done by Americans in the jury-box and on the judge's bench. It is nothing to me that they happen in this quarter or in that, so long as they have happened and are happening in our common country. In other States of the Union the laws are less cruel and the prisons far more so. Mississippi, Alabama, and Arkansas affix a maximum sentence of five years where Georgia imposes twenty; but their penitentiaries—!

The inference which the gentleman draws from the first paragraph of mine quoted by him in fine print is a false inference. As to his figures and mine, let us see: In the Maryland penitentiary, in 1883, the larceny convicts exceeded 260; the burglars were only 59. In the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania there were received, in 1884, 167 larceny convicts and only 49 burglars. In the Western, in 1883, the larceny convicts were 104, the burglars 35. In the Colorado State penitentiary, December, 1882, the larceny convicts numbered 118, the burglars 32. Of course, when a State has a number of correctional institutions, we must combine the statistics of all to find the true proportion between the numbers convicted of different crimes. In New York State, it is not enough to engross the tables of Sing Sing, Auburn, and Clinton; for the State has besides several other penal and reformatory institutions,—in New York city, for instance, in Elmira, and, I believe, in Rochester; and these are just the sort to which culprits guilty of larceny would be sent to avoid throwing them into contact with the burglars of the State penitentiaries. The same is true of Ohio; but the same is not true of Georgia, though certain Georgians are making a noble effort to bring it about. In the Michigan State prison, September 30, 1883, the year's admissions showed 71 larceny convicts against 35 burglars; in the same State's reformatory at Ionia, the previous year, the larceny convicts were

295 as against 44 burglars; while the engrossed criminal statistics of the province of Ontario for 1882 show the commitments for larceny 1401, and for burglary 63. I have not said that the disproportion of these two crimes in Georgia prisons extended to South Carolina and other neighboring States. For the gentleman to engross with the prison records of Georgia the prison records of other States with which Georgia courts and laws, judges, and jurors have nothing to do, merely to get a more favorable showing, is worse than no explanation. And even if this were justifiable, he does not by this device reach anywhere near a normal proportion; so, after all, he only drags the prison systems of these other States into the mire without pulling Georgia's out.

As to the gentleman's misinterpretation of the second paragraph quoted from me in small type: I do not charge judges and jurors with consciously or maliciously sending colored men to penitentiaries who should not go there; but I cannot take up the official report of any prison where caste-rule and the convict-lease system dominate without finding it full of facts and figures whose accusations no Christian community ought to leave unanswered for a day. Look, for instance, at the number of colored men and boys sent to these penitentiaries for slight offenses; for when not even extreme youth is saved from such cruel sentences as eight, ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years for crimes against property, and older men get even thirty, thirty-five, and forty, it seems to me such figures assert that those who are found in the same places for technically the same crimes, on sentences of but one, two, and three years, *must* have been comparatively trivial offenders. And when, on the other hand, I see in these prisons white offenders against property serving *heavy* sentences,—though not nearly so heavy as the black man's heavier sentences,—it seems to me such figures imply that white men steal and break and rob in those communities, and when the misdemeanor is great are brought to even a cruel justice, if such a thing can be called justice, but that when the offense is light the offender must be dark, or the penitentiary gets him not. Cruel implication! enough to arouse the indignation of any community! But whence comes it? From me? Nay, from the official returns of the prisons themselves! In October, 1882, the Georgia penitentiaries held under sentences of only one, two, or three years, for various forms of larceny, 62 colored men and boys and only *one white man*. No wonder the black man's *average* sentence for larceny did not exceed the white man's!

Or look at another fact. I am challenged on every side upon the truth of the assertion that in 1880 a man was in the Georgia penitentiary on a 20-years' sentence for "hog-stealing." Yet *no critic ventures to consult the official records*. One, who said he could easily consult them but who would not, produces instead the following:

DEAR SIR: I was principal keeper of the Georgia Penitentiary in 1880, and there was not at that time nor has there ever been a man in the Georgia Penitentiary under a sentence of 20 years for hog-stealing.

Truly yours,

JOHN. W. HELMS.

Yes, John W. Helms; from whose *official records* I took the statement, and whose unsupported assertion

is worth we shall presently show how much. The record is in his biennial report of October, 1880, page 45, as follows: "Holmes Barry, colored, age 39, crime hog-stealing, Jefferson county, term 20, received May, 1879." From Mr. Helms's next biennial report, October, 1882, this convict mysteriously and utterly disappears, not being reported as either present, dead, pardoned, released, or escaped. Then in the same official's report of October, 1884, he as mysteriously reappears as having died in custody more than fifteen months *after* his disappearance from the previous record. And here the poor wretch's record has been changed from "hog-stealing" to "simple larceny"—from tweedle-dum to tweedle-dee; or, to recall the very ancient joke—"If he'd only a-said *ducks*."

But is this case an exception or an example? By this officer's official rolls of 1880-82 there were two white convicts under the cruel sentence of ten years for "simple larceny." It is some gratification to know that no white man was serving a longer sentence for this crime. But the fact remains that under the same charge and at the same time 18 colored men were under sentence for 10 years each, 3 others for 12 years, 6 others for 15 years, and 4 others for 20 years; while one black man, William Williams of McDuffie County, who was put in on a cumulative sentence for simple larceny at the age of 40, will, if he lives and serves out his term, emerge from the prison 80 years old. But this will not happen. These rolls show 406 convicts in the penitentiary under sentence of 10 years and upward; that is, one-third of all the convicts. The official figures show that these "long-term" men were coming in just $3\frac{1}{2}$ times as fast as they were being pardoned and escaping; yet the report shows that of 380 convicts discharged on expiration of sentence, the proportion of these "long-term" convicts to the whole number had dropped from one in every three to but one in every ninety-five. Death had made the difference. Not one was left to go out alive whose sentence exceeded 10 years.

The explanation has been attempted that these brutal sentences were given before 1868, and so antedate the convict-lease system in Georgia. But in fact, of the more than 400 long-term convicts surviving in the Georgia penitentiary in October, 1882, under 10 to 30 years' sentences,—many for simple larceny only,—*all but one* had been received since 1868; he the previous year.

One word in this connection it is pleasant to say: that in the Georgia Legislature there are gentlemen even now denouncing this whole convict-lease system as a disgrace to civilization and humanity, and nobly struggling to destroy it.* And like efforts are being made in every other State where the system exists. Would to heaven the same righteous and active war were waged by them against that spirit of race-subjugation which is the root of the whole trouble and the shame of our land.

Are Ex-Senator Johnston's efforts bent in the same direction? Far from it. His endeavor is to show that the "depravity of the negro" is enough to account for

* In the Georgia Legislature, June 9, 1885, Dr. Felton said: "If the fiends of hell had undertaken to devise a [penal] system, devilish, barbarous, and malignant, they could not have succeeded more fully than Georgia has succeeded in her system."

everything. But error has its uses, and the gentleman, instead of proving his case, actually brings forward an incontrovertible, arithmetical proof, based on official figures, that the "depravity of the negro" accounts for barely half. For see: In the District of Columbia, January, '81, to November, '82, the convictions were 64 whites and 189 colored. But the white population of the District is to the colored, as Mr. Johnston says, about two to one, or more exactly nine to five, and the proportion of convictions in equal numbers of white and black is therefore 1 white to 5 $\frac{7}{9}$ blacks. In New York State Mr. Johnston finds 77 whites to 1 black, and in its penitentiaries 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ whites to 1 black. This shows a proportion of convictions, in equal numbers of white and black, of 1 white to 5 $\frac{7}{9}$ blacks. In Ohio the population shows 39 whites to 1 black; its penitentiaries 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ whites to 1 black. The resultant proportion of convictions in equal numbers of whites and blacks is 1 white to 6 blacks.

Now, has the gentleman proved that in these regions "substantially the same state of things exists as to conviction of the colored race as in the Southern States"? He proves just the contrary. In Georgia the population shows 8 whites to 7 blacks; in the penitentiaries, says Mr. Johnston, 1 white to 9 blacks, or more exactly 8 whites to 74 blacks; and the consequent proportion of convictions in equal numbers of whites and blacks is 1 white to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ blacks, nearly twice what it is in the places with which he compares it. Is it urged that the colored population North is a higher style of people on an average than the same South? Then let us turn to some region where the colored man has lately come from the South with all his squalor, poverty, ignorance, thriftlessness, and vices. Let us look at Kansas, the goal of the late exodus; what do we find? Population, 952,155 whites to 43,107 colored, or 22 whites to 1 colored. In the penitentiary, June 30, 1882, 504 whites, 113 colored, or 4 $\frac{4}{9}$ whites to 1 colored. Proportion of convictions in equal numbers of whites and blacks, 1 white to less than 5 colored.

And yet in these regions, where the proportion of penitentiary convicts among the colored race is but half what it is in some Southern States, it is freely admitted that the proportion would be still less were there not still a great deal of unreasoning prejudice against the black man on account of his color; while it is conspicuously in States where the freedman's consignments to the penitentiary are twice as frequent as his lower average moral condition will account for that with the same mouth men justify race-subjugation and deny the warping moral effect of race-prejudice. Such is one of the foul fruits of slave-holding which it becomes the duty of every American — and especially of every Southern-born citizen — to help with all his might to destroy.

But one of the unpleasant consequences of acknowledging this duty is the necessity of replying elaborately to men who answer facts with crude misinterpretations, and deny the precious title of "Southerner" to whoever doubts the sacred dogma that the oligarchy can do no wrong.

Here, for instance, is Mr. Johnston's assertion that my characterization of the convict-lease system as one "whose brutal tasks and whippings kill in an average of five years" is predicated specially of Georgia. Not

so. It is predicated of the aggregate results of the entire system throughout the South. In my essay on the convict-lease system I have spoken with specific accuracy of the mortality in the Georgia penitentiaries. I there showed that the official summary tables of Mr. Helms, the State Marshal, whom Mr. Johnston quotes with such confidence, are not worth the paper they are printed on. The mortality in the Georgia prisons and prison-camps is not as bad as in some other leased prisons and camps. In the Texas wood-cutting camps, only a few years ago, half the average population died in two years. One of the habits of the system that screens much brutality is the lowering of the death-rate by pardoning convicts whose health it has destroyed. In the two years ending October 20, 1882, there were 109 convicts pardoned in the Georgia penitentiaries, among whom more than half the number on time sentences had not served out half their terms, and many not a third or a fourth of them. Such a record is a record not so much of mercy as of criminal imbecility.

It is only as evidence against him and his kind that such documents are admissible evidence until these sworn signers of them have removed their implications by proving them false.

I repeat that as evidence in favor of his schemes or theories Mr. Helms's reports are worthless. He reports 538 convicts received within two years; his rolls show 634. He reports 324 discharged; the list of their names makes them 422. He makes three separate statements that the number of convicts on hand is 1243; the addition is incorrect: the columns foot up 1193, and in the classification by crimes not a single number in the list agrees with the actual count of the rolls; while as to the total it is, by the rolls (which are not added up), neither 1243 nor 1193, but 1266. Everything goes to indicate that Mr. Helms has not known for years how many living human beings he has in captivity, or ought to have. How is any one to know from such a source how many convicts have died that never went to hospital at all? The reports of the Alabama prisons are in a similar condition. When convicts are in the care of men that make out such official reports as these, we need better evidence than their assurance that the rate of mortality is low, and the more so when we know the frightful death-rates confessed by other convict-lease prisons, where, moreover, the rate is higher among the "outside" than among the "inside" men.

Mr. Johnston's comparison of prison death-rates with city death-rates, which include infant mortality and the like, is too absurd for serious notice. Prison populations must be compared with prison populations. The usual annual mortality of a well-conducted penitentiary is about 10 to 1000 — one per cent. Mr. Helms, for 1880-82, claims this low figure without any foundation in fact. In reality his average prison population was 1266, and his surgeon's report for one year, August 1, 1881-82, was 22, or nearly 2 per cent. — nearly twice what it should have been. From October, '78, to October, '80, the rate was nearly 2 $\frac{7}{9}$ per cent., which Mr. Helms says is one-half what it had been in earlier years. In the year 1884 the rate was over 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

Yet this annual mortality, still nearly thrice what it should be when it had been reduced to half what it was,

is one of the least offensive features of the convict-management of Georgia, and one of the lowest death-rates known to this execrable system in any of the States where it is found. The death-rate in the Mississippi convict camps, 1881-82, was 8 per cent. a year. In Louisiana in 1881 it was 14 per cent. Such are the official figures of a prison system which exists nowhere among civilized people except where two centuries of slave-holding have blunted our sense of the rights of man. To quote once more my own words so carefully left unquoted by Mr. Johnson, "If any one can explain them away, in the name of humanity let us rejoice to see him do so." And let the ex-Senator make room for him, for he has only made the case look worse than it did before.

Only the necessity of maintaining the truth of my pages, brought into question by Mr. Johnston and others, has induced me to lay the present statement before the readers of *THE CENTURY*. I maintain, and have asserted from the first, that much of the injustice and cruelty practiced upon the colored race springs not from malicious intent, but from mistaken ideas at war with the fundamental principles of human right and American government; and the gentleman himself illustrates this by lifting up, after all, the standard of class-rule, race-rule, and status-rule, as against the right to *earn* domination without regard to race, class, or status, by intelligence, morality, and a justice that is no respecter of persons.

G. W. Cable.

On the South Kensington School for Cookery.

DESIRING a month's experience at the famous cooking school of South Kensington, I had written the secretary from Germany, asking the conditions of entrance, offering testimonials as to my social standing, and expressing a wish to meet all expenses of correspondence. I was told in reply that I could enter on any Monday upon paying the proper fee, that references as to character were not required, and that I owed the school tuppence-halfpenny for postage. The letter was accompanied by "The Directory of the National Training School for Cookery," which I eagerly studied. I derived from it the information that the school was under the patronage of a long list of names "hedged about" with accompanying titles; that the "training for teachers of cookery" required a course of study extending through five months, the expense being £21 (\$105), exclusive of books, board, etc.; that there were a "high-class cookery kitchen" and a "plain cookery practice kitchen," in each of which a learner might take a two weeks' course, and receive at the close a "certificate" which should state her standing and attainments.

The school occupies one of the buildings erected for the exhibition of 1872, a dismal place situated in the rear of another structure. When first organized, the instruction consisted of lectures on food and the processes involved in its preparation, accompanied by demonstration lessons, at which the pupils simply took notes. Under the intelligent supervision of Sir Henry Cole, practical work was soon introduced, and the whole scope of the enterprise was extended. By the death of this large-minded and benevolent patron, the school lost one of its best and most active friends.

As now carried on, "The National Training School for Cookery" includes five departments—the scullery, the children's room, the demonstration kitchen, the plain cookery practice kitchen, and the high-class cookery practice kitchen. The working force actively engaged comprises the "Lady Superintendent," four teachers, two professional cooks, and several scullery maids. The superintendent has the immediate charge, financial and executive, of the entire enterprise. She is undoubtedly a woman of ability, and has her work well in hand. The school is altogether a private enterprise, sustained by voluntary subscriptions and pupils' fees. Like all such educational attempts, it is cramped for means, and has not as yet been able to meet its current expenses, and is consequently burdened with a small debt.

The scullery is the primary room in the course, and the pupils practicing therein brighten the coppers and clean the utensils used by the demonstrator in her lessons. They are taught thoroughly and practically, and it is an interesting sight to watch their work. The coppers are made to shine like molten brass, and come from their hands spotless within and without. Scrupulous cleanliness is enforced, and no more valuable lesson can be taught an incipient cook. All the polishing is done with the bare hand, using soap, sand, and a little acid, lemon-juice being preferred.

Next the scullery is the children's kitchen, and a pretty thing it is to see the little maidens cooking there, each with a whimsical look of grave responsibility shadowing her small face and intensely absorbed in her particular work. The morning I visited this room a class of twelve young girls—all, I should judge, under fourteen years of age—were busy under the instruction of a professional cook. They came from one of the numerous charity schools of London, and were sent at the expense of the "Worshipful Company of Cooks," one of the old guilds, a wealthy and influential organization. The children were all in uniform—a blue-flannel dress, large white apron, and a quaint little cap, such as London under-housemaids wear, perched on their heads. This weekly lesson in cooking must be of great value to them. The cook who had them in charge is an expert, and has long been employed in the school. She had one maid to assist her, and the two kept the twelve pupils busy each at a separate task. Every child was numbered, and there hung by the cook's table a programme of the day's work indicating what each pupil was to do.

In the demonstration kitchen lessons are given in plain cooking from ten to twelve in the morning, and in the nicer operations of the culinary art from two to four in the afternoon. This kitchen is well furnished with ranges, gas stoves, and all needed utensils. The cook stands behind a long counter, in front of which are arranged benches rising one above the other, so that all can see perfectly. The class is always large; the cook in charge is quick, skillful, accurate, and fully competent for her work. Men as well as women study in this room,—two, who were preparing to be professional cooks, attending regularly the four weeks that I was in the school.

The practice kitchens are on the other side of the building, separated from the demonstration room by the secretary's office. The class which I entered numbered eight. One of the staff teachers, a graduate

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of the school, superintended the instruction in this room, assisted by one and sometimes by two of the normal pupils. The lessons learned here in regard to saving and utilizing every scrap of everything are well worth the fee given for the course. The best and most practical work of the school is done in this kitchen. The same theory is taught in the plain cookery demonstration lessons; but here practice is joined to theory, and the value of both is increased by the union.

Opening out of this room is an apartment in which dinner is served every day at one o'clock to any customers who may desire it. Here, too, in the afternoon are displayed in tempting array, and offered for sale, the results of the day's work in the various departments. Many purchasers come daily at four o'clock in the afternoon to select cakes, jellies, pastry, entrées, or whatever may be for sale.

I learned from the secretary that the students, except in the demonstration classes, were mostly servants learning to be cooks, or young women from the lower middle class who expected to practice in their own homes. The normal pupils seemed intelligent and earnest, and it is required that they have sufficient education to be able at least to speak and write correctly. Ladies of position do sometimes attend the demonstrations and take notes, but it is the exception rather than the rule. The poor, who most need such instruction, have not yet been benefited by the school to any appreciable extent, since the expense involved is too great for their means.

The plain cooking taught is essentially English, and has both its excellences and its defects. The English seem to love meat puddings, pork pies, and heavy, rich stews, all of which are to my mind neither wholesome nor palatable. To make a beefsteak into a pudding with a suet crust and then boil the mixture is quite as grave an error as the Yankee "fry." The crust for pork pie is made by boiling lard and flour and water together, and then this heathenish compound is formed into proper shape, filled with scraps of pork, and baked. If the crust is not intended to be eaten, it is certainly not an economical way of cooking pork; if designed for food, what stomach could digest it? Let no one imagine that more pork is consumed in America than on the other side of the Atlantic. That the South Kensington school teaches such a variety of ways in which it can be prepared is an indication of the rank it holds as an article of diet.

Boiled puddings also prevail over any other kind. Many are excellent, and can be recommended for the same reason that Dickens recommended crumpets,—they are both "cheap and filling." The number of delicate puddings, attractive both to the eye and the palate, is very small. On the other hand, the English buns, scones, galettes or tea-cakes, and a great variety of plain cakes for the most part raised with yeast, are far more digestible and satisfactory than the rich cakes we so delight in. When the English child wants a "piece," or the English "grown-up" takes a lunch, either calls for a "bun," which is simply a delicate sort of bread with sugar and currants or raisins added. A bun and a cup of tea are much indulged in by the

English woman, and both are invariably good. Another improvement on American cooking is the superiority of the fruit tart over our pie. It is made in a deep dish, which is filled with the fruit and covered with a light, tender crust. The soggy under-crust is thus wholly avoided; the filling composes the larger part of the tart, and the pastry is not in the least greasy or hard to digest.

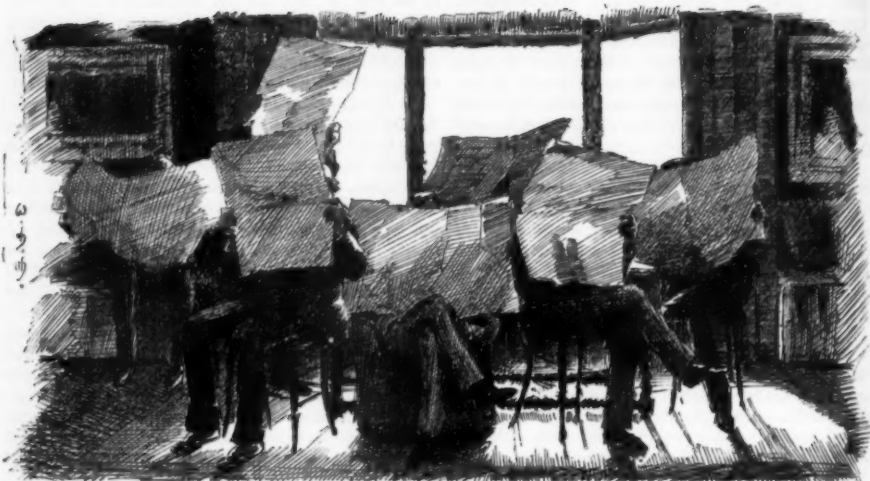
In the high-class kitchen the French methods prevail, as they do in all places wherein elaborate and elegant cooking is successfully attempted. One reason for their superiority is the minute attention to details they exact. Every step must be perfect, and, as a consequence, the result is also perfect. In this kitchen, not only the richer boiled puddings, including of course the English plum pudding, are prepared, but delicate soufflés, delicious creams, and jellies of all sorts are made and offered for sale at the close of the day's work.

While the dishes prepared are almost invariably good, the instruction is certainly open to criticism. In the first place, the teaching force is too small, and pupils are obliged to waste considerable time waiting for attention. There is, moreover, no systematic way of giving recipes. One must pick up the items piecemeal and patch them together as best she can. The school publishes a book, "*Lessons in Cookery*," but it is full of inaccuracies and has been since revised. A student purchasing this manual does not know, of course, which recipes are correct and which are not, and is sure to come to grief if she undertakes to follow them without supervision. The following instance will illustrate this point. One of the pupil-teachers, working near me, was making an Irish stew exactly according to the instructions in her book. The superintendent, happening to pass the table, asked what she was doing. She answered respectfully that she was making an Irish stew, whereupon the teacher said severely, "I wish you would do it right," and then proceeded to give directions which were totally at variance with those in the book. The girl meekly did as she was bid, but after the superintendent had gone she said in a grieved tone, "I wish they would correct the book or not allow us to use it." The preface to the English edition says that "the loose expressions, such as 'a pinch,' 'a little,' found in all cookery books, are therefore avoided, and precise quantities are given." This principle is constantly violated in the school. Scarcely a lesson passed during which I was not told that certain ingredients could not be exactly stated, that I must use my judgment as to amounts, and that certainty could only come with practice.

The school aims to give simply manual practice. There are no courses of scientific lectures, no instruction as to combinations of food, dietaries, comparative values, or anything of the sort. I was told that such instruction had been attempted, but the attainments of the scholars were not as a rule sufficient to make it profitable. It is undoubtedly an excellent place to be trained for a cook, but cannot be recommended to those who wish to study the philosophy underlying processes as well as the processes themselves.

Mary B. Welch.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



OUR SOCIAL CLUB.

An Easter Lay.

TO PSYCHE WITH A NEST OF CANDY EGGS.

NOT a Nestor am I, lady,
As this off'ring might imply,
Nor a chicken either; I
Am exactly in my heyday.

Simple is the gift and modest,—
Just a tender little lay,
Such as one sees every day;
Odd, but not, by odds, the oddest.

All the burden that it carries
Is the burden of the song
Which the bird, the boughs among,
Sings *sans* aid of dictionaries.

"Tweet-te-weet!" with pretty sidle
And a dainty flirt of wings,
Soulfully and sweet he sings,
That to say which words are idle.

"Tweet-te-weet-tweet-weet!" His bosom
With the music sobs and fills,
Till at meaning of his thrills
Buds burst blushing into blossom.

Would we two were as the birds are!
Then, ah! would I pipe a tune
Passion-brimmed, and every rune
Full of love as never words are.

You would understand its meaning,
And would prink in seeming pique,
Deft your plumage with your beak,
And would flout me overweening;

Till, at length, you would discover —
As it were "upon the fly" —
That you worshiped me; that I
Was your destined mate and lover.

Then, despite of wind or weather,
Free from sordid human ills,
We could always meet our bills
And live happily together.

David Rorty.

Spring.

As little children gather round their mother,
And beg her a familiar tale to tell,—
One that is dearer far than any other,
Because so often heard and known so well;

And as they watch her, prompting should she falter,
And any variation quickly see,
And cry, "Don't tell it so, don't change and alter,
We want it just the way it used to be,"—

So do we come to thee, O Nature—Mother,
And never tire of listening to thy tales.
Tell us thy spring-time story now,—no other,—
That hath a wondrous charm, which never fails.

Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,
Fill it with many a happy song and shout;
Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,
Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.

Tell us each shade in all the trees' soft greening,
Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren,—
Each little thing has grown so full of meaning,
In the dear story we would hear again.

O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,
And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;
But we, like children, love the spring-time story,
And think it best, because we know it well.

Bessie Chandler.

Time and Love.

WHILE Time is sleeping on a summer day
Adonis lips of love. O beauteous boy,
Unstring thy bow, thy magic art employ
To steal his scythe and hour-glass away!

Harold Van Santvoord.

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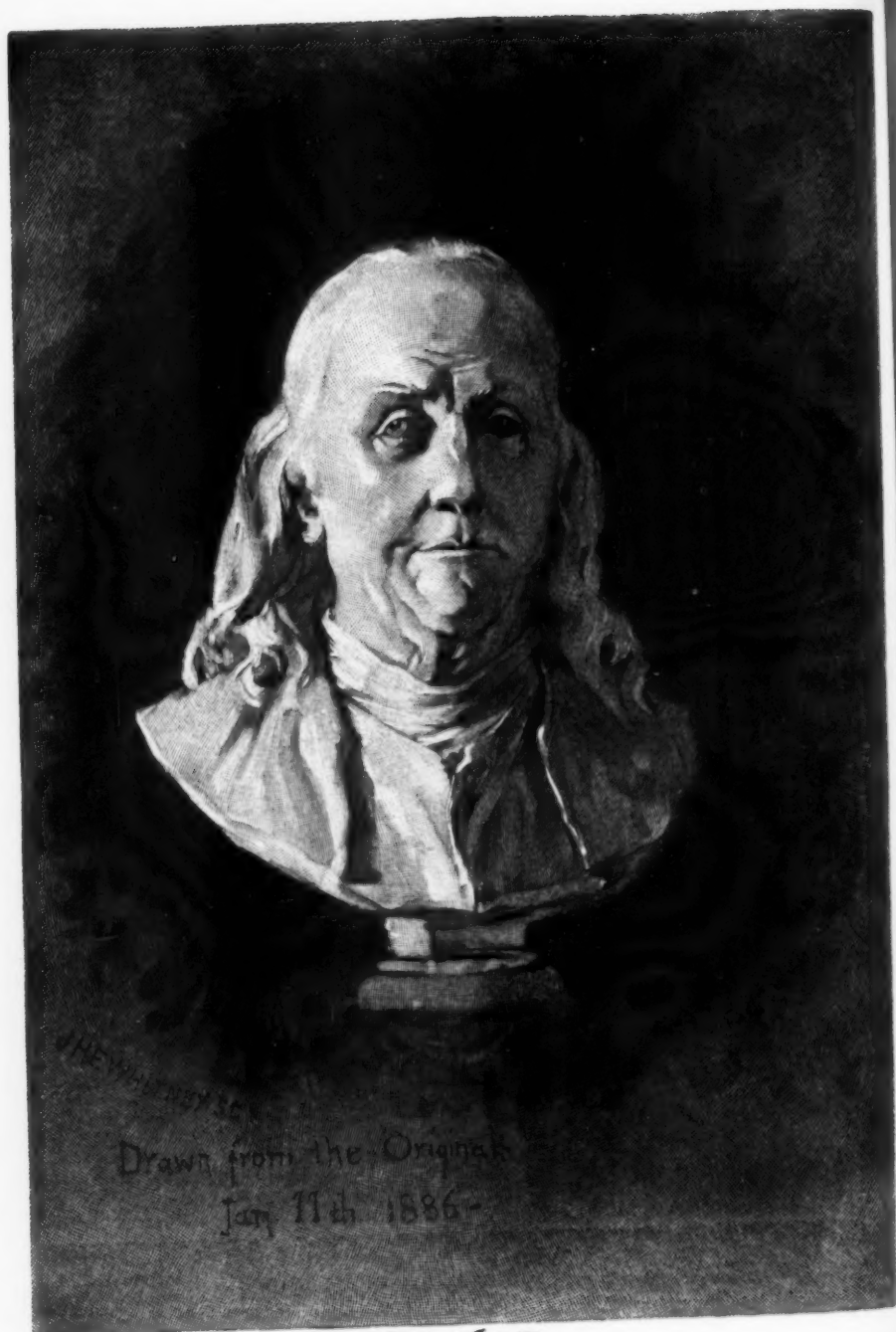
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